# 'HANK OF HAIR' MAKES HUBBY PAY AND PAY

Story on Page 3

**Phoney Psychologists Blamed for Many Personal Tragedies**
See Page 13

COLUMBUS SUNDAY STAR
5c
Ohio's Picture Newspaper

**Murder of Wife Bares Love Nest Of Husband**
See Page 2

Vol. 5, No. 45. COLUMBUS, OHIO, MARCH 21, 1937. 60 PAGES

**One of the prominent contestants in the recent Makio Queen selection; publicity chairman for Pi Phi, Ohio State sorority, which last week held a formal dance at the Columbus Country Club; and general chairman of the Easter Ball, to be held Easter Monday, Mar. 29, at the Neil House, is exquisite Mary Winifred Allison, 2253 Neil Ave. Which proves that March is by no means a dull month for such a popular girl.**

# DOCTOR'S WIFE TELLS HOW SHE TRAPPED HUSBAND AND NURSE AT 1:30 A. M. OFFICE TRYST

**Following testimony of Mrs. Lucy Lee Roche, 2947 Indianola Ave., that she and two private detectives trapped her husband, Dr. William H. B. Roche, 1068½ Cleveland Ave., in his office at 1:30 A. M. with his office girl, Miss Nellie Bennett, Judge Dana F. Reynolds granted Mrs. Roche a divorce from the physician.**

"Miss Bennett was taken into our home destitute and in need of employment," said Mrs. Roche. "She remained in our home as a servant for approximately seven weeks, and then the doctor promoted her to his office assistant.

"The offices are on the second floor of an apartment building and are equipped with an in-a-door bed and a bathroom. Attentions of Dr. Roche to the girl became so noticeable that I employed the National Detective Agency to observe their conduct.

"On the night of Apr. 16, 1936, at about 1:30 a. m., I received a call from the agency that Nellie Bennett and my husband were alone in the office. I accompanied a man and a woman operative to the office, and upon entering, found my husband partly clothed and Miss Bennett in the bathroom."

### Doctor Denies All.

Referring to the "bathroom" as a "storeroom," Dr. Roche denied there was anything in his conduct toward Nellie Bennett to justify his wife to employ "a corps of detectives to follow and spy upon me."

"When Miss Bennett entered the storeroom she was fully clothed and wearing a hat," said Dr. Roche. "The detectives abused and shouted at her, calling her vile names, taunted her and generally maligned her until she was in a distracted and hysterical condition.

"On the night in question, two men in company of a woman, whom I believe to be the wife of one of the men, and Mrs. Roche presented themselves at the door, knocked, and the knocker said he was from the police department.

"Having no cause to deny admittance to anyone, and supposing that an accident had happened or an emergency had arisen, I opened the door immediately after the knock. These four persons, led by the men, shoved past me with considerable force and began to rush around through the offices, looking through everything and nosing into my cabinets, office equipment and into every corner of the office.

### Police Called.

"During the commotion, Miss Bennett stepped into the storage room, which also is equipped for small treatment work in the nature of bandaging and minor treatment of my patients. When the group of intruders found the door to this room closed, they began to malign Miss Bennett, whom they believed to be inside, and so frightened her that she would not open the door and come out, and it was for this reason the intruders remained until 5:30 a. m.

"Finally I called the police department and an officer came and put them out. I called a witness and he was present when Miss Bennett emerged, fully dressed."

Mrs. Roche also charged her husband with neglect and with cruelty in using vile language in addressing her. They were married in 1931 and have one child.

Judge Reynolds granted Mrs. Roche $75 a month support money, part of the furniture, a diamond ring, $850 worth of brewery stock and custody of the child.

## Rich Beauty Shop Owner Neglects Her, Doctor-Wife Says

CHARLES MARQUART, owner of beauty parlors in the Beggs Building and at 556 S. Drexel Ave., from which he is said to derive an income of $800 a month, is living in luxury at the Neil House while neglecting her and their small child, says Dr. Harrietta Marquart, 931 Bryden Rd., in suing for separate maintenance.

"At the time we were married, Oct. 14, 1934, I had been a practicing physician in Chicago for six or seven years," said Mrs. Marquart. "I was associated with my brothers, and by reason of hard and earnest work, had created a substantial clientele in Chicago, enjoyed an excellent practice giving me a net income in excess of $200 a month.

### Gave Up Practice.

"At the insistence of Mr. Marquart, I gave up the practice and came with him and his child by a previous marriage to Columbus to live. I qualified to practice here, but because of duties incumbent upon me as a wife and mother, I have yet been unable to build a large practice, my gross income therefrom not being in excess of $30 a month.

"Ever since our marriage, my husband has abused, mistreated and injured me and subjected me to nagging, humiliation, physical abuse and want.

"On Mar. 7 Mr. Marquart left me, has failed to pay anything toward my support or that of our children. He attempted by threats to preclude the filing of this suit, has charged me with inchastity, denied the paternity of his child and established himself in luxury while we are in want."

## Westervillian Dubs Wife 'Lady Gallivant' Gets Decree

Referring to his wife as "Lady Gallivant" because she has been away from him seven times in six years gallivanting about the country, Abram T. Landis, Westerville restaurant owner, has asked court of domestic relations to deny Mrs. Marriet E. Landis alimony.

"If there ever was a case where the grounds of alimony are groundless, this is the case," said Attorney Arthur L. Rowe, representing Landis, in a memorandum to the court. "To compel Mr. Landis to pay alimony is placing a penalty on faithfulness and putting a premium on unfaithfulness.

"Why? What has she done to earn alimony? She has been away from Mr. Landis seven times in six years. One time she was away 21 months. Is this the type of devotion that this court will determine to be the sort for which a husband is required to pay alimony?"

Landis denied his wife's charges that he beat her, and that he was an habitual drunkard. He also denies that his wife's varicose veins came from working in his restaurant, asserting that she was suffering from that condition before their marriage.

MRS. VERA ADAMS.

**Evidence supporting charges of Dr. Luther Adams, 1466 Oak St., and his wife, Vera, 35, 1460½ Oak St., that a couple who used to be their "bridge pals" broke up their home, was suppressed forever when Mrs. Adams and three character witnesses quietly appeared before Judge Dana F. Rynolds, and Mrs. Adams was granted an uncontested divorce on the ground of gross neglect of duty.**

**Mrs. Adams was restored to her former name, Bell. Judge Reynolds approved a property settlement, terms of which were not made public.**

## Another Man Steals His Kentucky Bride

Within a month after their elopement to Covington, Ky., May 9, his wife took up with another man and they lived together in a house on Ohlen Ave. and held themselves out to the public as man and wife, says Thomas P. Hayes, 201 Robinwood Ave., in seeking his freedom from Bernice B. Hayes, 282½ E. Town St.

## Knife Enters Back But Shirt Isn't Cut

Black magic was in the air when Roscoe Weathers, 29, 317 Hubble Al., applied for treatment at St. Francis Hospital for treatment of a stab wound which he said was suffered in a knife fight at Sixth and Noble Sts.

Police said his clothing, a shirt and coat, were not cut by the knife, which entered his back. "He musta stripped for action," opined the cops. Roscoe claimed he was fully dressed at the time.

## Dorothy "Steps Out" With 15 or 20 Men

He has seen his wife in company of 15 or 20 different men in various cafes, including Dutch Cafe, Clown Inn and Leib's, says Sheldon Harlor, 2802 E. Fifth Ave., in seeking a divorce from Dorothy Harlor, 7½ W. Greenwood Ave., whom he married Feb. 15, 1936. There is one child.

# WIFE'S MURDER BARES HUBBY'S OTHER WOMAN

By FRANK H. WARD.

CANTON, O. — No recent case in the annals of Ohio police investigation so richly challenges the imagination, or leaves the reader so tantalized by a feeling of irritated bewilderment, as the murder of socially prominent Mrs. Rose Cable, 46, on the night of Mar. 11.

Mrs. Rose Cable, whose husband ordered a new automobile for her just before her murder.

Miss Theresa Ludwig, who shared the Akron love nest with Contractor Cable.

More gripping than a movie thriller, this murder mystery grew rapidly like a great, tropical plant until it threatened to overshadow at least five prominent Canton families in scandal.

Rewards totaling $2000 have been offered for solution of the murder, half by the city of Canton, half by the widowed husband.

Mrs. Dueber S. Cable was slain by a shotgun as she stood in front of a window of her home in an exclusive residential district. The killing occurred before midnight as Mrs. Cable, wife of a prominent excavating contractor, was placing a cover over the cage of a canary in the breakfast room.

Mrs. Cable's 72-year-old mother, Mrs. Pauline Beiter, was the only other person in the house at the time. She had just stepped out of the breakfast room into the kitchen a second before the shot was fired.

### Heard Scream.

Mrs. Beiter heard her daughter's scream, the splintering of glass, and then saw her pitch forward on her face on the floor. She did not know until later that her daughter had been shot, being confused as to what caused the noise.

Deuber S. Cable, the two-timing husband, as he awaited questioning by police.

Police established that Mrs. Cable was killed between 11 and 11:30 p. m. Two calls were received at police headquarters, one at 11:50 and the other at 11:57.

The first call came from Mrs. Beiter. Patrolman H. M. Armstrong answered. Mrs. Beiter said her daughter had suffered a hemorrhage and asked police aid. Patrolman Armstrong learned from her that she had attempted to call a physician and could not locate one. He called Dr. L. D. Stoner and sent him to the Cable home.

A few minutes later the second call was received. It came from Mrs. John Keller, a neighbor, who had been summoned to the home. Her husband had discovered that Mrs. Cable had been shot. Detectives Lee Lenz and Bert Minesinger responded, reaching the home a few minutes after midnight.

Shortly thereafter, Sgt. Elmer Clark, head of the detective bureau; Capt. William F. Grether, Bertillon officer; Police Chief Ira A. Manderbaugh, Prosecutor A. C. L. Barthelmeh and Coroner Edward C. Reno appeared on the scene to take charge of the investigation.

### Find Footprints.

They found footprints in the snow and soft earth at the foot of the breakfast-room window, through which the slayer fired a charge of birdshot from a small-gauge shotgun. The shot—270 of them—penetrated Mrs. Cable's left shoulder, neck and head and severed the jugular vein.

The footprints seemed to indicate that the murderer was a man who wore 10½-size shoes of a popular last. Treads of a rubber heel were plainly visible.

Barriers immediately were erected about the spot where the footprints were found and Sgt. H. W. Grossglaus and Patrolman J. D. Dempsey were summoned from the state highway patrol station at Massillon, eight miles away, to study them.

Questioning of Mrs. Beiter elicited the information that there had been two visitors at the Cable home that Thursday night.

The first was Henry Beiter, brother of Mrs. Cable and son of Mrs. Beiter, who had called earlier in the evening. He departed around 7:30 p. m. to attend a meeting at First Reformed Church.

Harry A. Anderson, 36, a cousin of Mrs. Beiter, was the second visitor. He had departed a short time before the shooting. Anderson, a railroader, was aroused by police at the Y. M. C. A., where he lived,

Continued on Page 4.

# 'The Vampire' Quoted in 'Hank of Hair' Divorce Case of Baker's Wife

*A fool there was and he made his prayer*
*(Even as you and I!)*
*To a rag and bone and a hank of hair—*

**Opening lines of Kipling's famous poem, "The Vampire," came in a monotone from a disinterested lawyer, waiting his turn at the bar in court of domestic relations. A curl of black hair had unlocked the door of his reminiscences.**

**The curl was produced in court by Mrs. Gertrude M. Fought, 2413½ Cleveland Ave., who was seeking separate maintenance from John W. Fought, a baker, 497 E. Rich St.**

Once, testified Mrs. Fought, the curl adorned the head of a 24-year-old girl named Norma, then clerking in her husband's bakery on Cleveland Ave. Her mate of 28 years had kept it for two years—clandestinely — after transferring his affections to a girl exactly half his age, explained Mrs. Fought.

The curl fascinated the spectators as Mrs. Fought held it gingerly in her fingertips, disdain curving her lips. It entranced a Junior Leaguer awaiting her case. It interested a former county prosecutor who was appearing as her lawyer. It was he who quoted from "The Vampire." All eyes followed the curl as Attorney John F. Seidel passed it across the bench to Judge Clayton W. Rose.

### In Hubby's Purse.

"How did you come into possession of this—er—hank of hair?" inquired the court, who also knew his Kipling.

Previously, legal verbiage had run like quicksilver before Mrs. Fought's eyes, leaving no trace of its significance. But now the subject was one a woman knew all about, hair.

"I found it hidden in an alligator-skin pocketbook in the bakery," replied Mrs. Fought. She slightly accenuated the word "hidden."

"Whose pocketbook was it?" inquired Seidel.

"My husband's," she answered. Involuntarily her eyes strayed toward the man whose name she bore, but she seemed to see him indistinctly, as though there were a curtain between them.

Mrs. Fought was very chic in a symposium of brown. Unless one had heard her admit she was 46, one would not have believed it. She had a way of melting from one graceful posture to another.

"I had caught Mr. Fought and Norma fondling each other behind the counter," continued the wife. "He bought her a $1200 car. Once he threw a board at me."

Mrs. Fought had another thought.

### Women on Side."

"My husband told me he was entitled to another woman," she digressed. "He said business men of consequence always had women on the side."

Now it was Baker Fought's turn in the box. He unwound his long legs from a seat beside Attorney Malin and draped them about the witness chair.

"How about plaintiff's exhibit No. 1?" began Malin.

"You mean the hank of hair?" inquired Fought. A repressed snicker rippled through the room.

"Exactly," replied his lawyer. "You just tell the court about it in your own way."

"Well, Miss S—— had worked for me several months, and one day she asked for a few hours off. She said she and another girl were planning on a double wedding and they wanted to go down town and get some clothes."

"And you let her go?"

"Sure. She had given me a week's notice, and she had been a good clerk."

"You can cut out the preliminaries and get to the curl," suggested Malin.

*Mrs. Gertrude M. Fought, chic in brown, dwelt at length on the "hank of hair."*

*The curl of black hair that fascinated the judge, lawyers and spectators.*

### Clipped Off Curls.

"I'm coming to it," grinned Fought. "Well, she came back with a new hat—one of those little beehives that fit down snug. When she tried it on in the bakery she couldn't get it on. So she got the scissors and began clipping off her curls—"

Fought's voice trailed off as he concocted the picture. One could almost visualize the clip-clip of the shears. He continued:

"She clipped a curl here, and a curl there, until she could get the hat on. George McDonald was standing there with me. We each picked up a hank of hair—a curl—and laughingly said we would keep them until Miss S. was 90."

"What did you do with the curl?" prompted Attorney Malin.

"Yes, tell us about that," chimed in Judge Seidel, in a satiric voice. Fought was equal to the occasion.

"I put it in an old pocketbook," began Fought.

"An alligator-hide purse?" he was asked.

"Yes. You see a friend of mine who had been hit by a truck went to Florida. He brought back an alligator. It died. We cut up the hide—"

"Never mind about the purse's history," admonished Judge Rose. "Get back to the hank of hair."

"Well, judge," continued the baker, "I just put that hair in the alligator pocketbook and tossed it under the counter. I didn't see it again until two years later.

*John W. Fought . . . his wife quoted him as saying "business men of consequence always had women on the side."*

"Then, my wife asked me to give her $13,000 so another man could marry her. She said he would treat her better. I wouldn't do it. She said, 'Well, I'll hold this hair and it'll get me free.'"

There were other complaints from Fought. He claimed his wife had coaxed him to let her keep his five-karat diamond ring one night when he started downtown to a convention, and that he never saw the ring again. He claimed she went to his safety deposit box and confiscated $1700 they had in certificates of deposit.

"Two weeks ago, Mrs. Fought told me if I would drop the case, I would become beneficiary to $20,000 she had. She said she would make me her heir—"

Now the court stenographer, who had been furiously jotting down pothooks on a red-lined notebook, spoke for the first time.

"What kind of hair is it now—h-e-i-r or h-a-i-r?" he inquired.

"Not the kind that curls," quipped Attorney Malin.

Fought, once an employer of a dozen bakers and with a rating of $100,000, now is employed as a bench hand in a bakery at $20 a week, he told the court.

"I'll give $5 a week of that to Mrs. Fought as permanent alimony," ruled Judge Rose, as he picked up his papers preparatory to leaving the bench.

Mrs. Fought stepped forward.

"That hank of hair," she said, hesitatingly. "Will you need that any more?"

Judge Rose indicated the resting place of Exhibit No. 1. The wife picked it up.

"I'll just keep it," she smiled.

## Feb. 13 Brings Bad Love Luck

The thirteenth of the month was just like any other day to Chester Murphy, 1586 Indianola Ave., until Father Time reached that day in February. Then his wife, Mrs. Margaret Murphy of Ostrander left him, says the husband in suing for divorce.

Previous to her departure his wife nagged him, refused to do the housework and was jealous and suspicious, adds Murphy. The couple eloped to Covington, Ky., Aug. 23, 1934.

# HUSBAND FINDS HER "OTHER MAN" HIDING IN BATH

**Her association with a man called "Red"—a brief interlude between her marriages to Lawrence Cain on Nov. 27, 1930, and to a man named Stoneburner last month—overshadowed all other testimony before Judge Clayton W. Rose on the motion of Mrs. Ethel Cain Stoneburner to wrest custody of her two small children by Cain from their father.**

Cain obtained custody with an uncontested divorce decree Sept. 8, and, armed with a certified copy of the decree, he went to his ex-wife's home in Manhattan, Kas., and brought the children back to Columbus. Their mother was not there at the time.

"I left my wife Feb. 3, 1936, when we were living in an apartment at 684 N. High St., after she threatened to kill the children and ordered me out," testified Cain.

"I went after the children later and knocked on the door. It was a minute and a half until the door opened. My wife and little Joan were there. I asked about Jackie. Mrs. Cain said he was upstairs playing.

### Child Points to Door.

"Joan kept pointing toward the bathroom door. I thought she meant her brother was in there. I was smoking a cigaret at the time. I pushed open the door to toss it into the toilet. And there was 'Red' behind the door."

"You are lying," shouted Mrs. Cain-Stoneburner from across the counsel table.

"My wife shoved 'Red' out of the apartment," continued her ex-husband, unruffled.

"I want my babies, screamed the woman.

Bailiff John Guy rapped for order.

"How about this man 'Red'? inquired W. B. Bartells, the husband's attorney, turning to Mrs. Cain-Stoneburner. "Did you take him on when your husband left because you had to have a man?"

"No, sir," replied the woman. "I took him in as a boarder. I washed for him, I got his meals, and he paid me for it."

"Did you have illicit associations with 'Red'?" inquired Judge Rose.

"No, sir," returned Mrs. Cain-Stoneburner.

"Is he the man you married?"

"No, sir," she replied, looking toward a black-haired man in the back of the courtroom.

### Her Tongue Slips.

"Is he the man named in your husband's petition, Earl Velinoff?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long did you run around with him?"

"About a month," came the reply. Then Mrs. Cain-Stoneburner caught herself. "I mean he was my boarder for that period."

Other evidence showed that Mrs. Cain had thumbed her way to Kansas, and that soon "Red" bobbed up in the sunflower state.

Stoneburner took the stand and told the court that if his wife was given custody of her children, it would be okeh with him providing their father paid for their keep.

Cain and his mother, with whom he lives at 344 E. Beck St., testified they wanted to keep the children.

Judge Rose withheld decision pending investigation of the father's home and the Stoneburner home at 177 S. Fifth St.

## Her Boy Friend Stole Breasts, BlondeBoohoos

"All I want is my 25 bucks and my rubber breasts!" yelped the little blonde, in police headquarters the other night.

"This big bum stole 'em, an' I want justice!" she spluttered, jabbing a scarlet-tipped finger at a well-dressed gent who seemed interested in his hat brim.

The ride in the cruiser had not cooled her temper. "Yeah, and what's more he hung one on me—lookee!" On her forehead over one eye was a welt. The well-dressed gent shuffled his feet.

"I ain't got 'em!" said he, referring to the phony bosoms. As an afterthought, he added, "and I ain't got the money."

"Liar!" screamed the unpadded lady, "you picked me up an' we went to a hotel and we started drinkin' and then you started kickin' me around, you heel! Next thing I know the cops come, and here I am without dough and my breasts is gone!"

The well-dressed gent repeated the denial. The desk sergeant looked at the cruiser cops. They shrugged, and looked at the ceiling.

"Shuttup, and get outa here!" barked the desk sergeant. The lady without the breasts and the well-dressed gent got outa there.

## Bayes Wants Divorce Again

Horace M. Bayes, a baker, 55 Highland St., who divorced his first wife, Nora Bayes, two years ago, and whose first wife later divorced her second husband, Kenneth Beyerly, is back in divorce court.

This time Bayes seeks a divorce from his second wife, Blanche M. Bayes, 207½ E. Fifth Ave., whom he claims has thrown articles at him and refuses to make a proper home.

Bayes embarked upon his second matrimonial venture Mar. 22, 1934.

COLUMBUS SUNDAY STAR 5¢ Ohio's Picture Newspaper

Publication Office, 63 E. Lynn St.
Mail Address, P. O. Box 963
Phone Numbers:
News, AD. 9487
Ads., AD. 2018
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE STAR CO., INC.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—5 CENTS EVERYWHERE

"Entered as second-class matter May 25, 1932, at the postoffice at Columbus, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879."

SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1937.

# CANTON CANARY MURDER BARES LOVE NEST

Continued from Page 2.

at 1:30 a. m., about an hour after Mrs. Cable's death.

According to the story told by Anderson, and confirmed by his aunt, there was no particular significance to his visit. The three spent the evening in friendly conversation. Part of the time they were in the living room, part in the breakfast room, where Mrs. Cable was shot.

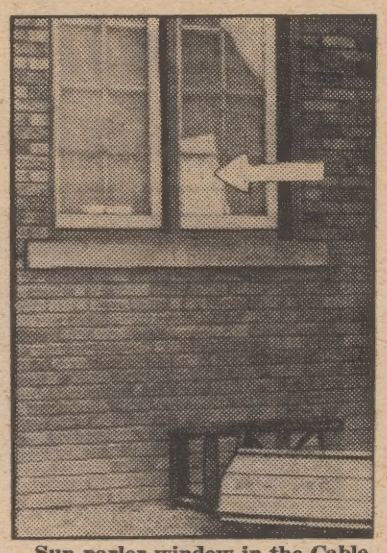
Anderson said he left shortly after 11 p. m. He looked up Fulton Rd., and seeing no bus approaching, started to walk south on Fulton to Fourteenth St., where he caught the bus that passes that intersection a few minutes after 11. He left the bus between Sixth St. and the public square on Market Ave. N., and stopped in a drug store to buy some cigarets. He then continued on foot to the "Y." and went to bed.

Police took Anderson's shoes to the scene. While similar in measurement and in formation, there was nothing to indicate the imprint might have been made by Anderson's shoe. Many men wore the same size, 10½, with similar rubber heel design.

Anderson insisted he had not walked around the house past the breakfast room. He remained at the police station until noon Saturday, ready to be of any further assistance.

Cable, husband of the victim, had not been seen around his home since early Thursday morning, when he departed for Cleveland, where he had the excavating contract for the Republic Steel Corporation's new $15,000,000 mill. Contacted in Cleveland, Cable rushed to Canton, arriving at 4 a. m. Friday.

Fred P. Dengler, summoned from the state bureau of criminal identification and investigation, at the London prison farm, was summoned to make plaster impressions of the footprint. He made three plaster casts of three heel impressions, but said only one was of value. It did not include the sole of the shoe because the sole rested on grass.



Sun parlor window in the Cable home through which Mrs. Cable was shot.

The Cable home in an exclusive section of Canton, where Mrs. Cable was slain by a shotgun blast through a breakfast room window.

### Mistake Ruled Out.

From the position of the heel prints, police figured the slayer held the nozzle of his gun close to the finger print. Hence he could not have mistaken his victim, had Mrs. Beiter or Anderson been marked for death. It seemed certain that Mrs. Cable was the intended victim. But why? What was the motive?

"Of course, sometimes things are pretty rough in the contracting business, but I don't believe there is any connection there," said Cable.

Within 24 hours, detectives gathered information that Mrs. Cable had threatened to divorce her husband some four years previously because of his attentions to Miss Theresa Ludwig, 45, a former Canton woman, who had been twice married and divorced. Her first husband was a World War veteran who remarried after the divorce, and later died. The second was C. W. Ball, a Canton electrical engineer.

It was learned that Miss Ludwig resided in a swanky apartment in Akron under the name of Mrs. John Sherrard. She was not there.

A note on the telephone stand stated that she had been called to the bedside of a sick friend in Steubenville. Neighbors identified a

Continued on Page 5.


GLICK'S TRADE-IN STORE OFFERS

NEW COCKTAIL LAMPS

$3.95

Terms if desired

Walnut finish, 12x13½ tray with chrome trim and parchment shades. Two styles.

GLICK'S TRADE-IN STORE. 45. E. LONG ST.

AN $8.00 LUSTER OIL

CROQUIGNOLE

Permanent Wave

This marvelous wave includes a Shampoo and Special Setting with Beautiful Ringlet Ends. Gray hair a specialty! Expert licensed operators. Positively not a school.

Open every evening with or without appointment.

SHAMPOO AND SET..... 50c

Our specialized service in ROUX shampoo tints will glorify your hair.

$1.00 COMPLETE

LONDON BEAUTY SHOP

5 EAST LONG ST.~MA. 0593

2 ND. FLOOR ~ HI-LONG BLDG.

Whenever Drinks Are Served

Say "Play" PLEASE

The Brooks Bottling Co.

791 S. Lazelle St. GA. 6111

DR. A. M. KERSHAW

DENTIST

Plates, Fillings, Crowns, Bridge Work and Teeth Extracted

Grand Theater Bldg.

55 E. STATE ST.

Tel. AD. 5379—Room 612

TERMS IF DESIRED

PRE-EASTER SALE

RIDING TOGS and ACCESSORIES

COME HERE!

Where you will find the largest and most complete selection of Riding Clothes in Ohio. For men, women and children.

Riding Coats, Jodhpurs, Boots, Shirts, Ties, etc.

See our large selection before you buy—

Riding Boots ..... $3.95 up

Riding Breeches ..... $1.99 up

Jodhpur Boots ..... $3.50 up

Jodhpur Breeches .... $1.99 up

Complete Riding Catalogue on Request.

Outdoor MILITARY STORE

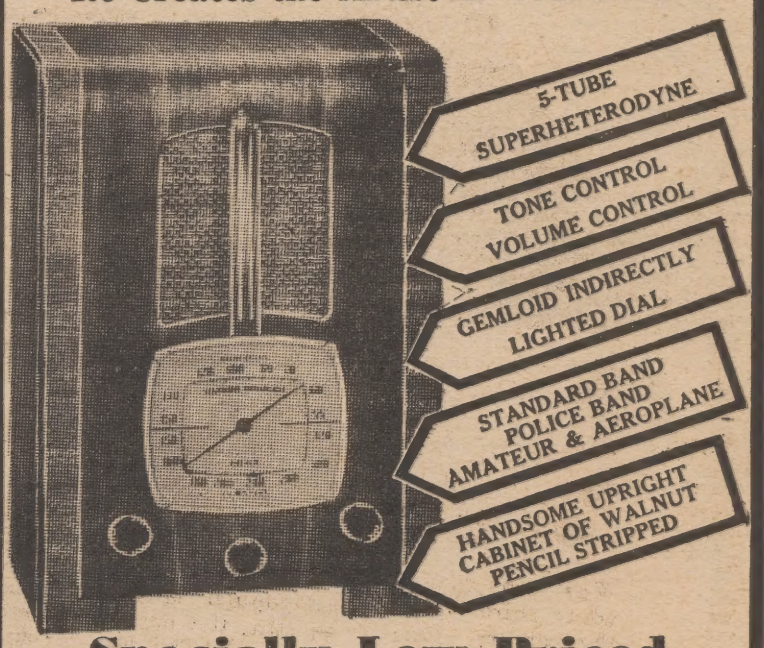
216-218 S. HIGH ST.

N. E. Cor. Rich and High

Open Evenings.

Emerson Radio

"Re-Creates the Artist in Your Home"


5-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE
TONE CONTROL VOLUME CONTROL
GEMLOID INDIRECTLY LIGHTED DIAL
STANDARD BAND POLICE BAND AMATEUR & AEROPLANE
HANDSOME UPRIGHT CABINET OF WALNUT PENCIL STRIPPED

Specially Low Priced

THE "Miracle 5" illustrated is a sensational radio value. Powerful in performance and handsome in design, with many of the features in sets that sell for $35 and more. See chart on right. No carrying charge if paid in 30 days.

$19.95

Open An Account! Pay Weekly or Monthly.

MORREY 114 N. HIGH Radio Dept.

EASTER PERMANENT WAVE SPECIALS

REGULAR $6.50 LEE SPECIAL MACHINELESS PERMANENTS .. $3

GUARANTEED PERMANENT .. $1.95

Our SPECIAL CROQUIGNOLE PERMANENT, including Shampoo, Cut In Layers and Set ..... $1

Shampoo, Finger Wave 50c

A series of reconditioning treatments will help you get a better permanent. Ask about our special price.

LEE PERMANENT WAVE SHOPPE

5 E. Long St.—Room 610—AD. 0044.
Independently Owned.


# Human Cat Hunted in Mystery

Continued from Page 4.

picture of Contractor Cable as the man Miss Ludwig lived with as "Sherrard."

### Bar Well-Stocked.

The apartment was elaborately furnished. In it was a well-stocked bar. There was no male clothing in it.

Checking long distance telephone calls from the apartment, detectives learned of a call Thursday morning to a Canton automobile agency. At the Canton end, they found that Contractor Cable had phoned from Akron at that hour and ordered a new automobile delivered to his wife. It had not been serviced and delivered before her death.

The investigation disclosed that two months previously the telephone in the apartment had been changed from a listed to an unlisted number, indicating to them that "Mrs. Sherrard" had received calls from persons she did not know were cognizant of the love nest.

Detectives followed Miss Ludwig to Steubenville and returned with her to Canton. They took along her black coupe.

Betty Chapin, 15, and Elizabeth Kratz, 15, neighbors of the Cables, had told detectives about their observations of a dark coupe which was operated in a mysterious manner in the vicinity of the Cable home on the night of the murder, and the preceeding night.

"I was in the living room of my home opposite the Cable place on Wednesday night when my attention was attracted," Miss Chapin related. "A dark coupe, being driven terribly slow and without lights, passed the Cable house half a dozen times between 9 and 9:30 p. m.

### Car Appeared New.

"Thursday evening Elizabeth was visiting me. We were studying in my bedroom when we noticed it again. The car looked new. It had no rumble seat and shone like glass under the street light. We could not see who was driving it or how many persons were in it. We didn't see the license number, either."

Inspecting Miss Ludwig's coupe at the police station, both girls said it resembled the machine they had seen.

Both Cable and Miss Ludwig admitted they had been living together in the Akron apartment as Mr. and Mrs. John Sherrard for almost three years.

How well the couple had concealed their romance was indicated by the surprise of Canton acquaintances of Cable, who said they had known the contractor for years and had not thought him the "type" to carry on such an intrigue.

Cable, police said, spent Wednesday night at his Canton home and stopped at the Akron love nest for

Continued on Page 47.


Your Hair Should Look Its Best on Easter, Too!

Our expert beauticians will create you a wave which will enhance your personality—and make your new Easter apparel look lovelier!

Our regular $5 "HOLLYWOOD" Permanent Non-Ammonia — "Push-Up" wave, $2.50

Our regular $10 "EMPRESS" Permanent For baby-fine hair so hard to wave, $5.00

Our regular $7.50 "MACHINELESS" Permanent A lovely permanent you'll be proud of, $3.75

Our regular $3.00 "SHIRLEY TEMPLE" Permanent We've made this wave just for the school children. $1.75

MAKE APPOINTMENT NOW—AD. 2241—ALL WORK GUARANTEED

BOSTON STORE

RHEA BELL HOWARD, Manager. Harry Hodgen, Hair Stylist.



"THE LITTLE HOLE IN THE WALL"

What's white as snow— ..and twice as popular

Why, our Arrow shirts, of course. Arrow white shirts are the most popular shirts in the country. There's the Hitt, the nation's best-selling non-wilt collar shirt. The New Trump, the most popular soft collar shirt. And the Gordon, the fastest-selling oxford shirt. Every one Sanforized-Shrunk . . . we give you a new shirt free if one ever shrinks. And they all have Arrow's famous Mitoga form-fit design. Largest collection in town is right here.

all $2

6 N. High Ed Bailey Open Evenings



Easter Special

Permanent Waves

$ 3.00 Permanent Wave ....$1.50
$ 5.00 Permanent Wave ....$3.00
$ 7.50 Permanent Wave ....$3.75
$10.00 Permanent Wave ....$5.00
Shampoo and Finger Wave..50c

Open Evenings

For appointment, call UN. 9228

Serilla Beauty Shop
1396 N. High



CABINET BATHS
LADY ATTENDANTS
33½ S. FOURTH ST.
AD. 4523.

Redeem them at your nearest dealer

"Sparkling with Extra Pep, and the Promise of a Healthy, Happy Tomorrow!"

DRY GINGER ALE

LIME RICKEY

SPARKLING WATER

HI-BALL SPECIAL

The VESS BOTTLED BEVERAGE Co.

9 E. Brewer St. MA. 2866

VESS BILLION BUBBLE BEVERAGES

# WALTER WINCHELL
## *On Broadway*

### A Columnist Suggests.

**That "You Only Live Once"** would be one of the better films of the year if the producers tossed out the hokum finale, wherein Henry Fonda and William Gargan are reunited in the uppah regions . . . That the producers of the stage hit, "Stage Door," should have found some one to replace the infanticipating Margaret Sullavan, instead of closing the play and chucking a bunch of actors into the streets . . . That Santa Zanuck, who is tops at that sort of thing, oughta buy the screen rights to John Howard Lawson's "Marching Song" (so I'm told) and turn it into an expose of the "fink" racket . . . Warner's are good at that sort of flicker, too . . . That Commissioner of Police Valentine oughta go after the clipolas which are again flourishing from Times Square to the Circle . . . That Dale Carnegie, who wrote a book on how to win friends, would be performing a greater service if he tipped us off on how to lose some.

WINCHELL.

**That sports writers,** partic Damon Runyon, oughta dispel the myth about baseball being an American game. It originated in China . . . That Katharine Cornell, unquestionably America's leading femme emoter, would be even better if she quit trying to sound like a diction tutor . . . That playgoers shouldn't miss the WPA's "Dr. Faustus" which, intimates inform, "is the most imaginative stage production in New York" . . . That the exciting career of Prosecutor J. Dewey would make swelegant screen stuff.

**That the Los Angeles** commentator who would have his subscribers believe that Frank Vreeland coined the word "swellegant" should spell it correctly. It is swelegant—you merely add the "s" and "w" to the word elegant—and there you are . . . That the Shuberts should remind two of its fair-sexy lassies, who preside over their Winter Garden box office, that the show there is a hit—not they! . . . That what New York needs is an all-night movie theater, where people who are lonely, columnists, and insomniacs could go for relaxation—or hold hands with their girl pals . . . That Kitty Carlisle, who has such stunning stems, is unfair to conceal them as she does in "White Horse Inn" . . . That we won't cast a vote this season as a member of the N. Y. Drama Critics' Circle (for the best show) but we think we should be permitted to cast ass't Coleman's!

**That hackies** should air their cabs, which reek from tobacco, perfume and a blend of many other odors, at least once weekly . . . That Walt Disney could make a cinemasterpiece out of Gulliver's Travels as a full-length feature . . . That Bob Benchley didn't get poorer making shorts, so Sheila Barrett is making a mistake in turning her back on them to mark time for the offer of a feature flicker . . . That Arthur Brisbane's life story would make a fascinating biog . . . That another star who could use a different movie theme is Fred Astaire . . . On second thought we take that back . . . Astaire is never dull—even when his material is.

**That a cold bath** will help you reduce more quickly than a hot one . . . That cinema fans are becoming just a bit weary of seeing Grace Moore in the same flicker for the fourth or is it the fifth time? . . . That Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia should be president of these United States in 1940 . . . That Farley's postoffice men and women deserve a little mention, also . . . Because a special delivery-airmailed letter from Our Girl Friday (which she mailed in New York at 8 p. m. on Mar. 7) was delivered in Beverly Hills, Calif., at 7:50 p. m. the following eve'g. . . . That the next time the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Science announces it will perpetuate the memory of Irving Thalberg—they might at least do so by remembering that he made a picture—"Romeo and Juliet"!

**The deal is for six months** . . . That if Dave Selznick is going to keep on making tests of every actress for "Scarlett O'Hara" he oughta give one to Marguerite Churchill, who is so nice and capable . . . That Robert Montgomery should be released from the MGM doghouse and given roles such as he had when he was the studio's fair-haired lad . . . That since the movies have gotten around to H. G. Well's short yarns, they oughtn't overlook: "The Story of the Late Mr. Elvesham" . . . That the temples devoted to newsreels should introduce something new now and then—such as the delightful way of presenting Miami Beach bathing girls. Last week's release showed the one-piece bathing suit gels trying to match a cut-out figure of last year's winner.

**That the filmoguls** who appear to be having difficulty in casting "Babyface Martin" in "Dead End" could save themselves a lotta trouble by handing the job to Joseph Downing of the original stage version . . . That Arthur Murray's name hasn't appeared in this space for days! So this is to warn him that he oughta write more readable articles, such as "You Can't Hide Behind Your Feet," which has been reprinted by practically every magazine in the country . . . That Ted Healy and his Three Stooges should be re-united . . . That George Bancroft should be seen in more films . . . That Lillian Emerson, one of the better-lookers, would advance her career more rapidly if she turned down jobs in bad plays . . . That Arnold Reuben's pepigram belongs on the front page of every racing publication: "Picking horses is almost as big a gamble as picking friends."


**APTS. FOR RENT**

684 N. HIGH ST.
822 N. HIGH ST.

Redecorated, modern, nicely furnished 1, 2 and 3-room apartments and sleeping rooms.

COMPLETELY FURN. PRIVATE ENTRANCE. WEEKLY RATES $3.00 UP TO $9—HOTEL SERVICE

Phone Lola Graham, AD. 0096



CUTTER'S Easter SPECIAL! CUTTER'S

By Popular Demand!

*$5.00 Steam Oil*

**CROQUIGNOLE**

*Self-Setting PERMANENT*

**$1.50** COMPLETE

This is our regular smart $5.00 Wave.

This luxurious wave includes shampoo, trim and finger wave — with smart ringlet ends — A wave you'll be proud of! All expert operators!

Open Evenings by Appointment.

*SHAMPOO and SET* **50c**

NOW you can enjoy a *COOL PERMANENT*

Our modern shop and latest permanent wave machines afford you the maximum in comfort while getting your permanent!

ROUX SHAMPOO TINTS A SPECIALTY

Cutter's BEAUTY SHOP
4TH. FLOOR MAJESTIC BLDG.
63 S. HIGH ST. ~~~ MA 0581



**EASTER Sale!**

**A Pair of Fine $4.95 Shoes FREE!**

*With Any*

**MAN'S or WOMAN'S SUIT or COAT**

**Pay Only $1 a Week!**

MEN'S SUITS..... 22.50
MEN'S COATS..... 19.50
WOMEN'S SUITS..... 12.95
WOMEN'S COATS..... 14.95

For 1 Week Only

**$1 Down Outfits You from Head to Foot!**

**Friendly Credit! No Red Tape!**

Come in Tomorrow and Get a Complete New Easter Outfit!

Open Evenings 'Til Easter

**It's Easy to Pay the Ferguson Way!**

**FERGUSON'S**

★ 189 South High Street ★

# CHILD BETROTHAL SLAYING REVEALS KISSING OF KIDS

CHICAGO—A bewildered father who allegedly killed his best friend after the latter asked him for the hand of his 9-year-old daughter in marriage, nervously paced a police cell here.

Andrew Hoagland, 35, was awaiting the ordeal of appearing at a formal inquest—of testifying of the marriage offer and of his little child's admission that her father's pal had kissed and hugged her and called her his sweetheart.

After listening to the father's story, questioned several children in the neighborhood of the Hoagland home and were informed that Edward Kraftheffer, 35, had tried to kiss other little girls.

It was a blow from Hoagland's fist which felled Kraftheffer and fatally injured him, police charged. The man who tried to duplicate Tennessee's notorious child marriage here in Chicago, had been a roomer in the Hoagland home.

**"Why, she's only a child," Hoagland protested.**

**"That's all right, Andy," replied Kraftheffer. "I am serious about it. I want to marry her."**

Excited over his friend's statement, the father left him in the hallway of the home and dashed into Caroline's room. Shaking her awake, he bent over the girl and said:

**"What's this about you and Eddie?"**

The startled child looked up at him and said:

**"Why, he kissed me a lot and he used to take me out and buy me ice cream sodas. He told me he loved me, and that I was his sweetheart. He used to call me 'Little Flower.'"**

Without a word, Hoagland rushed back to the hallway, struck Kraftheffer one blow with his fist, and saw his friend fall to the floor and lie there motionless.

Hoagland and his wife who had been aroused by the struggle, tried to revive Kraftheffer, but he showed no response. His mouth was cut by the blow, but he showed no other signs of injury.

## "Horizontal Kiss" Just Modern Art

BOSTON.—(INS)—Horizontal or vertical, a kiss is a kiss.

Visitors at the Museum of Modern Art exhibition looked at a picture entitled "The Kiss" and thought there was something extra-strange about it, even for surrealist art.

They summoned a guard. The guard summoned a trustee. The trustee looked long and carefully. Then he stepped to the picture—and turned it around.

"Those things happen quite often with this kind of art," he said. "People expect it."

## Midnight Mystery Queers Cop's Case

SEATTLE, Wash.—(AP)—Police Judge William R. Bell ordered no-parking signs changed after F. L. Wagner, a motorist, successfully defended parking in front of one which read "No parking from 8 a. m. to 12 p. m."

"Is 12 p. m. noon or midnight?" Wagner asked.

"I don't know," said the magistrate.

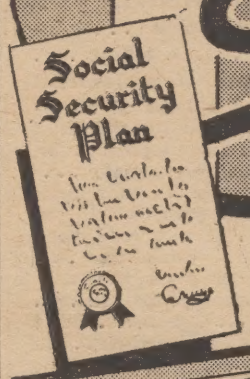
"On that I rest my case," said Wagner triumphantly. He was dismissed. Encyclopedias said there was no such thing as 12 p. m.

## Mother Sentenced For "Crime Club"

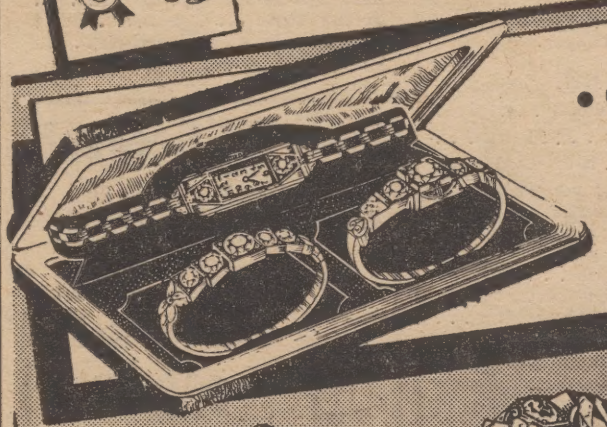
BELLEVILLE, Ill.—(INS)—Mrs. Hazel Buehler, mother of five children, was sentenced to four months on a charge of contributing to the delinquency of four boys. The boys testified Mrs. Buehler sponsored a boys' club which required an applicant to steal a bicycle in order to gain membership.


Buy Diamonds and Watches on Credit With Complete Safety

ON MORREY'S Social Security Plan!




MORREY'S social security plan enables you to enjoy the many advantages of credit and at the same time, meet and defeat every possible emergency.



3-PC. "HAPPINESS" SET
• 6-Diamond Pair • 2-Diamond Baguette
All 3 Gorgeous Pieces for Only $19.75

THE diamond combination and a splendid wrist watch are yours . . . all three of them at the one low price of $19.95. Give "her" all three and save! All three in lovely gift case, and we inscribe initials and dates free.

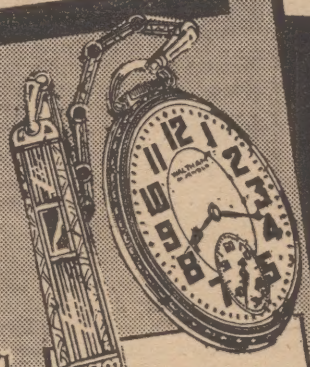
Pay Just 50c a Week at Morrey's

Here's the Plan!
1. Especially easy credit at cash prices.
2. Temporary postponement of your obligations in the event of unemployment.
3. In case of death or permanent disability your obligations cancelled entirely.

Splendid Pair $14.75
AN exquisite diamond ensemble priced for utmost value—created in white or yellow gold.
50c a Week

Charming Duet $24.75
GORGEOUS diamonds in this fine pair. Twin designs in solid gold.
50c a Week

Excellent Set $39.75
ALONE each ring is gorgeous in its exquisite carving . . . together they're a blaze of dazzling fire.
$1 a Week

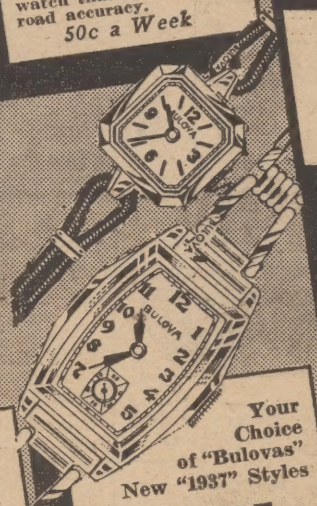


21-J. Waltham Knife and Chain $19.95
21-JEWEL genuine Waltham, complete with matching knife and chain. A handsome ing. Note the high watch that assures railroad accuracy.
50c a Week

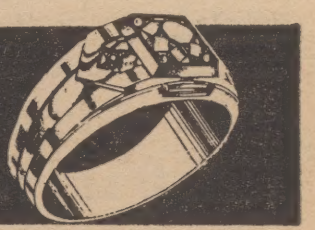
Certified Perfect 2 Side Diamonds $29.75
FINE, perfect diamond in exquisite mounting. Note the high prong effect to add greater brilliancy.
75c a Week

Certified Perfect 4 Side Diamonds $49.75
EXQUISITELY fashioned mounting holds a center diamond that is certified perfect, with other side stones.
$1 a Week

Certified Perfect 8 Side Diamonds $69.75
PERFECT in every sense. In style, in quality and the large center diamond.
$1.25 a Week



Your Choice of "Bulovas" New "1937" Styles $24.75
SMART yellow gold 15-jeweled streamline model for men and tiny square ladies' watches.
50c a Week



Man's ¼ ct. Diamond 75c Weekly $33
IT'S unheard of! A ¼-carat diamond at only $33.00 is truly unusual.

BIRTHSTONE With 2 Diamonds $7.95
SOLID gold mounting holds a fine cut birthstone and two diamonds on sides.

7-Dia. Band 50c a Week $12.75
7 fine diamonds across the finger. Step design mounting, solid gold.

Man's Dia. Onyx Initial $10.95
FOR men—a diamond and an initial set in onyx. Massive style setting.
50c a Week

MODERN STYLE EYE-GLASSES
On terms as low as 50c Weekly!

MORREY Jewelers
• 114 NORTH HIGH STREET •

OPEN SAT. NITE UNTIL 9

LOW-DOWN ON THE HIGH-UPS

# Tattle Tales

By PAUL PRY JR.

SEEING COLUMBUS THROUGH KEYHOLE

## 'Round the Square and on the Level.

COMES now the Spring . . . and crocuses . . . and blessed events . . . and people moving and stuff . . . Take Ray . . . and Mary Kilbourne . . . they are going to move to their new place . . . in Brunson Ave. . . . but their pals are wondering if they will beat the stork there . . . they plan an immediate increase of their family . . . to three . . . The eminent jurist . . . Lee H. Kramer . . . and Alice, his wife . . . are looking forward to June . . . They expect ol' Joe Stork about that time . . . Dick Price . . . and Gracie . . . had Tom Hall worried last Tuesday eve . . . Gracie wouldn't sit in the booth with Dick . . . because she was pouting . . . so she wanted to sit at the bar . . . Tom being of the old school disapproves of dolls sitting at his bar . . . but Gracie insisted . . . causing the worry . . . The fight wasn't serious . . . just one of those little family things . . . Helen Santho . . . the mighty Magyar . . . is abed with sinus business . . . thus depriving the Main Stem of a bit of color . . . But as long as Ruby . . . the bandman . . . talks as loudly as usual . . . over the Parisian Room telephone . . . the Neil House will not lack flash.

* * *

### ADVANCE DOPE.

**It is being hinted . . . by boys who know swimming matters . . . that Jimmy Patterson . . . the Ohio State natator . . . ought to win the . . . high and low board diving events . . . at the National Intercollegiate championships . . . at the University of Minnesota . . . Mar. 26-27 . . . We asked Pappy Peppe . . . the coach . . . what he thought of the lad's chances . . . and he just grinned a satisfied grin . . . Bill Neunzig . . . too is going places . . . and looks like he may be able to beat Adolph Kiefer . . . the Olympic champ . . . a drubbing in the backstroke event.**

### POINTS AND ANGLES.

The baby that Mr. and Mrs. Nick Albanese expect next May . . . will be No. 7 . . . Nick is beginning to beam proudly already . . . Incidentally, Nick is hinting that he will inaugurate a "name" band policy at the Arabian Gardens . . . when he reopens this spring . . . Russ Sifrit dropped in . . . just finished four week's at Colosimo's in Chi . . . will M. C. the same show . . . which lists Faith Bacon . . . Stroud Twins . . . Dolly Kay . . etc. . . . at the Lyric . . . in Indianapolis . . . starting Mar. 27 . . . Billy Grantham is planning something very pretty . . . in the letterhead line . . . Don Brooks is back on his feet . . . after a nine-week battle with the flu bugs . . . Our favorite model . . . Chris Gerbich . . . is lending her delicate curves . . . to the art classes at Miami U. . . . Oxford, O. . . . Gene Sheldon . . . the local mime, sailed for England . . . Thursday . . . will play his first week in . . . Blackpool . . . then move into London . . . until Coronation week . . . when he goes to Glasgow . . . thus missing the crowning celebration by a week . . . a tough break . . . Lou Peppe . . . and Jim Hauser . . . look cute . . . with their dates . . . in those intimate . . . out-of-the-way restaurants.

HELEN NEWPOFF
Tip-Top Tapper.

### GIRL GOES OVER.

News from Hollywood . . . gives the Newpoff sisters . . . Helen . . . and . . . Mildred . . . a break. Helen, the dancer is going very big . . . dancing in spots like the Trocadero . . . and is promised a screen test . . . as soon as she gets over a little plastic surgery job . . . Mildred is heading for the better class breaks too . . . with her singing . . . There'll be more about these kids . . . They really have a grand future ahead of them.

* * *

### BADMINTON BATS.

**Enthusiasm for battledore and shuttlecock . . . or Badminton . . . as the newer vogue calls it . . . is going across town . . . faster than bad news . . . A group of enthusiasts . . . under the leadership of Jim Penfield . . . 1058 Virginia Ave. . . . have organized the Grandview Badminton Club . . . They have four courts in the Grandview High School gym . . . and will listen to you if you are interested in joining.**

* * *

### Judge's Proctor.

Judge Harold L. Kime...of the municipal criminal bench...has an unsolicited assistant...in one Mike Pappas...counterman of the Hi-Fulton Restaurant...Mike attends as many sessions of the police court as possible...he has become familiar with judicial procedure... and when it comes time for the judge to pronounce sentence...He catches the judge's eyes...and either nods a thumbs-down condemnation of the prisoner...or shakes his head in the negative gesture...expressing his opinion that guilt should not be found... It's all very serious business with Pappas...but the judge finds it mildly amusing.

* * *

### HITS AND MISSES.

Like a postman . . . taking a walk on his holiday . . . Howard Hockman of Mills Buffet . . . collects menus as a hobby . . . He has scouts working all over the country . . . sending him the better class cartes de jour . . . One of the bigger . . . and better . . . parties . . . hereabouts recently . . . and one that had the distinction of not getting noisy . . . was the dinner-dance party . . . of the Omega Sigma Chi sorority last Tuesday . . . Lillian Curry . . . has heard the siren voice calling from Cleveland . . . and is spending some time up there . . . Sammy Watkins is playing in Cleveland . . . at the Hollenden's "Vogue Room" . . . Bill Cardi . . . and Hermie Furniss . . . are candid cameraddicts . . . They drive their friends nuts . . . with talk about focal lengths . . . and the like . . . We like a sense of humor . . . especially in a naturalist . . . Ed S. Thomas . . . curator of natural history at the Ohio Historical and Archeological Society Museum . . . describes the song of the White-Eyed Vireo as: "Pick-up-de-beer-check!"

* * *

### FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

**Al (Alwin) E. Bulau . . . the insurance man . . . is telling . . . with a mixture of professional pride . . . and a kind of whimsical sorry . . . how his firm had insured only two buildings in Ohio . . . against earthquake . . . The buildings were . . . the schoolhouse . . . and church . . . in Lima, O. . . . If you read your papers . . . two week ago . . . you'll remember that the only buildings seriously damaged . . . in the state . . . were . . . the schoolhouse . . . and church . . . in Anna, O.!!**

### SUITED TO A "T"

One day last week a "T" model Ford was put on the used car lot . . . of the Potter-Gager Co. . . . with faint hope that it would ever move again . . . John Gager said they expected it to sit there until it rusted away . . . That's why they were so surprised when it was sold the same day for $35 . . . Later that afternoon a breathless person called . . . and said he had heard they had a "T" model and would give $50 for it . . . So the Potter-Gager people started to figure the reason for the popularity of the veteran old cars . . . They found that there are those old timers among auto drivers who have never learned to drive a gear-shift car . . . and the chance to pick up one that can be operated entirely by the feet is becoming rarer and rarer by the day.


AD. 4326
RENE O'LETTE
BEAUTY SALON
1st Anniversary
Where quality and price prevail. Columbus' only shop connected with a chemist where everything is tested before using. All work and materials are positively guaranteed.
Oil Shampoo, Wave, Manicure, Facial and Arch..... $1
Special Permanent .....$1.95
Lustrelle Permanent .....$2.95
Combination Permanent ...$3.95
Rene O'Lette Permanent ..$5.00
Wave and Shampoo .....50c
Manicure .....35c
FLO GUYER, Beauty Authority, "Beauty Made More Beautiful"
180 N. High St., Rooms 211-212, Phone AD. 4326
632 568 135

An Innocent Solution
—to the problem womankind has tried so many ways to solve.
25 YEARS' USE HAS PROVEN RELIABILITY OF BARNES' ANTISEPTIC CONES.
They are a valuable accessory to feminine hygiene, 20 cones, $1.25.
Barnes Drug Co.
44 E. BROAD ST. MAIN 3706.

Open An Account 20 Weeks to Pay

Men's Suits ann Topcoats
$22.50
Let Greenberg's Liberal Payment Plan help you be well dressed for Easter.
NO CHARGE FOR CREDIT
MAKE YOUR OWN TERMS
Open Saturday Evening Till 9:00 P. M.
GREENBERG'S
134 E. Long St.

THE EASTER FASHION PARADE
. . . demands a beautiful coiffure —make your appointment today.
Guaranteed Croquignole Permanent.. $3.95
Modette Machineless Permanent .....$7.50
SPECIAL
A Coiffure Wave and Reconditioning Treatment
FREE
With Our $5.00 Permanent
Ohmes CROQUIGNOLE SHOPPE
21 EAST STATE ST.
Suite 1200, Beggs Bldg. AD. 3330

"Ben-Gay" will quiet flashing pain in short order
● You'll appreciate having Baume "Ben-Gay" in the home when neuralgia pains appear. Rub "Ben-Gay" promptly right on the spot. Feel its healing, comforting warmth. The pain eases, as "Ben-Gay" gets in its good work. "Ben-Gay," known the world over for its effectiveness against pain, is the famous formula of Dr. Jules Bengué, of Paris. It has triumphed over human pain and suffering for 40 years. For the sake of you and yours always keep "Ben-Gay" in the home.
RUB PAIN AWAY WITH BAUME "BEN-GAY"

—FOR EASTER—
"HOLD THAT LINE AND BLOCK THAT HAT"
—ONLY—
45c
"Have Your Hat Cleaned Now, By Men Who Know How."
While-U-Wait Service, Too!
ROSS CLEANERS
● 47 W. LONG—OPP. THE "Y"
70 E. BROAD—Next to Journal
● "Home of 30-Minute Dry Cleaning Service"

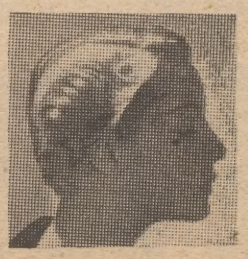
SPECIAL
Machineless PERMANENT WAVES
No machinery
No Electricity
No Hot Heaters
No Heavy Wires
$3.75
Complete Guaranteed
La Tete
PERMANENT WAVE SHOPPE
AD. 0927
39 W. Broad St., Room 305
Spiral Waves ...$1.95-$2.50
Croquignole .....$3.00
New Ray Machineless .....$5.00
All Waves Guaranteed

No Finer Permanents — No Fairer Prices!
A Eugène Wave
Regular $5.00 and $7.50 Values
$3.50 and $5.00
Others $1.95 and Up.
Spiral or Croquignole complete OIL SHAMPOO and FINGER WAVE.....50c
MONDAY-TUESDAY-WEDNESDAY
EXPERT OPERATORS

BETTY GAY BEAUTY SHOP
AD. 5312. 101 S. Sandusky, Cor. State
MILDRED SLAGLE — ELMA MOYER

HEAD FIRST INTO EASTER
...with the newest machineless Permanent — "The Modette." It's designed to tie in with the new trends in fashion. The pronounced knowledge and skill of Jack Exenkamper in hair cutting is well established, see him today!

Orchid Beauty Shoppe
17 S. High St. MA. 1410.
592 Huntington Bank Bldg.


AD. 7761
Machineless Permanent Waves
A famous wave given by senior students under the supervision of an expert instructor. This is really a beautiful and lasting wave for only..... $2.00
Other Permanents $1.00 and $1.50.
Shampoo and Finger Wave, Senior Dept., 35c. Junior Dept., Free.
WE ARE OPEN EVENINGS.
Cardi School of Beauty Culture
HARTMAN THEATER BLDG.

# 'THE BIG TIP'

## $25 Cash Prize for Prettiest Waitress

The prettiest waitress in Columbus is on her way to winning her "biggest tip." It is The Sunday Star's newest contest, "The Big Tip" of $25.

The big $25 tip will be her reward for being chosen the prettiest waitress among Columbus' hundreds of pretty waitresses.

Since this city's reputation for feminine charm is known far and wide, the "Big Tip" contest promises to be of exceptional interest. There is no fee for entry in the contest.

Restaurant owners and managers are urged to co-operate with The Star in calling attention to attractive girls in their establishments.

Call Mr. Bowler at ADams 9487.

Each week The Star will publish pictures of attractive waitresses. At the end of the contest a group of artists will judge the contestants and announce the winner of "The Big Tip."

Representatives of The Star now are visiting restaurants all over the city, searching out the outstanding beauty of each place. So, pretty up, girls, and be ready to enter The Star's big contest, "The Big Tip."

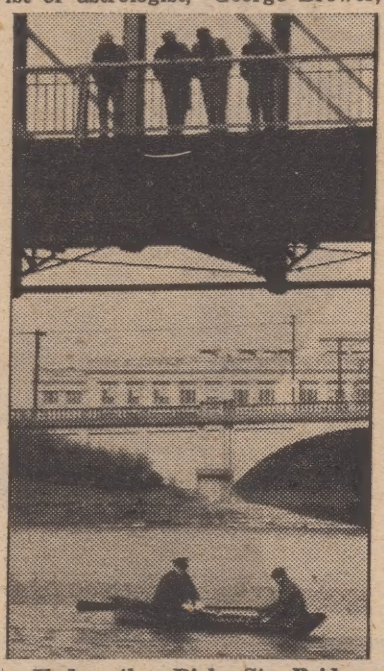
MARY GROSSMAN, Continental Restaurant, 40 E. Long St.

## Stars Seen as Cause of Wife, 38, Vanishing

An intense interest in the mystic signs of the heavens or in the strange prophecies of the lines in the hand was believed by hard-boiled cops to have been a factor in the disappearance of Mrs. Gertrude Brower, 38, of 75 W. Ninth Ave.

Beside her coat on the guard rail of the Rich St. bridge, police found a note, neatly penned in Mrs. Brower's handwriting.

"My wife had consulted a palmist or astrologist," George Brower, the woman's husband, told investigators. "He foretold a trip to Indianapolis."



Under the Rich St. Bridge, where they found her coat and a note, cops dragged the river in a search for Mrs. Gertrude Brower.

### Happened Before.

Mrs. Brower disappeared once before, leaving a "suicide" letter, detectives revealed.

The note found on the bridge read:

"If anyone finds this please notify authorities. I understand the police have me missing. I am missing. Please tell them to cross me off the list. Please tell my family not to hunt for my body. It is all I ask.

"I have seen a little of the 'seamy side' of life on the jury and I don't want to be classed with those cases where the coroner takes pictures and passes them around. I want my husband to know that he is free. He is. Tell him to go after that happiness now.

"I am very sorry to hurt people but after all, I have been hurt.

Mrs. George Brower Gertrude."

"P. S.: No one must be blamed—no outsiders, I mean. I am doing this knowing exactly what it means to myself—and to my family. They will understand. I feel that I am sane. All I want is oblivion. Please grant me that."

GOOD NEWS FOR EASTER

A Natural Looking Safe Permanent

. . . "As refreshing as a spring breeze—that will leave your best beau helpless with admiration."

Special Croquignole PERMANENT

$1.95

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

Machineless Permanents $5 & Up

Opal's BEAUTY SALON

5 WEST BROAD ST.

Second Floor. Phone AD. 3025 or MA. 0381.

Open Eves. by Appointment.

O. L. Wanamaker, Prop.



GILBERT'S

Home of over 100,000 pairs! 210 E. Town St.

Manufacturers' and Jobbers' Surplus Stocks of Brand New, Perfect

$2-$2.49-$2.99 Smart Shoe Fashions for EASTER

GABARDINES!

KIDSKIN! BUCKO! PATENT! NEW SUEDE! SANDALS!

CROSS-STRAPS! ANKLETS! PORT-HOLES! STEP-INS! OXFORDS! COMBINATIONS!

$1.47

Gray Gabardine Swing Strap. Kid trim.

Black Gabardine, Monk Strap. Patent trim.

Stunning Gray Gabardine High-cut Pump, Patent trim.

Black Gabardine Tie. Porthole eyelits. Patent trim.

Black Gabardine Gore Pump. Patent trim.

Come in today. See this gorgeous selection of the wanted styles, colors and materials!

GRAY! BLUE! BROWN! BLACK! COMBINATIONS!

See these shoes openly displayed on racks in departments 9 and 13 . . . arranged according to size to enable you to help yourself! Sizes 3½ to 8 in lot.

Special purchase of FACTORY CLOSE-OUTS

$3-$3.50 SPORT OXFORDS

$2

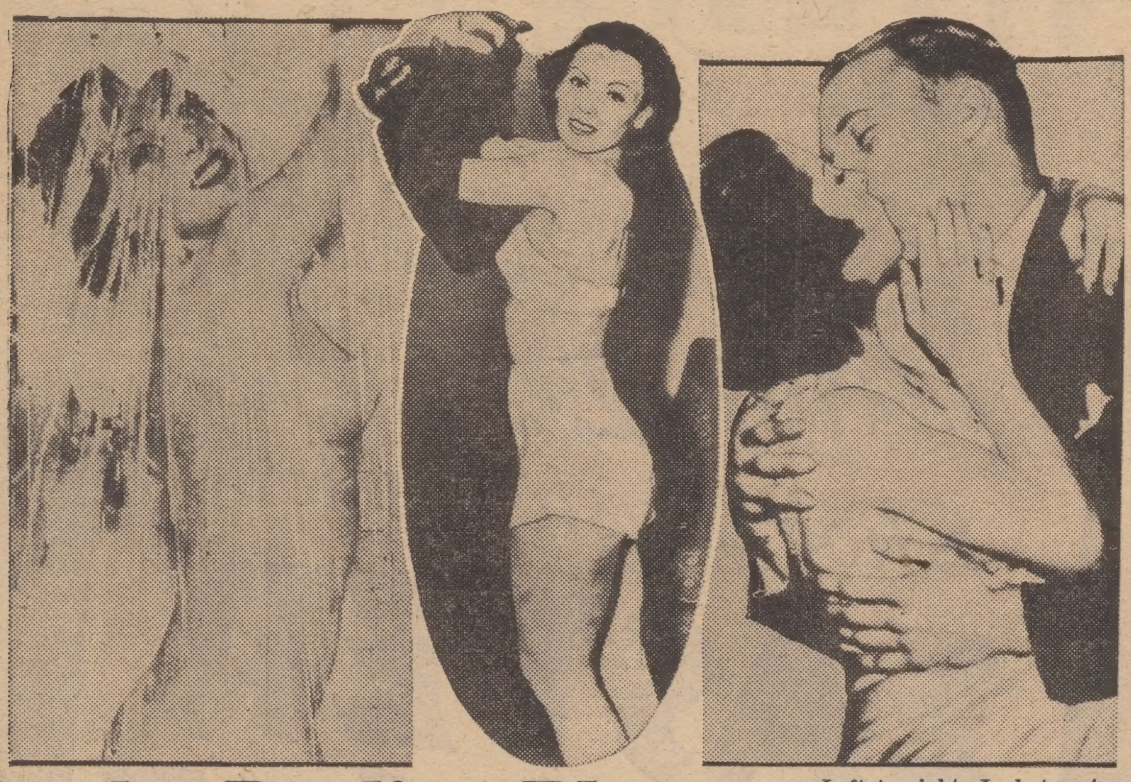
Swanky Beige Bucko Belted Oxford. Silver buckle

Genuine Goodyear welt sport oxfords — in the sturdy, swanky styles that are so popular. Leather or spongy crepe soles. GRAY! BLUE! BROWN! BLACK! WHITE! COMBINATIONS! Sizes 3½ to 8 in the lot.

Blue Bucko Oxford With novelty stitching.

These shoes are also on sale in our SPRINGFIELD store---74 W. Main St.

# BARE COED EMBARRASSES



Left to right: In hot water, in scanties, and in the arms of Ernest "Bus" Bergmann, Drake pigskin prince. These photos of Heloise Martin, 20, Delta Gam, put doctors of philosophy in a dither.

## Ducky Darling Photo Makes Drakes Quack

**DES MOINES, Iowa.—Dr. D. W. Morehouse, astronomer-president of conservative old Drake University, furrowed his academic brow and snapped, "There's absolutely nothing to it!"**

He had been asked if brunet Heloise Martin, 20-year-old coed and prettiest Delta Gam, was under faculty surveillance because she posed for a series of hotsy photos in College Humor magazine.

Perhaps the professor's astute remark was subconsciously inspired by the beauty's costume—or rather lack of attire—in a three-quarter length cold shower shot, a shot which now adorns the walls of every fraternity house—a shot that lads proudly say has made Drake the biggest duck in the co-educational puddle.

### Danced for Rudy.

Heloise, who once graced the chorus of New York's Hollywood restaurant and danced with Rudy Vallee's "Revels of 1935" before she took up higher education, was astonished that anyone she should be on the intellectual spot.

It was learned that Heloise agreed with officials not to do any more posing.

"The officials are all my friends," she said, "and what they say is best."

As for the shower picture, Heloise pouted that the magazine lads had pulled a fast one on her by retouching it to make it look nude when it really wasn't.

"I posed for that one in a flesh leopard, similar to a bathing suit," smiled Heloise. "The picture that appeared in the magazine had been fixed up to make me look like I had worn nothing. And besides, they agreed to shoot only from the shoulders!"

The complete series was entitled "A Day in the Life of a Coed."

The first shot showed the comely Delta Gamma girl arising from bed, clad in a slinky pair of pee-jays. The second—ah, that second one—showed Heloise enjoying a cold shower. The third showed her in scanties and a brassiere.

There were other pictures, too, one even in that sacred sanctum sanctorum—the classroom. There were a couple in abbreviated costumes, and another showing her kissing her boy friend.

And above all the seething and tittering and blushing, the attitude of the faculty is best expressed in the caustic words of Dean of Women Carrie Cubbage:

"No action will be taken against Miss Martin!"

In the meantime, Heloise was busy deciding which of several hotsy offers, resulting from her publicity, she would accept.

The answer: Heloise is back in the Hollywood restaurant, where she's opening her act this Saturday night.

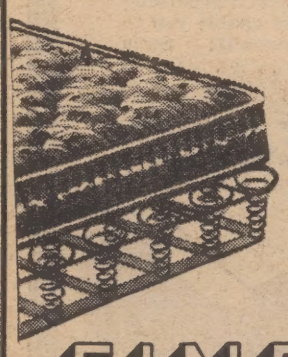

**Formal Suits to Rent**
TAILS • TOP HATS • TUXEDOS •
The Latest in Formal Accessories at Moderate Prices!
**The College Shoppe**
1584 N. High St., Cor. 11th Ave. and High St. UN. 0555.
Open Evenings.

FINDLAY-CROWE
*Complete*
**BED OUTFIT**

**$19.95**
95c Down, 50c a Week

Here is the "Value Thrill of the Week": Fine solid-panel modern bed, finished in beautifully painted walnut, 50-lb. cotton mattress and resilient coil spring.

*YOUR BIRTHDAY GIFT AMOUNTS TO . . . $3.98*
in additional merchandise of your own selection.



TUNE IN
**"Pat" Crowe**
"The Biggest Furniture Man in Town"
Every Evening at 7—
Station WCOL

**FINDLAY - CROWE**
463 N. HIGH ST. AD. 4226
WATCH US GROW

LIKE WORKOUTS?
They are amusing and can be used profitably. We have checked hundreds of them. The seven that most frequently indicate "tomorrow's number" from "today's hit" are found in
ANDY'S GREEN BOOK
Price $1.00, plus 3c tax
Address
CAPITOL CITY PUB. CO., INC.
901 Hi-Long Bldg.
Columbus, O.

for 80 years
**Bruck's**
DRAUGHT and BOTTLED

**DISTINCTIVE BOCK BEER**
**Bruck's Distributing Co.**
548 N. High St. Phone AD. 7016

# Lillian---Picture of Girl on Motor Bike

## From a Reporter's Notebook

By SMITH FIELD

IF you are at all uncertain about the transitional state of American society, take a run out to 844 E. Main St. and hunt Mrs. Lillian Farrow out of the maze of motorcycles.

Then ask her if women have taken up motorcycle riding. She'll tell you that girls have succumbed to the lure of power bikes in a big way. That will convince you.

There was a time in American history when only policemen and crack-pate thrill seekers would risk the jolts and jerks, not to mention other disadvantages of motorcycles.

But all that has changed, including the motorcycle itself according to Mrs. Farrow. And she ought to know. She has been riding motorcycles for the past 15 years. Her husband was in the motorcycle business in Nelsonville before coming up here 10 years ago. Now Mrs. Farrow carries on the business alone and she is doing all right at it.

### Easy to Ride.

She rode motorbikes when they were hard to ride. Just anyone can take the new models out and drive them for fun. What's more they'll get fun out of their ride. Tires that once were as hard as the road they traveled have given way to the soft inflation of modern balloon jobs. The tension of the ride can be controlled. A throw of a gadget will set the motorcycle for the chuck holes of bad roads; another twist and it is adjusted to the smooth glide of modern paving.

There are so many owners in central Ohio riding solo that Mrs. Farrow can't recall all their names. If there were only a few she would know all of them, for she knows most of the motorcycle enthusiasts of the community.

Her sister, Nelle Giel, is another of the feminine soloists. Next to bowlers, there is probably no sports cult that holds its members in closer bonds than motorcycle riding.

They are a community unto themselves and they speak a language of their own. Their machines are identified by the cubic inches of their motor displacements. "Joe Soandso trades his 74 in on an 80," is quite comprehensible to the bike folk. It simply means that Joe is doing all right and feels that he can afford the big job now. The 80 has six cubic inches more motor and symbolizes the de luxe or ultra station of motorcycling life.

Lillian Farrow is full of motorcycle lore to the ears. She has facts and figures for most occasions and when stymied she can always dig interesting facts out of the Harley-Davidson "Enthusiast."

That's where she found the answer when we asked her if motorcycling was a practical means of long distance travel. She showed us a route map of three lads who drove a 10,000-mile trip around the coasts and borders of the United States.

### Takes Long Trips.

She has ridden to Milwaukee, the site of the Harley-Davidson plant, several times and hasn't minded the going a bit. In fact she likes long trips or any kind of trips. She takes most of the new bikes that come to her store out on the road for 80 miles or so to loosen them up for delivery.

There has been a lot of loosening up to do this season. Although the winter months are usually duller than a letter from your pastor, in the motorcycle business, Lillian Farrow has sold more bikes since November than she sold all last year. And last year wasn't a bad year!

She manages the business, directs the energies of her three mechanicians, but the sales force takes care of itself. The angle is this: She employs no sales people. The riders who love the sport or who find that motorcycles give economic service in business sell all the motorcycles that move out of her place.

If you are looking for an adventure story you'll be disappointed. She couldn't recall anything like a thrill for us. No bad spills, no heroic dashes over the countryside with a purpose. Her riding has been all personal thrills; the joy of the clean air, the wind in your hair and stuff like that.

In our inspection of the newest things in motorcycle equipment, Mrs. Farrow pointed out the "buddy" seat. It affords an intimate arrangement whereby a boy and his birl friend may share the "front" seat of the motorcycle in compariative comfort. We thought it pretty cute. The whole story about Mrs. Farrow's business and women who ride motorcycles interested us. We still think there is some subtle social significance in the fact that frail little 100-pound girls drive motorcycles 80 miles an hour and enjoy it. We're probably the horse and buggy type at heart.

# It's in the Stars

By R. FREDERICK KANE.

"YOU can't get along with them and you can't get along without them" goes the old saying when those of the male sex refer to their wives or sweethearts.

Yes you can get along with most of them if you understand their temperaments. Take for instance the girl born in the sign Aries (Mar. 21 to Apr. 20). Here you may have a hard case to handle. Usually extremely impulsive and inclined to follow the dictates of her own mind.

She isn't the stay-at-home type. Always be prepared to go places with her and show her a lively time.

She can't keep money. You had better watch your own pocketbook and, above all things, see that she does not run up bills on you. She has one good trait however, and that is that she seldom gets the blues and if she ever does they do not last long.

Next we will take up the girl born between Sept. 23 and Oct. 22 or Libra. Right here I might say that one can always be sure to find this person with a smile on her face no matter what happens. But don't let that smile fool you too much—if you make her too angry she will pick up something and let you have it where it will hurt. A great many Libras have Mercury, Venus and other planets in the next sign Scorpio but the Scorpio nature lies hidden until some aggravation overcomes the more affable Libra nature.

The Libra is an artist at heart and loves all the branches of the fine arts. However, not all of the sign ever become proficient in the expression of art because they have a rather weak will-power which does not give them the stick-to-itiveness necessary for the mastery of any instrument of the canvass. They seem to have the habit of getting married and divorced for apparently no good reasons at all. When the Libra girl tells you she is not going to do a certain thing or that she is going to do a certain thing at a certain time do not always take her too seriously.

Capricorn is the next sign we will take up. The girl born between Dec. 22 and Jan. 20 and who was born in a year when Venus and Mercury were also in Capricorn is the girl who will keep your nose to the grindstone if you will let her have her way. She wants you to own a home and make enough money to have a nice bank account. She wants you to be somebody—not just one of the crowd. If you're not careful she will be taking your pay envelope and giving you a quarter to spend. Well, you will never have to worry about her spending your money foolishly because she knows the value of a dollar. If you ever give her cause to be suspicious of you you might as well take a train for some far place as soon as possible. Play square with her and you will get to the top of the ladder.

Cancer includes those born between June 22 and July 23 and here you have the very sensitive creature. She lives in her emotions. No cave man stuff goes with her. Sharp remarks hurt her more than you could ever suspect. Like her Capricorn sister she knows the value of the dollar and will spend even less. However she does not have the ambition of the Capricorn girl and is content with far less of this world's goods. A nice comfortable home with several children to mother will keep her satisfied. If there are no children in her own home to mother she will go around the neighborhood where there are children and especially where there are little babies to fondle. She just loves to listen to your troubles. Sympathy is second nature to her and she also craves it when not feeling well.

In a future issue I will explain the peculiarities of the other signs, so watch this column.

### The Astro-Psychological Clinic.

Mrs. N. A. S...Some time in this coming year there is some good fortune coming your way. Had you sent your birth hour I could have given you more definite information.

Miss Louise P...The best advice I could give you is that you try to forget that man. If you should marry him you will get the surprise of your life. And not a pleasant one either. He was born with the disposition to put off important things and I doubt if he will ever get over it. His trouble is of a psychological nature and would take months of intense effort on his part to overcome his weakness. There are no positive aspects in your horoscope which point to an early marriage but there is one which points to a change of home in three years.

B. G. S...The 1887 man has the best horoscope and can be trusted. You have an interesting horoscope and should be quite lucky. If not now, perhaps you could overcome that natural stubbornness and then things might get better for you. Why didn't you send your birth hour? To answer you accurately I would have to have it.

I. M...You also did not send your birth hour but from the planetary positions on the day you were born I would say that you and your husband are so much alike in wanting to run the family affairs that it is no wonder that you are having considerable trouble. One of you will have to be boss—not both. You "fly off the handle" at little aggravations and so does he. Come to an understanding or there will be a divorce. It is very difficult for two Aries persons to get along well. You'll have to make the best of it.

Dotty of Un...Please say whether or not you were born late in the day or early. "About midnight" can mean a difference of 24 hours. However, from the chart I have set up there are no indications of anything like stomach trouble but there are indications of ovarian trouble. You will have to watch your step this coming year that you do not do something which will wreck your future. There is also one very good aspect which will begin to operate soon which may bring you some splendid opportunities for which you have been looking.

Anna B. G...You ask, "Will my heartfelt efforts have success?" If you will tell me what you mean I will try to give you an answer.

M. F. W...Whenever I get a letter from a person who tells me how good they are I just wonder about it. And then when I have the correct birthdate I can very well judge for myself. You are the creator of your own trouble—at least that's what your horoscope shows. Born with a nature given to indecision—except that of falling in love—you never are sure of what you will do next. There are indications of a second marriage but you may again suffer from poor judgment. The man you mentioned has a horoscope which shows extreme selfishness but again that weak will power of yours did not impel you to find whether or not he was married after all those months of keeping company with him. What you need most is some practice which will increase your will power, such as doing a certain thing every day without fail. And do not again make the mistake of telling others what a good past you have. At least not an astrologer. Why should anyone boast of being good? Isn't that what you're supposed to be? No one is perfect and neither are you. The last of a series of bad aspects will be over in your horoscope by the middle of July. Live only in the present — forget the past — anticipate nothing but good in the future. Cultivate that charity which thinks no ill. Every morning each day find some pleasant or inspiring thought. Repeat it when irritable.


DRY CLEANING WAR!

WAR PRICES! WAR PRICES!

MEN'S SUITS 29c LADIES PLAIN DRESSES

Cleaned and Pressed

We do but one grade of Cleaning . . . The BEST! How do we do it? We operate our own licensed plant, and the boss works here!

REMEMBER, THIS OFFER IS FOR A LIMITED TIME.

This is a CASH and CARRY Special.

CALL WA. 1611

714 N. HIGH

CORNER LINCOLN STREET



La Salle WINE & IMPORT CO.

OPEN 9-12

WE DELIVER AD 2514

FOUR STORES

34 E. MAIN ST.

59 E. SPRING ST.

1876 PARSONS

1024 MT. VERNON

WINES for EASTER

Old Vinery Brand WINES

OLD VINERY ~WINES~ ARE VERY CHOICE, DELICATELY FLAVORED CALIFORNIA VINTAGES FROM A CELEBRATED VINEYARD!

45c FIFTH

THEY ARE DRY OR SWEET TO SUIT YOUR TASTE OR THE OCCASION

FULL GALLON $1.69

California CHAMPAGNES FRENCH ~PROCESS~ LARGE 26 OZ. BOTTLE $1.39

CHATEAU JERO COCKTAIL MIXERS GRENADINE, LEMON MIX, LIME MIX, PASSION FRUIT MIX, ORANGE BITTERS AND OTHERS

CHERRY WINE 1/5 GAL. 59c GALLON $1.89

CALIFORNIA ZINFANDEL WINE FULL GAL. 89c

CHATEAU VENICE BRAND CALIFORNIA WINE

Chateau Venice Brand CALIFORNIA PORT
Chateau Venice Brand CALIFORNIA SHERRY
Chateau Venice Brand CALIFORNIA TOKAY
Chateau Venice Brand CALIFORNIA MUSCATEL

11 DIFFERENT TYPES 3 YEARS OLD 42 PROOF PRODUCED BY PADRE VINEYARDS 59c FIFTH

PRICES PLUS STATE TAX

# Tips for Your Fingertips

*Wendy's Manicure Begins.*

*Wendy's Manicure Is Finished*

## Here's How Movies Produce Glamour By Hand

By Grace Grandville

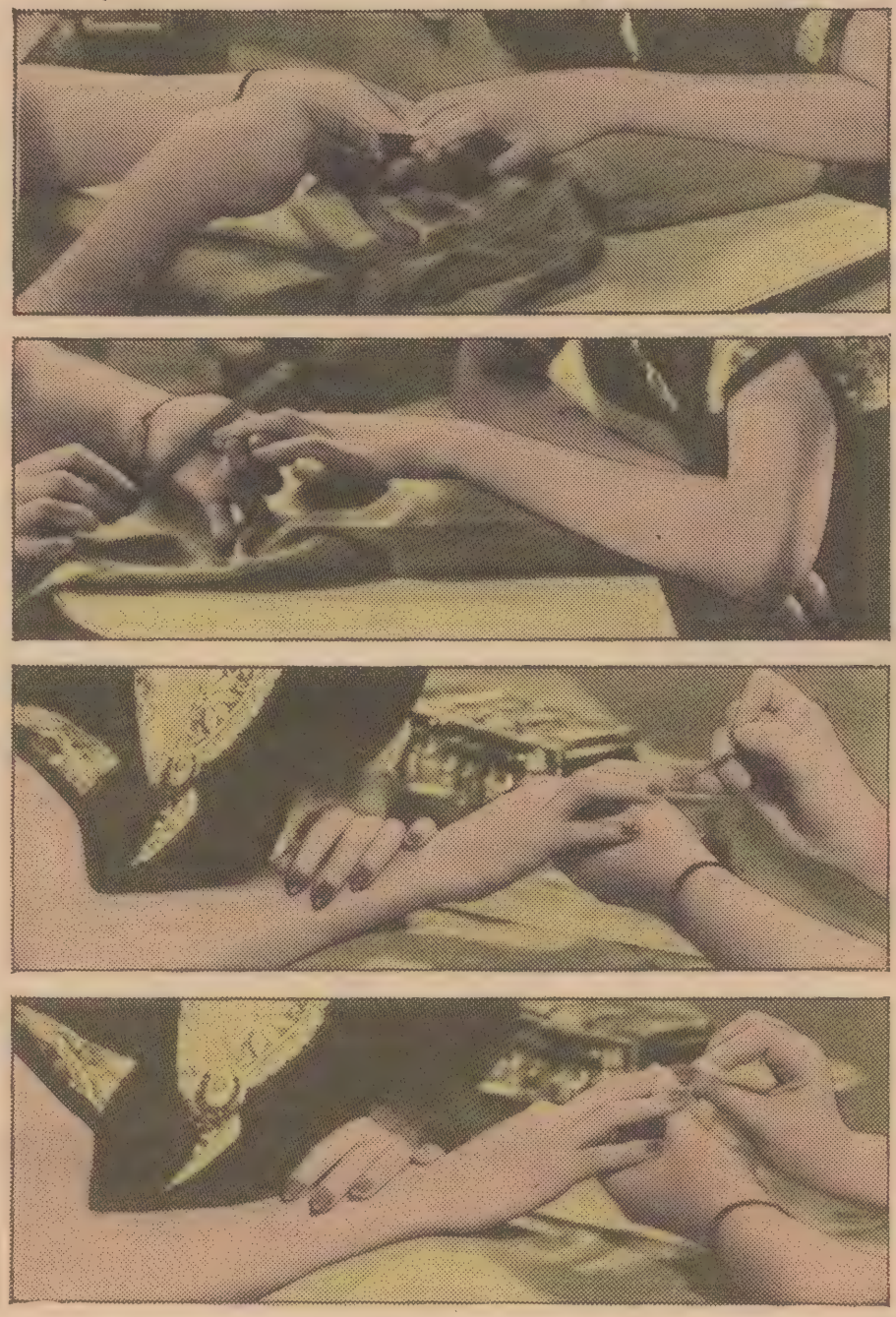
WENDY BARRIE used to bite her nails. She did it until she was a big girl, too. Presently Wendy saw the error of her ways and now she's so strong-minded she can resist even the impulse to nibble at a bit of loose cuticle. It is painful to observe a lot of big girls round about who haven't developed their self-control.

They might try Wendy's cure. She began by concentrating all her will power on one nail, determining that one, at least, should remain intact. When she had managed to leave one alone until it grew out to a respectable length, the battle was already won. Because it looked so nice and, by comparison, the rest looked so m a n g y that she was shocked and shamed into completing the reform. Obviously one good nail deserved nine others.

Now study Wendy's lovely fingertips in the process of grooming and learn how to give yourself a manicure which will be almost as good as a professional one. The first step is not shown here. It consists of scrubbing with soapy water and a fairly stiff nail brush. Then you won't need any nail whitener.

Rinse your hands in cold water for their beauty's s a k e and gently push back the cuticle from each nail as you dry them. Complete the pushing back operation with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and dipped in a bottle of cuticle remover. Any ragged bits will come up and may be snipped off.

Cut no more than is absolutely necessary. You can reduce the necessity to a minimum by using cuticle oil every night and soaking your fingertips occasionally in warm olive oil. Notice that Wendy's manicurist is using an emery board as a file. It makes a smoother finish. Never leave a sharp point. The most beautiful shape for a nail is a long oval. You get the effect by preventing your nails from growing out at the corners. File them well down along the sides and they will l o o k much narrower.



*Here, from top to bottom, are shown steps in Wendy Barrie's manicure, which you can follow to your own advantage. Miss Barrie will be seen in Universal's "Breezin' Home" and "Wings Over Honolulu."*

Putting on l i q u i d polish calls for equipment and patience. Buy nail enamel of a good quality. It goes on better and lasts longer. One of those finger rest g a d g e t s manufactured by the most famous maker of manicuring aids helps you do a really neat job. Unless your hands are s t e a d y from a complete abstinence from riotous living, you will need one.

The secret of application is to start the first brush stroke in the middle of the nail just below the top of the moon. Extend it to the tip of the nail. Then fill in with strokes on either side. It shouldn't take more than four or five to cover the nail. Always draw the brush parallel to the nail, never across it.

'Now wrap a piece of tissue tight over

**Beauty from Hollywood**

the tip of the index finger of the opposite hand and clean up the scraggly edges. If you want to be exotic, leave polish on right to the tip. Many Hollywood girls even put some underneath. But the conservative white tip is still the most popular. However, don't make it too deep. Not as deep as the natural line of the quick which shows through the nail. A thinner white crescent will make your nail look longer. And don't wipe it off so the polish ends in a line straight across the end of the nail.

Curve it down a little on each side to follow the curve of the moon and the shape of the outside edge. These are important trifles — if you w a n t your fingertips to flatter you.

# Curbing the QUACK PSYCHOLOGIST

## By Hazel Canning

DORIS MOORE was a private secretary, young and rather pretty. She had a good position with one of the leading lawyers of her home town. She was liked by her boss, for she managed his office efficiently. She also dressed in pretty frocks. Most of her time outside the office she spent with other girls.

Doris Moore was wretchedly unhappy. She was troubled and puzzled about herself. With her "girl friends," as she called them, she was natural. But so soon as a young man loomed against the horizon, Doris, blushing, either talked too much or too little.

"Why can't I be natural with men?" she often asked herself, miserably. "Why do I always scare them off? Why am I so self-conscious?"

She got to imitating the enticing mannerisms of her best friend, who had many beaux. She planned, she brooded, she manipulated and then, one day, a new clerk came to work in the law office.

By what miracle she never knew, she watched him grow into enough interest to ask if he might call some evening. She invited him to dinner.

But as the hour drew near, she grew nervous. An hour before Carl Dryson was due, she knew she could never face the strange, frightening, fascinating young man alone. So she flew to the telephone and invited her old maid aunt to come to dinner also . . .

Young Dryson arrived . . . ate . . . departed at nine-fifteen. The evening had been a flop for him. So he never asked to call again. But that same evening, alone in her apartment, poor Doris Moore wept her heart out . . .

She was awake till the first light filtered through the muslin curtains. Then she knew what she was going to do.

A psychoanalyst had recently lectured to her girls' club. Psychoanalysis was getting more and more the thing. Even great ladies had themselves "psyched." Well, she would, too.

She went. It was a long interview. Stretched out on a couch, she lay in the dark, the curtains drawn, telling her troubles. The psychoanalyst explained that people talked better lying down in the dark. Then finally he took over the interview.

"Your trouble," he said, "is repression. At your age you should have a husband, children. You suffer from denial. But before you get married, you should accumulate some ease with men. My dear girl, sow some wild oats, even as your normal brother. That is the cure for you."

BUT at this, poor Doris burst into tears. "I can't," she faltered. "I scare off every man I meet."

"I want to help you get well," mused the psychoanalyst. "So what do you say to giving me some of your spare time for the next few months?"

"Oh," again wept Doris Moore, "I don't know. I am afraid . . . I . . ."

"Surely," he interrupted, "you realize that your psychoanalyst knows what is best for you?" . . .

Six months went by. It was Christmas Eve. A young woman registered at a big hotel in New York. Half an hour before the Christmas bells rang out at midnight, she jumped out of her window. . . . Back home, everybody wondered why Doris Moore had killed herself. Girls generally did desperate things like that, they said, because of heartache over a man. But everybody knew Doris Moore had never had a beau.

Everybody knew except her psychoanalyst, who never came forward to tell how her face had changed to a face of death, when he broke the news to her that he was going to be married. Nor did he tell of the advice he had given about curing her repressions.

Because of happenings similar to this, and because of many other emotional ills following the visits of neurotic patients to unscrupulous practitioners, distrust of mushroom psychoanalysts has increased for the last five years.

This distrust reached its culmination the other day when Dr. Percival M. Symonds, Professor of Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University, presented a bill to the New York legislature for the curbing of fake psychologists.

DR SYMONDS says: "These charlatans are persons of mediocre ability with little or no reputable training, who prey upon unsuspecting persons, making diagnoses of mental conditions on insufficient evidence, and offering advice on the basis of this evidence, or no evidence at all. These persons give lectures and hold clinics and individual consultations, as reputable psychologists. Usually they do not infringe on the laws relating to the practice of medicine, and so cannot be prosecuted.

"But the practice of the psychologist, nevertheless, is a matter of grave importance to public health. The licensing of psychologists is a much needed public health measure."

Dr. Lawson D. Lowry, of National Mental Health, and a lecturer at the School of Social Work, took public notice of this type of advice, in a lecture to his students:

"The doctor who advises patients to try extra-marital adventures to cure repressions," he said, "is guilty of malpractice. He is also piling up misery for most patients, in the guilty feelings which oppress a sensitive person, after transgressing."

"Go out and express yourself," the inquiry showed, has become almost stock advice given to careerist women turned 30, to anybody troubled in spirit and worried over some phase of his love life—or lack of it. But such advice is the worst possible, according to Lawrence Gould, M. A., D. D., and consulting psychologist of New York.

"We've got to admit that the advice given to the young woman you mention," Mr. Gould said, "has been repeated sadly often by psychological charlatans and quacks. Such advice is shocking bad science, as well as bad morals."

But the malpracticing psychologist and psychoanalyst gives other poor advice besides "go sow wild oats." To be sure he seems to believe all repression arise from one source. He does not seem to realize that fear, feelings of failure, inadequacy, that thwarted ambition, the pinch of poverty, ill health and fierce competition beget as many repressions as that for which the patient is told to "express" himself.

Professor Symonds, Mr. Gould, and the head of a New York clinic who could not lend her name because of medical ethics, all agree you should beware—

The consultant who advises you to sow wild oats;

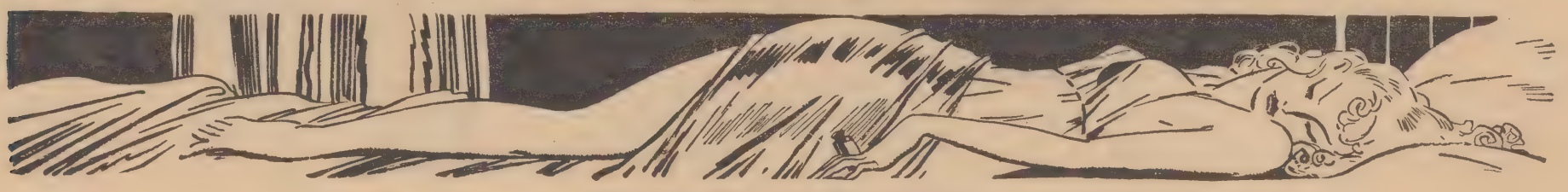
Who tells you to get married to cure your emotional repressions;

Who urges you to cheer up, because everything is rosy;

Who gives you lists to test yourself and find your own cure;

Who turns out hypochondriacs running to the doctor for life.

When choosing a psychologist or a psychoanalyst, these say, choose a man or woman whose own problems are solved. Choose somebody with standing in the community, a reputable person. If in doubt, write or apply to the society of psychologists or psychoanalysts in your own home town.



(Copyright, 1937, by EveryWeek Magazine)

## *Dangers of Delay Revealed in*

# THE TRUTH ABOUT CANCER

## *---Often Curable in Early Stage!*

**Editor's Note: The best available information regarding cancer is presented to Sunday Star readers in the following article which was prepared in connection with the national educational campaign against cancer during March.**

By JOHN BOHANNAN.

IF you have any sore that doesn't heal, if you have a lump under the skin, or if you have any unusual discharge . . .

Don't waste a minute. Go to a competent cancer specialist or to the Columbus Cancer Clinic, 499 Oak St., for diagnosis, where free examinations are given Tuesdays and Fridays from 3 p. m. to 5 p. m.

This month the entire nation is waging war against the two great killers of cancer victims—ignorance and fear—which so often delay treatment until it is too late.

Here are some facts revealed by Dr. E. T. Kirkendall, Columbus' nationally-known cancer authority:

**1. Most cancers are skin cancers.**

**2. Most skin cancers can be cured if treated in time.**

**3. Many other types of cancers can be cured, if arrested in the early stages.**

Whenever certain types of cells begin to multiply without control in the body, the growth is called a malignant cancer. There are as many different kinds of cancer as there are varieties of cells—about 500.

Unless stopped, cancers invade the body, destroying tissue and eventually causing death.

"Aw, I'm young and healthy—I don't need to worry about cancer, now!" That's a convenient excuse for those who wish to shun an unpleasant subject.

The truth is, the younger and healthier a person when cancer starts, the more rapid its growth and the sooner death will occur.

Dr. Kirkendall estimates that 49 out of 50 cancer patients have never been sick before in their lives.

"They are usually the type who seldom consult a physician," added Dr. Kirkendall.

Here's a typical carcinoma or skin cancer as it appeared when the patient came to the cancer clinic.

This is the same hand after treatment. Had the disease been neglected, it would have spread.

Although cancer doesn't usually grow so fast later in life, the chances of having it are greater. It's most commonly found after the age of 35 or 40 years.

Of 100 women past the age of 40, statistics show 10 will die of cancer. The ante is slightly lower for men—eight out of 100.

"We believe that now is the time to inform the public that cancer is more apt to be found in children of parents who have died of the disease," said Dr. Kirkendall. "This fact has been demonstrated in many laboratories by the breeding of rats and mice.

"Such workers as Dr. Little and Dr. Maude Slye have records comparable with 3000 years in humans. With the strains of rats they have developed they are able to state not only that an animal will die of cancer at a certain date, but will predict exactly what type of cancer will cause the death."

Switching from rats to people, Dr. Kirkendall points out that just because one's mother is living at 65 and one's father died at 50, that does't mean that the mother may not yet die of cancer or that the father would not have died of cancer if he'd lived to be 65.

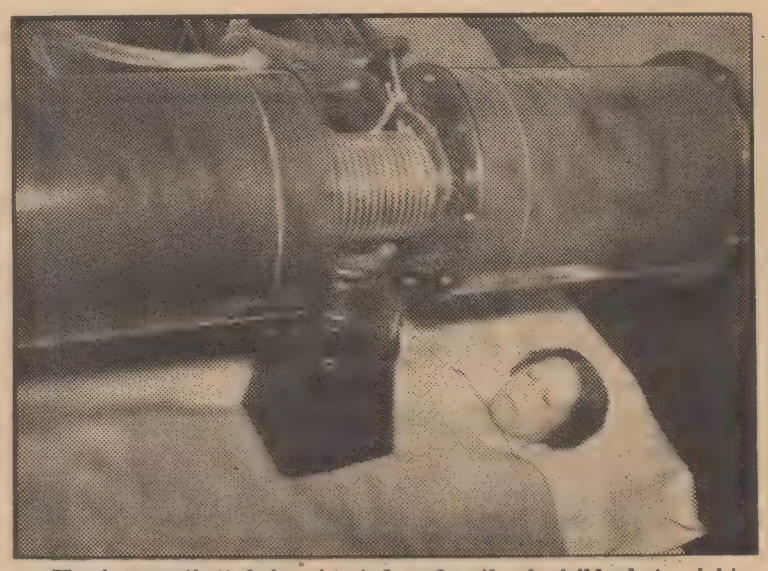
When you've figured that out, here's another digression—from rats to love:

"Dr. Slyh thinks we could breed cancer out of the human race," smiled Dr. Kirkendall. "I do not agree. No young people would hesitate to marry simply because they were told they might have a son who would die at the age of 70 with cancer of the stomach!"

It has only been in the past 20 years that there have been treatments for cancer. In the old days, doctors didn't recognize it. Patients died of "complications," or of some fantastic ailment such as "bat's disease," a term once applied to what is now recognized as a type of nose cancer. There was a sore on each nostril, connected by red lines, causing the lesion to resemble the wings of a bat.

There are three ways of treating cancer: By surgery, X-rays and radium. Which is used depends on the individual case. Sometimes a combination of methods is used.

Radium is the "machine gun." From a needle pushed into the malignant area or near it, a steady stream of particles is shot out, destroying the cancer. Radium shoots straight without spreading. It is so powerful it will penetrate several inches of lead.



Here's a patient being treated under the invisible but mighty waves of a huge X-ray machine at White Cross Hospital.

The X-ray is the "shotgun." It covers a comparatively wide area. Depending on voltage and wavelength, it is either "hard" or "soft."

The X-ray can be so soft that a piece of paper will stop it, or it can be so powerful that it will pierce lead to some extent.

The effect of the X-ray is similar to radium—it mows down malignant tissue in its path.

A few figures on results today:

Nine out of 10 skin cancers are curable.

One out of every four or five cancers of the female organs can be cured. If a cancer of the cervix is caught early, before it has spread to the sides of the pelvis, 85 per cent of the women can be cured.

"Cancers of the lip that are neglected destroy the entire lip," said Dr. Kirkendall. "If they spread through the blood stream to the region beneath the chin, they cause great suffering. If the disease is discovered while it still is confined to the lip and before it has spread to other structures, results from treatment are good. Many clinics report 80 out of 100 patients cured."

In women, cancer usually appears on the upper lip; in men, on the lower lip.

Cancer of the breast becomes fatal more quickly in a man than in a woman because the organ cannot be cut off as easily and the growth enters the body sooner.

Cancer has risen to second place as a cause of death, 135,000 people dying from it annually in the United States, as compared with the much-publicized infantile paralysis, which causes less than 50,000 deaths a year.

About $400,000 a year is spent from private and public funds for cancer investigation in the United States, about the same amount the government spends on dairy cattle. Infantile paralysis rates $5,000,000 a year; cotton research gets $850,000 from the department of agriculture.

Cancer seems to be one of those things people don't like to think about—until it gets them.

By the way—there's no such thing as a "root" of a cancer. Quacks like to pull out a lot of connective tissue to impress patients and their relatives with, "There, we've got the roots—now it won't spread!"

# *Kissless Bride Bawls Over 'Fake' Big Shot*

NEW YORK.—The kissless marriage of a stunning brunet—who relinquished luxury with socially prominent Mrs. Prentice Cromwell for a husband with $25 a week—was related with a sigh in Supreme Court.

In the good old days, svelte Mrs. Harriet Hall Tuttle, 29, told Referee John P. Cohalan in a suit for annulment, she had an allowance, an apartment, lazy cruises to the Mediterranean and everything money could buy—all at the expense of Mrs. Cromwell, society divorcee with a passion for bridge, stamp collecting and music.

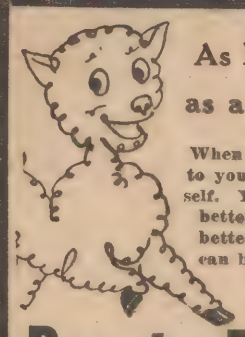
Then along came Frederick A. Tuttle. He was 34, a delightful conversationalist and had a way with him. He told her, she testified, that he made $250 a week, but she learned the worst within 24 hours—after Mrs. Cromwell had discontinued her generous benefactions.

Married on Friday, they separated Saturday. On Monday the newly-wed Mrs. Tuttle was talking things over with her lawyer, William Francis Corson of Garey & Garey, who brought out her story yesterday.

"Last September I was introduced to my husband at a housewarming given by Mrs. Robert A. Stone at the Hotel Barclay," Mrs. Tuttle testified. "He obtained my telephone number from our hostess and on a number of occasions called me. Three or four weeks after we met I invited him to dinner with friends."

He swept her off her feet. He proposed. He painted a scintillating picture of his financial strength.

"He said he was going to buy a home on Long Island for the two of us," she said. "He told me he had a savings account and that there was nothing for me to worry about. He said that after the first of the year he would be able to get away from business and take me on a cruise."

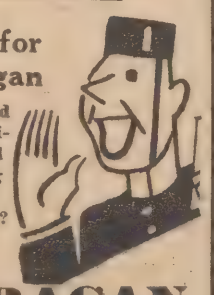
As Frisky as a Lamb

When restored to your normal self. You'll look better — feel better — You can be sure—

Beauty Bath

WILL DO IT!
LADY ATTENDANTS

A Call for Hair-a gan



Is answered by our positive method of restoring your hair. Hair falling? Gone?

CONSULT HARAGAN FOR RESULTS

ROOM 220

Watch this space for announcement of our SPOT CASH offer.

MANICURING FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

LYLE BEAUTY SHOP

233 S. High. Phone AD. 1617

If no response, call GA. 3029

Rooms 218-220-222

ANY GARMENT (Plain)
Cleaned and Pressed

49c

The best of work from our own licensed plant. 11 stores—there's one in your neighborhood!

BETTER CLEANERS

GA. 3821. GA. 3821.

LADIES ONLY!

DELAYED? Use reliable time-tested BX MONTHLY RELIEF COMPOUND! Amazing relief without pain or inconvenience in many long, difficult abnormal delays very quickly—in only a few hours in some cases! WOMEN CONTINUALLY REPORT AMAZING SUCCESS EVEN WHEN OTHER PRODUCTS FAILED! N. H. "BX worked after 3 other remedies failed. No pains." G.M. "Delayed 9 weeks. Relieved in ½ day." O.P. "BX never failed me yet." M.M. "Nothing helped but BX." C.S. "My only regret is that every woman doesn't know about BX." GUARANTEED PURE HARMLESS! $2.00. ABSOLUTE PRIVACY ASSURED. Rushed fast 1st class mail, plain sealed box, & positively no mail sent to you afterward. "WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW" free with order. TRIAL 25¢. C. P. writes "25¢ trial worked fine where other products failed! Wonderful! Can't be beat! Will always keep on hand & pass the good word along!"

BX PRODUCTS, 1519 E. 60th St., Dept. G-33, CHICAGO.

TAKE CARE TONIGHT

AND YOU WON'T TAKE CURES TOMORROW: TAKE CARE the night before and you won't be taking cures for the morning after. Keep alkaline! Mix your drinks with Latonia Club Carbonated Water. It's the refreshing alkalizer. A brisk, rousing mixer. *And it cuts your mixing costs in half!*

LATONIA CLUB CARBONATED WATER

24 OZ. BOTTLE

LATONIA CLUB PALE DRY GINGER ALE

24 OZ. BOTTLE

Aged-in-the-wood Jamaica ginger and pure fruit oils blended with super-carbonated water!

8c Plus Bottle Dep.

8c Plus Bottle Dep.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY KROGER

# CAMPUS CUFF NOTES

## By the Star Student

WRITING THE CIRCUIT . . .

HEY BOY, quit thumbing noses at that boy across the way and help yore pappy fill this channel with stuff and things that'll make the 16th and Hi peasants do patty cakes. . . . Yeah. . . . Get a wire off to Rosie Roush and get her to confirm rumors that she and Johnny Currier have clabbered . . . The Winchells would have you believe she is reviving an old afahrenheit with Don Such . . . The dailies have already informed you that Anne Scott was a back-stage guest at the Hartman the other week when the really very lovely Miss Hepburn capered before the footlights . . . The fact that Kate agreed that Miss Scott bore a remarkable resemblance is also a cold item . . . What they omitted, however, was the fact that the great actress later visited the Scott residence and was presented with a Scottie pup by the parents of the campus queen . . . Curtis Artz and Bill Callend are completing arrangements for a College of Medicine dance at the Hall of Mirrors April 3rd . . . The Freshman and Sophomore classes are the sponsors . . . Eileen Smith and Don Blair are still Boy You Said It . . . Dick Fox is our nomination as the most eligible campus bachelor . . . Max Weaver moans every time his name is inked by the campus rag, yet he has the largest, bulgingest scrap book in that neighborhood . . . Bill Taylor, the Sigma Chimp recently melted from Betty Gerro, is becoming a fixture at the Phillipa Rosemurgy homestead . . . He and Phil Williams are clashing nobs trying to reach that portal first . . . The Senior class at North High will present "The Ferguson Family" the second day of April . . . Principals in the cast include Jane Ward, James Mack, Joan Taylor, Bill Livingston and Leslie Brooke.

### Bequeaths of Bouquets . . .

Gardenias to the Delta Sigma Phis who staged a gala formal not many week-ends back . . . Mike Kabealo was a page from Esquire with tails, etc . . . The official bouquet is bequeathed to Ellen Morley, the Kappa kewpie chosen as Makio queen . . . Carl Block, the campus varsity florist, will add the tokens of this shaft to the already abundant honors bestowed upon that dolling . . . If they ever get around to electing a May king, we'll beat the drums for Uncle Carl . . . Orchids to Ruth Kaiser, who is capable of keeping Don Bland, Jack Grant and Dan McKeever all equally interested . . . Ruth Murdock and Chuck Jones are setting a 212-degree pace . . . A new cigar to Ivan Loftis, head man at the Ritz. . . . His spot is fast becoming the campus rendezvous . . . Rosemary Reed and a different escort stole occasional paw squeezes at that corner the other afternoon . . . Hugs and kisses for the master of ceremonies at one of the village's dimmer sin dives . . . The other midnite he was vainly trying to amuse and entertain a group of not too appreciative patrons . . . One ringsider repeatedly got out of line with surly remarks and other moldy forms of heckling . . . Finally the emcee paused, turned to his annoyer and announced, "Folks, here's the life of the party. A swell argument for birth control!" . . . The jernt applauded for five minutes.

### Notes to Youse . . .

Diary: . . . Up at 7, gargling a quaff of java and dashing away to the desk and the small world that unfolds before it every day . . . After the mail a lunge at the column with a shirt-sleeve-rolled-up vigor that kept us busy till lunch. . . . Out for a snack with Jack Kirkwood and a pleasant hour renewing an acquaintance that budded in high school . . . The years that have dashed on apace have been very kind to Jack, the only noticeable aging being in his humor . . . He still is telling the same jokes he told years ago and we still didn't laugh as we didn't then . . . Back to the word factory and a card from the Junior Chamber of Commerce . . . The approaching state convention of that group is of special significance . . . When the convening Jaycees wind up their capital city visit with one of the season's outstanding dances, they hope to have paired many of their out-of-town brothers with campus playmates . . . An interesting idea . . . Another epistle from our favorite stooge, Ann Onymous. . . . She imparts the startling information that Anne Turner is swapping pishy-pashy nothings via the mails with Bob Hinchman at Princeton, yet Jim Sanford keeps her from ever needing gloves . . . Later that night, burrowed in one of those dimly lighted ale houses, listening in awe as a blind pianist played a modern version of Paderewski's Minuet in G Minor . . . The applause was meager, most of the audience being addicts of Lover Come Back to Me in A Flat . . . And so to the races.

### Shots From a Blank Konk . . .

**(Or stuff and things you've known all along.)**

That Benny Goodman and his goodmen of swing, set for the Dale some time in May, is more than a possibility as the Senior Prom orchidstra . . .

That Whitney Sidebottom has purchased the rock but is having one heluva time finding the finger . . .

That Bob Watson, the Lantern critic, like many more of us, blew kisses galore at the recent Stroller production, "Petrified Forest." The ink on Mr. Watson's review had barely dried when the amazing Jerry Schwartz, who baffles his best friends with his ability to both read and write, littered the dram-appraiser's desk with a bitter billet doux panning the effort. So Watson devoted the following day's column to Mr. Schwartz' complaint and a rebuttal a la chicken . . .

That the Bachelor Club, Inc., has had many new and different names suggested for that lodge. The best to date, "Free males" . . .

That the Ohio Stater's G-man rapped this dept. for being in error, yet bordered his nasty wordage with four items pirated from these premises . . .


Easter Parade

you step out.. .. your payments step down

The City Loan offers this "Step Lively" finance plan for Easter . . . or any other time. You simply come in and get hard Cash to outfit every member of the family . . . at a saving . . . and have enough money left over to pay bills, centralize debts and get everything taken care of, "once and for all".

Then start paying later on in small step-down payments that keep getting less and less and easier to pay all the time . . . It's one payment plan that never "cramps" you. Hundreds of others are doing it . . . families all around you have found it an ideal way to buy for Easter and pay for purchases and obligations all in one. Come in and start right today with all your needs taken care of.

*FARMERS PLAN: Special straight-time financing for farmers, payable after harvest.*

Cambridge Circleville Chillicothe Lancaster

JAMES E. CHAMBERS, Manager.
47 E. GAY ST., COLUMBUS.
OFFICES ALL OVER OHIO.
Springfield Coshocton Zanesville

Marion Marysville Newark Portsmouth

THE CITY LOAN

THE MAN WHO PAYS FANCY PRICES FOR MONEY HAS NEVER TRIED THE CITY LOAN . . .

A New Easter Hat Out of Your Old Felt For Only . . . 50c

Cleaned and blocked to your utmost satisfaction. The finest in the city. Courteous service, good workmanship and up-to-date facilities.

Put Old Shoes In Our Hands

. . . and see how satisfactorily we can save you the price of a new pair. Our resoles and all repair work will put new life into any shoe, regardless of the condition and at very nominal costs.

HALL & STEELE

Shoe Rebuilding and Hat Cleaning.

5 CONVENIENT LOCATIONS

6 E. BROAD—54 N. HIGH—7 E. STATE
118 N. HIGH—183 N. HIGH



Spring is here!

Falls City

BOCK BEER

HILL DISTRIBUTING CO.

195-97 S. Grant Ave.--Columbus, O.--AD. 2400

# TAXI Driver •

## Sees All Hears All Tells All

*Number Zero's story inspires Staff Artist Bill Turner to sketch his impressions of dangers haunting Columbus cabbies.*

## Faces Knives, Guns Brandished by Fares Here

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**
**This is the second of a series of true stories of the experiences of a Columbus cab driver, whose name must be withheld because he's still driving a taxi here.**

By NUMBER ZERO.

**CAB DRIVERS, a frequent target of petty criminals, must thread their way dangerously in and out of the underworld. Yet, sometimes, they know a strange immunity.**

A man jumped into my cab alongside me one night at a dark Main St. corner. The first thing he did was draw a gun.

"Not a word now, buddy. Do as I tell you."

He directed me up alleys, through side streets, around devious routes. Nervous and fearful, I followed his instructions. Far across the city, at another corner, equally dark, he ordered me to stop and got out.

He waved his gun at me.

"You never made this trip, buddy, you understand? You never saw me, you don't know where I came from, where I went, anything. As far as you're concerned, I never existed, understand?"

I nodded.

"All right. Look the other way, wait a minute, then drive on."

### Asked to "Fence."

I looked the other way, counted slowly to myself up to 60, then shifted and moved off. Looking down at the seat the armed stranger had vacated, I saw a dollar bill.

Another time, in a remote section, a Negro hailed me, instructed me to drive around the corner. There I stopped while he loaded into the back seat an auto wheel, a bumper and numerous articles like hub caps, radiator caps and all the things a thief might collect in an orgy of auto-stripping. Then, making no effort to conceal the fact that he was carrying a gun, he climbed in beside me and gave me directions.

Well, I thought, I'm in for it this time.

But no—

"You gotta car, boy?"

I told him I hadn't.

"Well, couldn't use any of this stuff, could you?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't."

"Sell it cheap!"

"Couldn't you get rid of it, some way? You ought to know..."

"No-o—I couldn't afford to do anything like that!"

Then he drew his gun.

"Looky, here's a good gun, you ought to need a gun—"

"I never shot a gun in my life. I'm afraid of guns. Besides, I haven't a permit."

"Well. Okay."

When I stopped the cab he asked me what his fare was. I told him, and he counted out the change, handed it to me, unloaded his stuff. The last I saw of him he was staggering down an alley with his curious burden.

### Keeps Mouth Shut.

People who have occasion to ride cabs a lot, but not at regular intervals, sometimes take a liking to one certain driver, and arrange to ride with him whenever it is possible. From time to time I have made many such connections.

One of my principles is never to start a conversation with a passenger. Usually I will not speak at all, beyond saying, "Where to, please?" and "Thank you," unless I am asked something. Sometimes, however, if my passenger is male and alone, I will make a remark that will lead into conversation, but this is rarely. If there is to be a conversation, the passenger must start it.

I think it was this that created for me a source for "personals" once, some time back. I picked up three men and hauled them a good distance, not saying a word throughout. When they paid me off, one of them remarked, facetiously, "I don't think we ought to give him a tip. He's too talkative!"

I laughed with them, and drove on, forgetting.

But I got them again, a day or two later. They recognized me.

"Still talking your head off, son?"

I laughed and said nothing. When they got out, they asked me to return for them.

There began a chain of trips with these three men. They never failed to make an appointment with me, and I completed each one. They seemed to be up all hours of the night, and always on the go. I knew nothing of who they were, what they did. They were from out of town, I gathered, and were here only for a sort of prolonged visit. But I didn't become curious; I was glad to get their business. They rode far and paid well.

### Trips Differ.

The one thing about them was that they seemed always going to some place different. Sometimes they just went to beer joints, but usually the trips were to some remote section, where they got out at a corner and disappeared into the darkness, and were waiting there in the darkness for me when I returned—if I was not instructed to sit right there and wait on them.

In spite of this, curiosity doesn't become a cab driver, so I had none of it.

But one night, about 1 a. m., they got into my cab and said, "Well, buddy, this'll be about our last trip with you—but it's a good one. We want you to take us to ——," they named a small city quite a few miles away from Columbus, "and wait for us, then bring us back."

I was both sorry and glad to hear this. It would mean the end of a good source for trips and tips, but it would mean one extremely good trip for me for that particular night.

After stopping to phone the operator, I headed down the state highway toward ——. My cab was pretty fast, and I made the trip in less than two hours, without event. The only thing that I noticed out of the ordinary was that the three men spoke very little—usually they talked every foot of the way to where I was taking them—and when they did it was in an undertone, obviously so that I could not hear.

We arrived in——. They made me go in a back street, and stop a block or two from the center of town, in an inconspicuous spot.

"Park your cab so no one'll see it," they said. "Turn your lights off, all of them, but keep your motor running and prepare for a quick start. Understand?"

"I understand."

"Don't fail us, now!"

"Don't you worry—I won't!"

They said they wouldn't be long, but it seemed long to me—the better part of an hour. I didn't worry, however; I had learned that they were dependable.

### Requests Are Strange.

One might wonder why all this didn't strike me as being queer, but I am asked every night to do so many queer, curious, foolish things that I have long since ceased to wonder. Things, I might say, that on the few occasions when I do find out something of what is back of them, prove quite innocent and logical, or justified. Anyway, I didn't give the matter a thought.

At last they returned. They appeared a trifle nervous and in a great hurry.

"Okay, buddy, let's go. Keep your lights off for a while, but step on it!"

I did. There was hardly anyone up and about in—at that hour of the morning to see us, but I didn't turn on my lights till we were out on the highway. And I kept her wide open all the way into Columbus.

Their total bill was about $17; they gave me a twenty and disappeared. That was the last I saw of them.

I have said that I read the papers very little. I usually do read them thoroughly, a few days later. I have no need to find out the news when it happens—I generally know it, often before it reaches print.

About a week after this last incident I picked up an old paper and ran across a story about a bank robbery, in——. I discovered that three men had overpowered a special cop, entered the bank, and made off with several thousand dollars. I looked at the date. It was

Continued on Next Page.

## Unknown Dangers To Cabby Lurks In Back Seat

**WOMEN! DELAYED?**

Reliable proven formula. Remarkably successful. Painless and harmless for abnormal delays. Mail orders sent promptly on receipt of cash or money order, add 3% sales tax to these prices.

Single Strength .....$2.50
Double Strength .....$3.50

*Insist Upon the Genuine*

**EDCO** COMPOUND CAPSULES

EAGLE DRUG CO.

RICH AND HIGH STS., COLUMBUS, O. Also obtainable at Main St. Pharmacy, 1062 E. Main St., and all leading druggists.

**NUMBERS** The LONE STAR is becoming more popular every day. Order a Trial Copy—see for yourself. Just send this Ad, a self-addressed stamped envelope, and 25c. Only one copy to a person at this price.

RAINBOW PRESS, Station F, Columbus, Ohio.

# A Woman's New York

## By Alice Hughes

BIT BY BIT the great state of New York grows civilized. In the past week or two our Legislature at Albany has been busily debating and passing a law which will force our hot-headed youths of both sexes to calm and collect their faculties for a period of 72 hours between the issuance of a license to wed and the performance of the ceremony.

Alice Hughes.

Happily, this bill was offered to the solons by Miss Jane Todd, the Republican member for Westchester County, the rich residential area adjoining us on the north. It is this noble district which has suffered a rash of early-morning Gretna Greens, and the law is aimed straight at the rattle-pated kids of this godless metropolis. And high time, too!

It has become the fashion, after a few beakers of bubble-water in the snootier night clubs, to pile into motors, open the sirens and plunge into Westchester. There town clerks and justices are routed out of bed at dawn, and the roisterers are as soundly married as though the rite had taken place at St. Bartholomews at high noon. The thing had become an open scandal, with many young wives appearing in court to beg annulments, charging that they were so thoroughly plastered at this sacred moment that they remember practically nothing about it.

This three-day law has worked notably well in California, where it has slowed down and eased off the ardent movie actors. If they can't wait, they can fly to Yuma! New York City and Westchester County needed this law very badly—and all praise to Sister Todd for her work in the matter, say I! These night club, crossroads weddings, all too often, come to no good!

* * *

My able and distinguished contemp, Brother Damon Runyon, recently delivered himself of quite a penetrating piece of why so many of our sex prefer flying to train travel these days. It is Brother Runyon's contention that increasing numbers of girls are flying because of our traditional (and vastly overrated vanity)—the idea being that we look much prettier getting out of a plane than we do when we back out of a lower, fight our way into the dressing cubicle, and then still pretty shattered, out to the platform.

I think Damon has something there. I know I dread those early-morning train arrivals, and you should see some of your pet Dream Girls of the movies when they get off the Twentieth Century Limited here in the cold, foggy dawn! Then, too, I think a lot of women feel as I do about travel—that is, the idea should be to get there in the quickest time with the least fuss. I like to fly to the coast and back, and I never got a bigger kick out of it than I do when I realize that I am doing it almost overnight, and without a mouthful of dust from the New Mexican deserts. Incidentally, all the air companies are now driving hard to increase their feminine tonnage.

* * *

### GIRL ABOUT TOWN.

So this is spring, 1937 model! If it's like our late winter, there'll be roses and love in bloom by April Fool's day! . . . Many of us are still in a highly nervous state over a recent March afternoon which our town underwent. At 2:30, in the midst of a blizzard so thick you couldn't see the Empire State Building at 50 feet, there was a bright flash of lightning and a terrific clap of thunder—just one of each. At 3:30 the sun was shining brightly. At 4, with the sun shining all the time, it snowed hard again for 15 minutes. Certain that the cosmos had gone goofy, hundred of local women hastily kissed junior, made their wills.

Local gadabouts are trying to beat up a serious romance between Janet Gaynor and a high-toned local dentist, Dr. I. S. Veblin. I saw them together at the Maisonette Russe not long ago, and noted nothing very lovey-dovey—but you never know.

Add odd cable addresses—that of one of our reducing salons in mid-town Manhattan is "Skinny—U. S. A."

Friends of Mary Livingston, or Mrs. Jack Benny if you choose, have been quite worried about her underweight condition due to too ardent reducing. However, a recent three-week rest at a near-by Jersey town has done much to restore Mary's nerves and tissues, and she tells me she is again fit and ready to grind out her little pomes for Papa's Sunday broadcast . . . Again our wondrous Kirsten Flagstad performs the impossible! She recently sang Brunnehilde, Elsa and Isolde on successive days—vocal feat probably never attempted before with three such difficult Wagnerian belles. A horrid rumor has popped up that Flagstad, with no more worlds to conquer, plans to retire to her Norway home any moment now. Say it isn't so, Madame! We need you five more years, at least!

And so "Gerry" Farrar is 55! Seems only yesterday I used to hurl roses in her direction at the Metropolitan! "Time isn't long enough for me!" says the still vivid dream girl of the matinee crowd! . . . Already we are picking our candidates for the role of leading Glamour Girl of the next deb crop. Many point to a sweetie named Martha Stephenson, now 17, and the daughter of Mrs. Paul Forester, who looks like her sister. Martha looks and acts like a lovely mannequin, which seems to be the highest recommend a society minx can grab nowadays!

* * *

Pre-Easter shop notes—and our stores, by the way, are jam-packed with the sisterhood. Weather means nothing, we are in a buying mood, and big.

One of the themes of the spring clothes is "Simpsonian Simplicity"—which is, of course, a steal from dear old Thomas Jefferson. Tailored things of her sort, as well as the simple frocks which she seems to affect, have been moving over the counters almost faster than the eye can follow.

Speaking of La Belle Wally, Herman Delman says her foot size is 4½ B, generally consideerd the prettiest size in the range. "Legs" Dietrich takes one size larger, and the Duchess of Kent runs to a 6½.

Beautifully-grained wooden handbags are popular . . . The newest place to wear a diamond plaque is across the back of the hand. It is held by chains. Thank heaven, that's not one of my vernal frets this year!

OPEN EVENINGS

Frances Hughes, Prop.

FRANCES HUGHES BEAUTY SALON
248 E. Main St. Unlimited Parking. AD. 0791
OUR EASTER PERMANENTS ARE A REVELATION IN STYLE FOR 1937.
CROQUIGNOLE PERMANENT WAVE $3.50 Complete
You will be pleased with the beautiful and alluring wave that our competent operators always give. Try us today! For the winter months we suggest Arnao Hot Oil Treatments for dry and brittle hair, including Shampoo and Finger Wave..... $1
Shampoo and Finger Wave..... 50c
Eyebrow and Eyelash Dye..... 75c
Comfortable, Fast Hair-Drying System.

# Taxi Driver Tells All

Continued from Preceding Page.

the day that I had made my last trip with these three men. The time had been about 3:15 a. m.

And that is one thing that I have wondered about ever since. Perhaps, for all I know, if I run over to W. Spring St., I may be able to see my old friends again!

### Recalls "Dry" Days.

But, though his position is one of innocent bystander, not always does the cab driver get away without becoming involved. This was especially true back in prohibition day. I did not drive then, but have many friends who did.

One of them recalls the time when he picked up a man downtown, an ordinary-looking person carrying a large, paper-wrapped bundle, and took him to a certain address, with instructions to wait for a few minutes.

No sooner had the man—leaving his bundle in the cab—disappeared into the house than the cab became surrounded by men, issuing from nearby automobiles. With drawn guns, they climbed into the cab.

The driver demanded to know what was coming off.

"Shut up and don't move!" one of them snapped back, flashing a federal badge. "One peep out of you and we'll knock you off."

They seized the bundle, still lying on the back seat, and tore it open.

"I thought so," one of them said. "The goods!" The bundle was full of bottles.

After a quick conference the men, prohibition agents, scattered themselves out. One hid in the cab, one behind it and the others sought trees and house corners to hide behind.

In a moment the passenger returned. He opened the door—and then raised his hands before the gun of the agent inside the cab.

The passenger, with the evidence, was taken in another car, while two agents got in the cab and told the driver to follow the others.

Driver and passenger were taken downtown and imprisoned. It was a number of hours before the driver could prove his innocence and was set free.

He had one consolation, however; they had imprisoned him in a small office, probably the chief agent's, and the chief agent was very fond of expensive cigars, a box of which he kept in his desk at all times. When the driver was set free, the chief had no more cigars, but the driver had all he would need for a few days.

(To Be Continued.)

Where pleasure is lord, needs must that all the chief virtues shall sink.—Cicero.

## In Love? Here's the Acid Test

BOSTON, Mass.—Two sure ways to find out if you are really in love were given to Boston swains.

Dr. John Arnold Rockwell, former medical adviser at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, speaking at students' conference, said:

"If some one else takes your girl out and you don't feel the urge to punch him in the nose—well, you're not in love."

Another test of true love is: "Go away for six months. If you can't eat ,if you can't sleep, if you spend your salary in telephone calls, you may be sure you are in love.

"When you are hit by love, you are hit hard."

When things have taken thorough possession of the mind, words are plentiful.—Seneca.

IF YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE.... then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years of European-American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book All About Gray Hair.
ARTHUR L. RHODES, Hair Color Expert, LOWELL, MASS.

The Sunday Players

"THE OBER-AMMERGAU OF THE AIR"
PRESENT
"THE CRUCIFIXION"
OVER RADIO STATIONS
WBNS—COLUMBUS—WHIO—DAYTON
Sunday, March 21st
At 1:30 to 2:00 P. M.
You are respectfully invited to listen by the sponsor—
GLEN REST
Memorial Estate
463 ROWLANDS BLDG. AD. 3428.
12 miles from downtown Columbus, east on Main St. Rt. 40

# Beware Affinity For Sugar Daddy!

*SOME GIRLS JUST SELL OUT FOR CASH.*

By DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—How in the world is a young man to be popular with girls if he doesn't have money and a car? I am not bad looking, nor a bore, nor a bad dancer. As long as I have the price of taking girls out, I rate first place, but when I am short of cash the boys with autos and money put me in the shade. What do girls admire in young men, anyway? ABJECT.

Dorothy Dix.

*Answer:*

*It depends on the girl. There are plenty of girls with the gold-digger complex who admire nothing so much about a man as his pocketbook. They are for sale to the highest bidder and the man who has the finest car, who can take them to the swankiest night clubs and who can make them the handsomest presents, gets them.*

You can see these girls out with fat old men who are their Sugar Daddies or with the nitwit sons of rich fathers or with any married man who will buy them a dinner. No poor young man can compete with them, no matter how good-looking nor how intelligent nor how interesting and fascinating he may be.

**It is folly, of course, to deny that money helps along any young man's popularity with girls. Being human, every girl would rather ride than walk and she would rather ride in a fine car than a shabby one. Also, being young and human, every girl likes to be taken out for a good time; she would rather have a good seat than a bad one in a theater; she would rather be taken to a restaurant where the food is super-excellent than to a cafeteria; she would rather go where the lights are bright and the music gay than to some shabby place where one dances to the radio. Money gilds everything. A nice boy with a nice car and a nice bankroll does have an edge on the nice boy without.**

But there are plenty of girls who put the emphasis on the "nice" instead of on the money. They prefer a smart, keen, intelligent chap without a cent in his pocket to a dullard, no matter how much he can spend on them. They can have more fun out of a beer-and-sandwich supper on the kitchen table at home with an interesting boy to talk to than they could out of a champagne feast with a bore.

*After all, what girls admire most in men are brains and character. A girl may not be overly brilliant herself, but she recognizes intelligence in men and pays her tribute to it. You never heard of a girl who wasn't proud to be seen out with a clever man, no matter whether he was poor or rich.*

GIRLS like strength in a man. They like a man who can stand on his own feet and make his own way in the world; who knows where he is going and is on his way. They know that that is the way 90 per cent of the men who are the big shots in every line started and they are always willing to take a gamble on that sort of a lad. They know that most of the women who are riding in limousines today are the wives of the men who took their sweethearts to parties on the street cars when they were courting them.

**Girls like boys who can entertain them, who have a line and who don't sit up like dummies while the girls they are with toil like coal-heavers to keep the conversation going. And they like boys who have good manners, who are courteous and chivalrous with them and who make them feel somehow that they would make the kind of husbands who would be tender and understanding toward their wives. Money is a good thing to have, but it isn't necessary to have it to make you popular. One of the things that isn't sold over the counter is love.**

* * *

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—This is my first year in college and I can't decide whether to continue my education or get married. My girl friend writes me such pathetic letters that I cannot concentrate on my studies and have almos decided to forego school for marriage. But I hesitate because the difficulty is that I have no way of supporting a wife and my home town affords little opportunity for a future. Please advise me as to which course I should follow.

*Answer:*

*Unless you have so little brains that a college education would be wasted on you, keep on with your schooling. Do not rush into a marriage—for which neither one of you is prepared—with a little feminine nitwit who evidently has no more judgment than you have.*

Can't you see that such a marriage is bound to bring disaster upon you both? Surely even a freshman can't be so utterly lacking in all worldly wisdom as not to know that when two children marry they are simply flouting fate and asking for the punishment they almost invariably get. Their tastes change as they grow up, they get tired of each other and sick of the responsibilities with which they have burdened themselves, and by the time they are old enough to know what love really means nine times out of 10 they have fallen in love with somebody else.

**Think it over. How would you support a wife? You haven't learned any trade or profession. You would be lucky to get a job that paid you $10 a week. How would you feed and clothe a wife and children on that? Are you planning, if you leave school to marry, to take your wife home for your father to support, or are you contemplating living on her people? Don't you think that would be playing it pretty low-down on the parents in either case?**

HOW do you think you would like having to go shabby and never having the price of even a ticket to a football game; never being able to do any of the pleasant things the other young folks are doing because every cent you made had to go for supporting your wife? How do you think she would like that kind of a life? How long do you think it would be before she would quit? Marriage is hard enough on grownups who know what love really is and the kind of husbands and wives they want, and who have some way of making a living. It slays children.

# Watch Your Face Powder, Girls

*(The Beauty Box.)*

By HELEN FOLLETT.

DON'T buy your complexion powder haphazardly. Few women know anything about the color and texture of their skin. They classify skins as blonde, brunette and betwixt-and-between, when, as a matter of fact, there is a wide range of colors.

Go to a department store or a beauty shop where there are open containers. Presiding over the cosmetic bar will be an attendant who will mix a cosmetic "cocktail" for your skin. The right shades do a lot toward making the complexion bright and fresh looking.

A powder that is too light in tone will make defects of the skin noticeable, while a dark one will shade them over and give richness to the epidermal coat.

Pay heed to the consistency of powder. A light product is best for a dry skin which doesn't like powder anyhow. The oily skin can take a heavy powder.

When selecting rouge, keep in mind that gaudy products have gone the way of all beauty fads. Select a faint, natural tint and use it sparingly.

Gracefulness is a matter of correct carriage. If the body is not held beautifully and with spirit, movements are bound to be awkward.

The dry shampoo is not very satisfactory, but there are times when soap and water cannot be used. It helps the invalid to remove oil from her tresses.

Mix together a tablespoonful each of powdered orris root and yellow corn meal and place in a large, tin salt shaker. Sprinkle it over the scalp, let it remain for 15 or 20 minutes and remove with the hair brush. After a thorough grooming, place a layer of cotton over the bristles of the brush and brush some more. Lastly, wipe scalp and hair with a soft towel.

Take plenty of time when selecting perfume. Let it be floretted rather than synthetic, and use it sparingly.

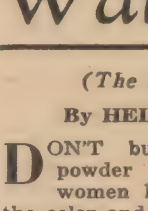
Apply with an atomizer to chest and arms after the bath. This is economy. The sweet fragrance will cling all the day long.

SIMONE SIMON.
*Properly-blended powder keeps her complexion looking fresh.*

Shoes that extend rather high in front and have more rounded toes than we have been wearing in the past are healthful. The high front affords support for the instep, and the greater width allows the toes plenty of room.

Be fussy when selecting shoes. Listen to the wise words of the salesman; he is likely to know a lot about shoes and feet. Unless shoes are comfortable the first day you wear them, they are not the right ones.

Is it impossible for you to relax? Are your muscles tight and your nerves in a knot? That's a bad state of affairs. The condition shows in a tense facial expression. Tension often has its source in a digestive disturbance. Some form of food is not agreeable to the system. The digestive machine sends around the bad news and the nervous system sulks in sympathy. And the result is pouches under the eyes, a sense of fatigue and headache.

**Why Worry?**

Modern women need not worry about feminine hygiene • Millions of "SM's" are used yearly by women who have forgotten what worry is. They know that this new, non-detectable *medically approved safety* provides priceless peace of mind . . . at little cost. Each is a dainty, odorless, measured unit, always ready for instant use. Box of 18 for $1.

EAGLE DRUG CO.
S.W. Cor. Rich & High Sts.,
Columbus, Ohio.

HATS CLEANED & BLOCKED 29¢
SWAN CLEANERS
Cor. 3rd and Long Sts.
AD. 7726

JONES

A COIFFURE OF DISTINCTION
• FOR APPOINTMENT
• CALL AD 4447
44 E. BROAD ST.

2¢ A DAY TO OPERATE

New beauty of design . . . more features of convenience . . . bigger ice cube capacity . . . the same silent refrigeration without moving parts to wear out . . . but 13% more efficient . . . and with 10% less operating cost than ever before . . . these are the reasons why the 1937 Servel Electrolux Gas Refrigerator scoops the field again this year. Inspect it now at —

*The Gas Company*

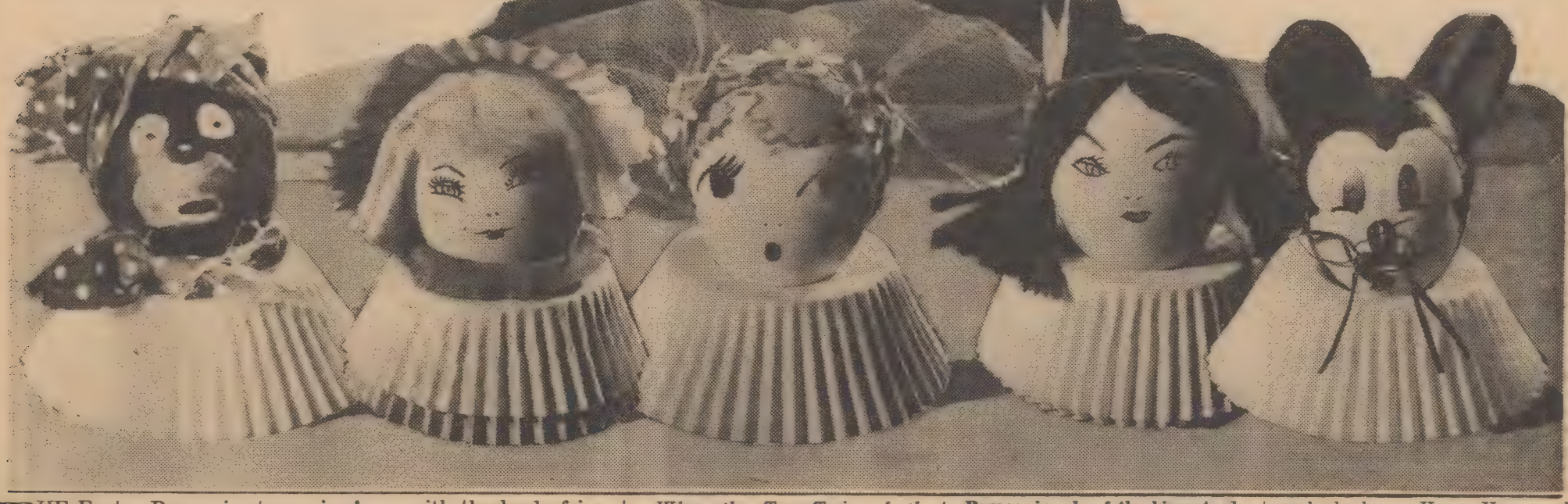
GAS DOESN'T COST . . . IT PAYS!

# SOCIETY

by the Debutante

## Easter Bunny Sniffs Nest of Marriage Secrets

## Novel and Artistic Eggs Hatched by Twig



THE Easter Bunny is staggering! . . . with the load of important eggs he brings us. Marriages, so exciting, they have Mr. Bunny wiggling his nose like mad and twitching his stub of a tail like crazy.

Let's fool the little feller, crack those eggs and see what's in 'em, 'cause he may not distribute them exactly on Easter day . . . maybe slightly before, maybe slightly after.

Whee, here's one for Betty Malloy and Joe O'Shaughnessy, as I live and breathe. It says Mother and Father Malloy are going to make an announcement concerning their pretty titian-haired daughter and blond Joe very shortly . . . like a couple of weeks. Course Bunny MAY be wrong . . . but he isn't often . . . and if so, he's been miserably lead astray. I only hope the others are as good.

Yes, here's a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l one for Flora Powell, bewitching daughter of F. Everson, and Bob Woodward. Gracious, it says they're to be married this very Saturday . . . a comparatively small, quiet church wedding. If that IS true, I'm afraid the mean old rabbit will give it away before you have a chance to see it here in the cracked eggs. Oh well, it's still a GRAND Easter gift.

And this is marvelous! Our four-legged prophet SWEARS he'll bring you the glad tidings on Easter morn of the news in this prize egg. Gus Schell's pretty daughter Betty will promise to "love and honor" Bob Pullin on June 18. A real June wedding to revel in at last. There IS balm in Gilead.

And I don't blame you a bit, Easter Rabbit, for being so jittery over all the thrilling things you have up your sleeve. And please, pretty please, don't drop any of those nice eggs. When better matches are made, you'll make them!

* * *

Be sure you address the Bachelor Club's good looking John Grant with all due respect in the future. Johnny is now a lieutenant on the Sixty-second Field Artillery Brigade Staff, having received his commission Monday evening . . . Patty Neff, John's peppy and scintillating wife, is home, after a few days in the hospital. Best of luck, Pat, on a very speedy recovery . . . Bud and Mary Poston, attractive son and daughter of Mrs. E. M. are spending the week-end in Boston, where among other things, they are visiting Coleman Burke, Mary's fiance, who is attending Harvard Law School.

* * *

Came this week an elegant and enlightening letter from one lucky enough to "do" New York in mad March. Read and break down with envy as I have:

**DEAR DEBUTANTE:**

**It certainly is grand in New York now, "the season," surely, as the English say. Theaters are booming with so many good plays to see, hotels are so crowded that we stood in line to get a table for dinner for about a half hour and night clubs are filled with beautiful men and women wearing fabulous high hats and silver fox capes. We felt proud of Columbus when we saw Evelyn Thawl dancing in the Beatrice Lillie show, her name in slightly smaller type than the featured dancer. She certainly has done well for a young girl; last year a spot in the Follies, this year with Beatrice Lillie; to my mind Beatrice is so marvelous as to cast a shadow of importance over everyone in the cast.**

**I have seen a lot of the artistic crowd here and it simply swarms with ex-Columbusites. Milt Caniff has been ill for several months with flebitis—a trained nurse, hospital bed and his wife, Bunny, reading out loud to him—but he draws his clever, modernistic comedy strip as he lies in bed. He confided that he was caught up for the first time since he began his "Terry and the Pirates" and that the syndicate, at least, ought to be thankful for his flebitis. Bunny is as blonde and willowy as ever, vera-vera elegant clothes, and a perfect mania for going every place in taxies.**

**Milt had news of lots of Columbus artists, all of whom, strangely enough, used to be in his art class at the university back in the nineteen twenties. Jon Whitcomb (note the spelling) is a hit as an illustrator, both in the commercial and the fiction field. Practically every month one of his distinctive creations may be seen in Vogue or Harper's Bazaar, in ads of the biggest advertisers in the world. They tell me that he does his apartment in Tudor City over at least once a year and that he keeps one step ahead even of the most modern of modern designers. That seems to be his affectation—an apartment that is too, too smart—and well does he succeed in drawing oh's and ah's from the most sophisticated crowd in New York.**

**His sister, Gladys, you'll remember, married Bob Geissman who is in Jon's office. Both of them are artists, and both of them were in Milt's and Jon's art class at the university. Gladys has done mostly commercial stuff, which is where the money is made. Their apartment at 2 Beekman Pl. is a swanky affair, but doesn't quite come up to Jon's.**

**Speaking of Tudor City, John and Donia McNulty are living in that attractive group of apartments also. Once in a while the Columbus wives meet in the beauty parlor where Donia has her elegant white hair done with those smart ear-bobs.**

**Oh, yes, I almost forgot to tell you about Martha Hale. She was an artist at Morehouse-Martens, you know, until she was let out while she was in the hospital for an operation. She went on to New York and has a grand job designing greeting cards for the famous Norcross company.**

Which should be enuff of the lilting letter to have you pawing the air with "I-want-to-go-too" gestures.

* * *

Contrary to public opinion . . . and also to what I told you a few weeks back . . . Henny Hayes and his pretty wife, Mary, who used to be Mary McGurty . . . didn't MOVE to Cincinnati. They merely took a month's leave of absence. I was misinformed by one who should have known better, so I hope you'll find yourselves in forgiving moods. That shouldn't be too difficult since you'll be glad I WAS wrong and that they're back.

* * *

Columbus is soon to lose one of its busiest and most gracious host-

Continued on Page 34.

*When the Toy Twig of the Bunny and Rabbit Festival, Mar. 26 and 27 at the Neil House and the Deshler Wallick, they will sell novel eggs like the ones Marion Sands is showing you above, and rabbits filled with good things to eat. The girls in the twig, under the leadership of Marion, chairman of the twig, have themselves worked out all the tricky ideas.*


JOIN THE Easter PARADE!

Let Us Help You Look Your Best

Our 20 years' experience insures you the best workmanship and quality. All garments insured.

We call for and deliver.

Phone FA. 1196

Standard CLEANERS-DYERS

IS YOUR OLD PERMANENT . . . . .

"GONE WITH THE WIND"?

Better let us correct it in time for Easter! Here's a regular $5.50 Custom Croquignole for only

$1.50 Complete

This is a wrapped in oil process that reconditions and softens your hair the same as natural curls. Satisfactory for dyed or bleached hair.

WHY NOT recondition your hair for your EASTER PERMANENT with our MORROW OIL SHAMPOO and SET for 75c?

SHAMPOO and FINGER WAVE.....50c

MINNIE'S BEAUTY SHOP
Suites 301-302 United Woolen Bldg., Gay & High

Minnie Carpenter
Elsie Johnson
Entrance 8 W. Gay.
PHONE MA. 2645.

ADams 3727 ADams 3727

Cannon Studios

"Teachers of Modern Methods in Piano Playing."

For a Trial Lesson Phone or Write for an Appointment.

WALGREEN BUILDING, TOWN AND HIGH

Capital School of Beauty Culture

Has been awarded the HONOR EMBLEM by the All-American School Association for Scientific and Ethical teaching. The Second School in the State of Ohio to be given this award. Day and eve classes.

108½ S. HIGH ST.—MAin 0494

Be Ready for Spring

It's House-Cleaning Time

NEW PICTURES ADD COLOR

. . . in the home or office. We have an unusually important collection of Original Etchings, Oils, Prints, Pastels and Water Colors that will please the most critical. Buy now and save, the prices are moderate.

PICTURE FRAMING OUR SPECIALTY.

184 S. High SIFRIT'S AD. 8656

Headquarters in Columbus for Fine Luggage.
Columbus' Leading Gift Store Since 1915.

# Girls of Discrimination Are Careful About Constipation

## Why Grow Old?

**By Josephine Lowman**

THEY say that cleanliness is next to Godliness—that means inside as well as outside. The body is so constructed that it can burn up the food we eat for energy and heat and then throw off the poisons which are left, but many of us lead such unnatural lives that the processes of elimination are thrown out of gear.

Give your body a chance to function as it was intended to.

This exercise will help you overcome self-poisoning:

### Exercise No. 43.

Sit on a low stool, with your knees bent and your feet on the floor. The knees and feet should be a comfortable distance apart. Put your hands on your hips. Bend the trunk as far as you can over the right knee. Raise the trunk. Bend the trunk forward between the legs, raise the trunk, Bend the trunk forward over the left knee. Raise the trunk, Repeat, starting all over again.

* * *

**Women of discrimination**
**Are careful about elimination.**
**You'll always find them wide-awake**
**When health and beauty are both at stake.**

The most effective beauty treatment any woman can give herself is to free herself of poisons which make her feel tired and deaden her loveliness.

This is an exercise which will help you with constipation:

### Exercise No. 44.

Lie on your back with your arms down at your sides and your knees straight, feet together. Bend your left knee up close to your abdomen. Clasp your hands around your knee and pull toward the stomach. Lower arms and leg to floor. Bend your right knee up close to the abdomen. Clasp the hand around it and pull toward the stomach. Return to starting position.

Older women have discarded their crutches for bicycles and have left their cozy firesides for a world cruise. And why not? The idea that the activities of women should be dictated by their age rather than by their vitality, is ridiculous.

If a woman wants to ride a camel in the moonlight, why shouldn't she do it at 50 as well as at 20, if she is still agile enough to climb "over the hump."

There are hundreds of women today who are finding their fifties and sixties the most delightful time of life. They are relieved of heavy responsibilities and financial stress, and still have the store of beauty and health necessary to any woman's happiness. And you younger ladies—you may not think so now but 50 will some day catch up with you, unless you start now on your preservation of vitality. If you do that years will mean little to you.

Rid yourself of poisons. This is another exercise to banish constipation.

### Exercise No. 45.

Stand erect with your hands on your hips, your feet a comfortable distance apart. Swing the hips to the left as far as you can. Now swing them to the right. Continue swinging from left to right. There is some movement in your knees, but the actual swinging is with the hips. This is a half hula hula. See if you can feel your hip bones move from right to left under your hands. This exercise works on the spine. It is also good for the waistline. With it you can get beautiful and well at the same time.

* * *

When you are very young the moon is yours for the asking, but if you don't watch out it will turn into cheese (and not very good cheese at that) by the time you are 40. You cannot poison yourself continually without paying for it later. This week I am writing about constipation.

If you wish my pamphlet about self-poisoning send a stamped envelope to me care of this newspaper with your request. This little booklet tells you how to avoid this undesirable condition.

### Exercise No. 46.

Lie on the floor with your arms stretched out shoulder height and your legs resting on the floor about two and a half feet apart. Swing the right arm across the body at the same time you swing the left leg across. Return the arm and the leg back to starting position. Now swing the left arm and the right leg across the body. Swing them back to place. Continue, alternating. As you swing the arm and leg swing them straight across and not upward toward the ceiling and keep knees straight.

What is your figure-moulding problem? Write to Mrs. Lowman. If you want your question answered directly, send a 3-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope. All correspondence will be strictly confidential. Address your letters to Josephine Lowman of this newspaper.

**EXERCISE No. 43.**

**If you would give your body a chance to function as it should, here is an exercise to help you overcome self-poisoning. Sit on a low stool. The knees and feet should be a comfortable distance apart. Hands on hips. Now bend the trunk, as far as you can, over the right knee.**

**EXERCISE No. 44.**

**Lie on your back with your arms at your sides, knees straight, feet together. Bend your left knee up close to the abdomen. Clasp your hands around the knee and pull toward the stomach.**

**EXERCISE No. 45.**

**Stand erect, hands on hips, feet a comfortable distance apart. Swing the hips as far to the left as you can. Now to the right. This is a half hula hula.**

**EXERCISE No. 46.**

**Lie on the floor, arms stretched out shoulder length and legs resting on the floor about two and one-half feet apart. Swing the right arm across the body at the same time you swing the left leg across. Return to starting position, then alternate.**


**DELAYED WOMEN!**

*for over 50 years* MORATE CAPSULES have brought relief to delayed women often within 48 hours. Harmless and easy to take. Complete treatment mailed in plain package on receipt of two dollars.

**The Drumoco Company**
STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

A Smart Permanent Is Truly Your CROWNING Glory—

Individually designed by coiffure expert to suit your own personality and charm. Your hair will be lustrous...wavy ...and smart! Includes shampoo, trim and set. For appointment phone MA. 2634. $2.50 Complete

SPECIAL—Eyebrow Arch, Painless Method, by Electricity..... 25c

Try the New Champaigne Facial.

**JO'S BEAUTY SALON**
E. State at 4th—Ph. MA. 2634.

**PEMO**
**ANTISEPTIC**
for
**FEMININE HYGIENE**
Available at All Drug Stores In Central Ohio

**Do You Want A Baby?**

IT is a well known fact that "Complete unity and happiness in married life is brought by babies," and that lack of children in the home is one of the greatest causes for discontented marriages. Also that every woman was intended for Motherhood, but too often she is underdeveloped or suffering with functional female disorders which rob her of this normal desire. During an experience of more than 36 years specializing in conditions peculiar to women, I developed a simple home method which has brought new hope, health and happiness to thousands.

MANY WHO HAD BEEN CHILDLESS for YEARS BECAME PROUD and HAPPY MOTHERS. Husbands have written me the most glowing letters of gratitude and now I want every woman who is run-down or suffering from functional female disorders to learn about this splendid method and how she may use it in the privacy of her own home.

**Get This Knowledge FREE**

I have printed an illustrated comprehensive Treatise on the merits of this method in which I intimately discuss many important subjects relating to the female organs that are vitally interesting to every woman. They tell how you too may combat your troubles as thousands of others have who reported the arrival of babies after being childless for years and even been told they could never have children. So often again women may enjoy the desires and activities of Nature's most wonderful creation—a normal, fully developed, vigorous woman. I will gladly send this important information postpaid free. Just send name and address to (Copr. 1936)

Dr. H. Will Elders, Suite 750-C, Schneider Bldg., St. Joseph, Mo.

# LIVE ALONE AND LIKE IT

By Marjorie Hillis

## Pleasures of a Single Bed

CHAPTER SEVEN.

It is probably true that most people have more fun in bed than anywhere else, and we are not being vulgar. Even going to bed alone can be alluring. There are many times, in fact, when it's by far the most alluring way to go.

Whether you agree with this or not, you have to go to bed at least once every 24 hours, and you will have to keep right on going as long as you live. If you read the statistics, you will find that you spend such a large proportion of your life lying down that it scarcely seems worth the trouble to get up at all. All of which makes it pretty obvious that you might as well make an art of going to bed.

We are all for as much glamour as possible in the bedroom. The single bedroom, as well as the double one. If even the most respectable spinsters would regard their bedrooms as places where anything might happen, the resulting effects would be extremely beneficial.

You may have a small bedroom, or a not very elegant one, but you must have a bed. Make it as good a bed as you can possibly afford. Make it, also, as beautiful as possible. If you can't go in for a modern mirrored bed, or an old mahogany four-poster, or a good reproduction of some other type—then take the bed you have and have the head and foot cut off and a really charming cover made to fit it. With plenty of pillows and your best nightgown, you can be as seductive in this as in any other.

The chief other properties for a successful bedroom scene are a bedside table with a good light for reading, a clock, and a telephone within reach. And it's not a bad idea to have the dressing table mirror, or some other mirror, hanging directly opposite the foot of the bed, so that you can see yourself when you sit up. This is sometimes depressing, but it acts as a prompter when you feel yourself slipping.

Every woman should work out her own special ritual to be performed religiously every night before getting into bed. And every night does not except those nights when you are dead-tired. Even then, at least a few good strokes with a hair-brush stiff enough to start up circulation, a bit of cuticle oil and a lotion on the hands, cleansing cream and whatever other cream does the most for your face, are just as important as brushing your teeth. On nights when you're home and not so tired, give yourself all the other little personal touches that you need. This is particularly advisable if you don't want to keep on going to bed alone for the rest of your life, but you'd better do it, anyway.

One would naturally suppose that women living alone would be most conscientious about this—from the mere standpoint of convenience. But this doesn't seem to be the case. Perhaps that's why many of them live alone. At any rate, there are hundreds who don't know the difference between a cleansing cream and an emollient—which to our minds is practically the same as being illiterate. With the dust-filled air and hard water of most American cities, no schoolgirl complexion can survive alone and unaided, and it's only intelligent to find out what your own skin needs and apply it. You'll be a better woman if you do.

We would also like to say a few words about your bedroom wardrobe. This is no place to be grim and practical. Don't worry about whether your nightgowns will wear if you are sure that they will flatter. We can think of nothing more depressing than going to bed in a washed-out 4-year-old nightgown, nothing more bolstering to the morale than going to bed all fragrant with toilet-water and wearing a luscious pink satin nightgown, well-cut and trailing.

Next, of course, you'll need negligees—at least two, one warm and one thin, and as many more as you can afford. Have them tailored or chi-chi according to your type, but have them becoming. And don't think that four bed-jackets are too many if you belong to the breakfast-in-bed school. A warm comfortable one for every-day use and a warm grand one for special occasions. A sheer cool one for summer mornings, and a lacy affair to dress up in. You can make the last two yourself out of remnants, in practically no time at all. For the others, have one of quilted silk or Shetland wool, and another of padded satin or velvet in the shade that makes you most beautiful.

Breakfast in bed is, of course, one of the major delights of living, and we plan to say a great deal more about it in a later chapter on food. There is no more rejuvenating habit, also, than having dinner in bed when you're tired. If you're very tired, have only a bowl of steaming hot soup, and perhaps some fruit juice just before you go to sleep. If you're fighting a cold, have a glass of fruit juice instead of the soup, and, before you turn off the light, some hot lemonade or

a hot toddy. If you're bothered by insomnia, try Bovril, or hot milk, or camomile tea as your nightcap.

In any case, look upon the evening as a party. Even if you've never liked staying in bed—we've heard that there are people like this—persuade yourself that it's fun and keep at it till it actually is. Plan what you're going to do in advance, and have all the requisites at hand—a good book, or some new magazines, or the things you need for writing letters. And make yourself very, very comfortable, as well as handsome as you know how.

All this applies if you're really sick and spending a whole day in bed. In this case, try to have a maid and luxuriate in being waited on. If this is impossible, plan your day when you first wake up, so that you will get up only occasionally, and when you are up collect the things you are likely to need in the next few hours, instead of hopping out of bed for a pencil or a nail-file every few minutes. (Speaking of nail-files—a day in bed is a perfect chance to soak your nails in hot olive oil and give them a little special care afterward.) Unless you are very, very sick, the advice to fix yourself up holds good. If you can't do this, send for the doctor.

Incidentally, don't stay alone if you are very sick. Go to a hospital or to a relative's house. You'll be better off in a small hospital ward (these can be very comfortable indeed), if that is the only alternative to stay in your own room with no one to look out for you. When you are ill is not the time to be noble and often it is not the time to show your spunk. Spunk may be a virtue when you're in good health, but it can be a vice when you're sick. The sensible thing is to go in for being a weak woman thoroughly and intelligently and get over your complaint as rapidly as possible.

If you are new at the game of living alone, it is not unlikely that you are sometimes afraid of the dark, though, of course, you don't admit it. This, too, is something to get over quickly; you can have a miserable time prolonging the agony. When you wake up in the night convinced that you hear a man moving about in the next room, do not get up and investigate. Still more important, do not telephone the janitor, or a friend's husband across the street, or your brother in New Jersey. Almost certainly, there is no man in the next room, and, if there were, he would be gone by the time anyone got there. The trick is to turn over and think furiously about something else, like your new dress or what you'd say if the good-looking man who took you to the theater last week proposed—until you go to sleep again. This is difficult at first, but after the sixth imaginary burglar has invaded your flat unmolested, it becomes no trouble at all.

If all this sounds a little dreary, think of the things that you, all alone, don't have to do. You don't have to turn out your light when you want to read, because somebody else wants to sleep. You don't have to have the light on when you want to sleep, because somebody else wants to read. You don't have to get up in the night for somebody else's hot-water bottle, or lie awake listening to snores, or be vivacious when you're tired, or cheerful when you're blue, or sympathetic when you're bored. You probably have your bathroom all to yourself, too, which is unquestionably one of life's great blessings. You don't have to wait till someone finishes shaving, when you are all set for a cold-cream session. You have no one complaining about your pet bottles, no one to drop wet towels on the floor, no one occupying the bathtub when you have just time to take a shower. From dusk until dawn, you can do exactly as you please, which, after all, is a pretty good allotment in this world where a lot of conforming is expected of everyone.

CASES.

Case XIX: Miss P.—Miss P. is a young lady of limited income, but unlimited ingenuity. She has a two-room apartment in Washington, which is a charming setting for her blonde beauty and which she uses to advantage. Unfortunately, the upkeep takes so much of Miss P.'s salary that she frequently finds herself in embarrassing situations, but she believes the results are worth the difficulty.

Recently, an old school friend who lives in Chicago came to Washington for a two-day visit. It was plainly Miss P.'s duty to entertain her in a manner quite beyond the momentary ability of her pocketbook. She was, also, a lady whom Miss P. wanted to impress, in return for a few high-hattings of boarding school days. Miss P., therefore, considered her resources carefully, turned the matter over in her mind, and—the lady's visit occurring over a week-end—took to her bed.

From that vantage point, she telephoned an effusive invitation. "I'm desolate," she said, "that I can't show you the town." (And so she was.) "But do be an angel and come and have tea with me. I'm in bed, but not a bit contagious."

When the guest arrived, she was ushered into Miss P.'s bedroom, in which the late afternoon sun filtered through white Venetian blinds and fell upon a bowl of roses on a low mirrored table. Miss P. herself, perfectly groomed, was propped against the pillows, wearing an opalescent white satin nightgown with Alencon lace and a shell-pink velvet bed jacket. The blanket cover on her bed was shell-pink, too, with strips of lace.

During tea, which was impeccably served by a colored maid-in-for-the-afternoon, Miss P. was twice called on the telephone by beaux. This was a coincidence arranged by Miss P. only through great ingenuity.

When the guest left, practically wilted with envy, Miss P. reflected that the total expenditure had been two dollars for the maid, one dollar for the roses, and a very little extra for the tea—a well-spent investment and a great deal less than taxis, cocktails and lunch in a resturant—the least she would have felt that she could do out of bed.

Miss P., incidentally, had a good rest.

Case XX: Mrs. O.—Mrs. O. is middle-aged, outspoken, energetic and divorced. She wears mannish tailleurs and is active in women's clubs and the movement to promote birth control. She refers with scorn to women who are kitchen-minded, and it is evident in her own apartment that her contempt spills over into living room, bedroom and bath. While the rooms are not actually uncomfortable, they are so dull as to be depressing, and there is nothing in them that you would want.

Mrs. O.'s bedroom contains a cot bed with a blue denim cover, a high mahogany veneer bureau, a black-painted bookcase, a wicker chair, a table holding a student lamp and a china tray with a safety pin, some hairpins and a collection of odd buttons, two faded rag rugs, bargain net curtains and reproductions of Saint Cecelia and Rosa Bonheur's The Fair on the walls.

Mrs. O. (quite understandably) never spent much time there until, not long ago, her numerous activities caused a near-nervous breakdown, and the doctor ordered her to go to bed every night before dinner and to stay in bed over the week-ends. Threats of a sanatorium caused Mrs. O. to obey.

Never having developed any ability for graceful living at home, Mrs. O.'s evenings and week-ends are not successes. By noon, she begins to dread the end of the day, and she comes home in a distinctly disgruntled mood. She puts on an unbecoming rayon nightgown (Mrs. O. believes in economizing in the bedroom and buys nightgowns that needn't be ironed) and a dark blue corduroy bathrobe (which doesn't soil) and gets into her uninviting bed. Having claimed that she detested eating in bed for the last 40 years, she stews all the time her dinner tray is in her lap—which causes her badly trained maid to feel that it's not worth while to bother much about dinner, anyway. Since the light is badly arranged for reading and Mrs. O. has no ingenuity about doing anything else in bed she spends most of the evening thrashing around resentfully, getting the bed mussed up and the bathrobe into uncomfortable rolls.

When Mrs. O.'s friends drop in to see her they leave wondering whether she is so efficient after all. Several of them have also thought that perhaps it was not so surprising that, 10 years or so ago, Mr. O. ran off with his pretty stenographer.


NUMBER FANS!--STOP LOSING!
Join the "Lightning Club" and Be a Winner
Get a Written Guarantee, the Watchdog of Success!
Each member is given a written DOUBLE MONEY-BACK Commodity Guarantee which promises an average of one hit per week for four weeks.
No Guess Work Used—Direct New York Wire Service
Phone Service—$2.00 Mo.
Out-of-towners' Mail Service $2.50 Mo.
Send Cash or Money Order to:
"The Lightning Club," 38 E. Spring St., Columbus, Ohio.
The Lightning Club
Look for Lightning Trade Mark At Your News Stand

LIQUOR HABIT
HELP HIM QUIT Send for FREE TRIAL of Noxalco, a guaranteed harmless home treatment. Can be given secretly in food or drink to anyone who drinks or craves Whiskey, Beer, Gin, Home Brew, Wine, Moonshine, etc. Your request for Free Trial brings trial supply by return mail and full $2.00 treatment which you may try under a 30 day refund guarantee. Try Noxalco at our risk. Write ARLEE CO. Dept. 179 BALTIMORE, MD.

PRINTING
THAT'S OUR BUSINESS
WRITE US TODAY
Barton Print Shop
EST. 1931 MILLERSBURG, OHIO

Women! Delayed?
Use GENUINE MENSTRUA when delayed! REMARKABLY SPEEDY RESULTS in many unusual, long, difficult, abnormal delays, without pain, harm or inconvenience Especially recommended where ordinary compounds fail, as QUICKER ACTING and much easier assimilated by body. TYPE DOCTORS OFTEN PREFER. Costs us over 300% more than ordinary compounds, but costs you no more. Tasteless, easy to take. M. L.: "3 months overdue. Tried different remedies and only Menstrua worked." M. M.: "Delayed 9 weeks; ½ box worked. Other remedies failed. Amazing." L. G.: "Relieved 2 days (5 weeks and 9 weeks). Wonderful. Painless." H. W.: "4 other remedies failed. Menstrua relieved 6 weeks' delay." SAFETY PURITY GUARANTEED! $2.00. Orders rushed day received, plain sealed box. "PRICELESS INFORMATION" free with order. PURITY PRODUCTS CO., 6001 Harper Ave., Dept. 33G6, Chicago.

HITS! HITS! HITS!
Are you always the loser? Can't you hit the numbers?
Last week's straight hits: 325, 341, 916.
Box hits: 160, 398, 841, 629.
Joining fee, $4.00 a month, entitles you to 4 Specials a month.
Send your name and address and telephone number.
National Syndicate
Box 494, Columbus, Ohio.

# HOW DETECTIVES SOLVED

By CHIEF JOHN C. CALHOUN,
Hamilton (Ohio) Police, as told to
COLONEL FRANK H. WARD.

**AS time was the essence of the solution of the dastardly King murders, details of which are as fresh in my mind as though they occurred yesterday, I trust you will bear with me if I seem to halt the ordered tick of the clock now and then to emphasize the hour.**

At 9 p. m. on Thursday, Oct. 22, 1929, neighbors saw Charles King, 38, a barber, playing with two of his five small sons in the middle downstairs room of the comfortable frame house he rented at 1008 Fairview Ave. in our city of Hamilton.

Frank Ward.

Three times during the night members of the Newton family, living next door at No. 1010, were awakened by the crying of children in the King home. The last time was at 3 a. m. Wednesday. Once Mrs. Clyde Newton, noticing a light burning downstairs in the King place, suggested to her husband that he go over and see if anyone were ill. But Newton had his alarm clock set for 5:30, and he needed his sleep.

At 6 a. m. when Newton started to work he observed that a light was burning in the middle room.

None of the five King boys—Robert, 14; Leon, 12; Paul, 10; Charles, jr., 6, or Keith, 5—appeared at School Wednesday, but the teachers made no investigation as their attendance had been irregular during the two months they were in the neighborhood.

At 9 a. m. Wednesday, Charles Perrine, driver for the McGreevy Dairy, stopped in front of the King home to deliver milk. He had left a quart on the front steps 24 hours before. A quart of milk was still there, so Perrine drove on. I never recall this incident without reflecting that had that quart bottle been empty, five lives might have been saved.

At 3:30 p. m. Wednesday, Henry Heinlein of Seven Mile called at the King home to collect overdue rent. He hammered at the front door, received no response, and and went away. Heinlein noticed at the time that the garage door was open, King's car was there, and there was a vest, hat and overcoat on the front seat.

### Hears Rush of Gas.

An hour later, Mrs. Connie Osborne, living next to the B. & O. Railroad tracks at No. 1006, went to the King place with the intention of paying the barber's wife, Mrs. Ethel King, 36, for some laundry work.

As was her custom, Mrs. Osborne cut across the back yards to the King rear door. She heard the rush of escaping gas in the King kitchen. It sounded pretty loud. She hurried around to the front. The shade at the front window was up a few inches, so Mrs. Osborne peared beneath. She could see a white iron bed, and the still forms of a woman and two children on it.

Beyond the bed the door to the middle room was ajar, and the neighbor could see an electric light burning. Mrs. Osborne rapped loudly on the window, on the door. None of the three sheeted forms stirred. Mrs. Osborne summoned her son, Everett, and Andrew Marshall.

Illuminating gas was pouring from two ⅜-inch pipe outlets in the house, one in the kitchen and the other in an upstairs bedroom. The pipe in the kitchen had been disconnected from the stove. The cap had been removed from the pipe upstairs, which the King family had never used.

Mrs. King, Keith and Charles, jr., were in the downstairs bed. Keith was dead, his brother and mother unconscious. In a bed beside the uncapped pipe upstairs were Robert and Leon, both dead.

*Charles King, his wife, Ethel, and three of the children who breathed the deadly carbon monoxide fumes for hours while they slept on into eternal sleep.*

Paul was dying in the bedroom beyond.

The children wore clean pajamas and their clothes were hung neatly over chairs in readiness for the day. Their barber-father was nowhere in evidence.

My officers responding to the call fought their way through the fumes to the death-dealing pipes, and capped them temporarily with corks. Then they turned their attention to saving the living victims of carbon-monoxide poisoning.

Patrolman Frank X. Mayer was assigned to the ambulance conveying Charles, jr., to Mercy Hospital. He gave artificial respiration to the lad during the mad drive. That child lived. The fact that little Charles was found tucked under the bed clothing in his mother's arms probably prevented him from inhaling as much gas as the others.

Paul expired at 9:30 that night, before one of the 75 tanks of oxygen available to Hamilton physicians had been used up, although we used every agency known to medical science to save him and the other two members of his family taken out of that ill-fated house alive.

Doctors told me the illuminating gas whose flow we halted contained almost the same properties as carbon-monoxide gas that comes from the exhaust of automobiles. They said that pure oxygen, and heart and body stimulants were the only known remedies to bring


*Chief John C. Calhoun.*


*Coroner Edward Cook.*


*Attorney Paul Baden.*


*Detective Herschel Haines*

about resuscitation of a person overcome by CO poisoning.

So adenolin and hot water bottles were used as heart and body stimulants to bive the victims opportunity to regain the red corpuscles in the blood that the fumes had destroyed by the thousands.

### Fifth Victim Dies.

We hoped very much that Mrs. King would be able to give us her story, because as the case stood it was a beguiling mystery. So County Prosecutor Ben Primmer and I had an officer and court stenographer at the mother's bedside during the 12 hours that she lived. But she never opened her eyes, never regained consciousness.

The husband and father had disappeared. Why? In grief at coming home and finding his wife and children dying? In despair because Mrs. King had tried to wipe out her offspring and follow them in death? Or, had the barber himself committed the five murders?

There were several mystifying elements in the case.

The dining room table was found just as the family had left it Tuesday night. Seven chairs stood about the table, silent protagonists in the awful tragedy. A pot of soup stood in the center. About it were soup bowls, coffee cups and plates. We found a freshly-made pie, with only one triangular piece removed, in the kitchen.

Through information from the neighbors, and our own observations, I jotted down these incongruities:

**The couch in the living room had been moved from its usual position and placed against the door on the opposite side.**

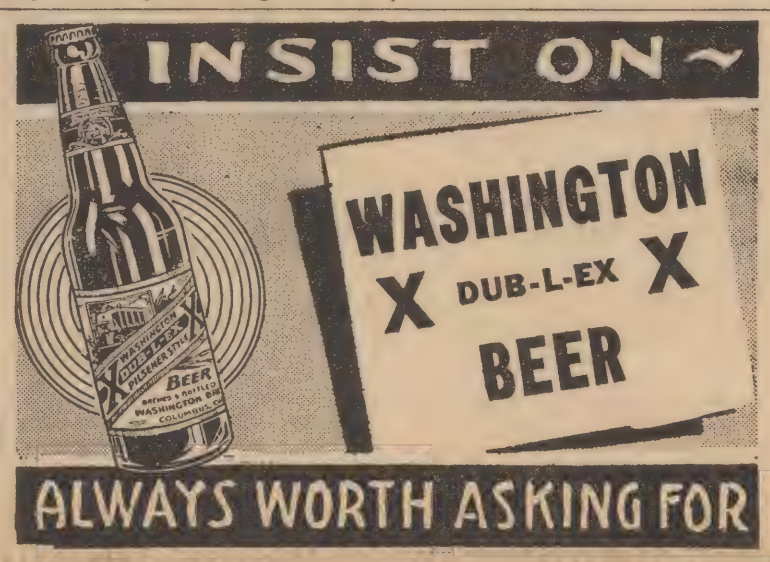
**Case knives had been stuck from the inside between the cas-**


NEW 1937
FORD V-8
$99.00 Down
Cash or Trade
COUPE $5.46 A. WK.
TUDOR $5.63 A WK.
MONTHLY PAY'TS TOO!
Immediate Delivery
ACT NOW!
MEDICK
Col's Largest Ford Dealer
2691 N. HIGH
930 N. Hi.-3489 N. Hi.



Married People
PEP UP WITH GLANOIDS TONIC
Are you feeling old, tired, draggy, run down and suffering from weak, abused GLANDS? Try GLANOIDS, a scientific tonic - stimulant which will aid nature in helping to regain your NATURAL POWERS, YOUTHFUL PEP, VIGOR and VITALITY. Mailed in plain wrapper. Sent postpaid for $1.00. Write to or call at
CAJO DISTRIBUTING COMPANY,
86 N. Front St., Columbus, Ohio.
Also for sale at all leading Columbus drug stores, a few are here listed:
Campbell's Pharmacy..2766 W. Broad St.
Berry's Pharmacy.....1561 N. High St.
Montgomery's Pharmacy..Main & Wilson
Kinnaird's Pharmacy...3347 N. High St.
Davis Pharmacy.....1483 Oak St.
Linden Pharmacy....2621 Cleveland Ave.
Paley's Pharmacy....Washington & Oak








CAPITAL NEWS
11 W. SPRING ST.
AD. 0210.
Complete Line of . . .
MAGAZINES
and Out-of-Town Newspapers



NUMBERS NUMBERS
Do you want good numbers? Our numbers really hit—ask any of our club members and they will tell you so. Our club if different from all others, it will pay you to investigate.
Enrollment fee $1.00. Address
THE OLMAR CLUB
243 N. HIGH ST., Room 614, Columbus, O. Phone AD. 9433

# HAMILTON'S GAS MURDERS

*One flow of gas came from the connection to the kitchen stove, indicated by arrow.*

*Patrolman R. A. Stone inspecting the gas pipe that was uncapped at the bedside of two sleeping children.*

*Prosecutor Ben Primmer.*

*Detective Oscar Decker.*

*Patrolman Frank X. Mayer.*

*Judge E. J. Kautz.*

*The last picture of Barber Charles King.*

**dicating it had dropped from her hand, although she was not ordinarily a very religious woman.**

**Mrs. King was a light sleeper, yet neighbors heard no activity or outcry from her on the three occasions they were awakened by fretfulness of the children.**

**King was regarded as a kind-hearted man, who romped with his children and whose return from work was met by them with joyous shouts.**

Even the discovery of a note on the dresser downstairs added to our puzzlement. It read:

*To the law: Forgive me. I did this because I had to. I was poor but happy. Some people wanted to part us, so I will leave the insurance policy to pay for expenses. Don't look for me, as I have gone with Ethel and the boys.*

The note was unsigned. Some thought it was in the barber's handwriting; others not. Could Mrs. King have penned it in a spirit of revenge to place on her husband blame for a crime she had committed?

That there had been an argument between King and his wife preceding the tragedy seemed undisputed. Coroner Edward Cook found bruises on the body of the oldest child—not severe enough to have caused death or even unconsciousness—but bruises just the same. And the boy who lived was prattling in his unconscious condition what probably last impressed him:

**"Daddy couldn't find his tools; daddy couldn't find his tools."**

Had King upbraided Robert because he could not locate his shears, comb and clippers? Had he struck the boy in a rage, and his wife, too, when she interfered?

### Family in Debt.

The Kings had been in Lima only eight months—in that house but two—so we didn't know very much about them. But we did know they were head over heels in debt. A letter in the mailbox, yet unopened, proved that. It was from Coldwater, O.—75 miles north of Hamilton — where King formerly ran a barber shop of his own. A banker had written:

*"We are tired of your promises. We want the interest on the note ($260 principal) until Aug. 1 by Saturday, or it will be in the hands of Roscoe Smith, our attorney, for full collection. This means your mother also will be sued. Payments on the chattel mortgage loans have not been made. This will also be settled. If you deal fair with us, we will help you along."*

We soon found that King was being pressed on all sides for money. Both his furniture and automobile had been pledged for loans. A letter from a lawyer indicated King had forged the names of his sister and mother to the note for the Coldwater loan.

Investigation evaporated the insurance policy angle as a motive. We learned the barber had taken out small industrial policies on the children soon after he moved to Hamilton. But he had lapsed payments on the premiums weeks before. Anyhow, they were for barely enough to cover meager funeral expenses.

At Walter Davidson's barber shop on Court St., where King was employed, his boss spoke highly of his industry. He had not been at his chair since Saturday, sending word that he was ill. Davidson knew his helper suffered a paralytic stroke two years before.

We were unable to find the tool used to loosen the gas connections. The torn condition of the threads at both outlets testified that they were on too tight to have been loosened by hand, and that they had been released in a hurry. Even the cap removed from the

**Continued on Page 35.**

**RHEUMATISM!**

If you want to really try to get at your Rheumatism — Neuritis — Arthritis — Sciatica—Lumbago you must first get rid of some of the old and false beliefs about them.

Read the Book that is helping thousands—**"The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism—Arthritis."** In simple words this helpful Book reveals startling, proven facts that every sufferer should know!

The 9th edition is just off the press and a free copy will be mailed without obligation to any sufferer sending their address promptly to the author, H. P. Clearwater, Ph. D., 1912-G Street, Hallowell, Maine.

**ings and the doors leading to the outside.**

**The two children found in Mrs. King's bed usually slept upstairs, King invariably sleeping there.**

**There was a prayer book on the floor just below the outstretched hand of Mrs. King, in-**

**Ruptured?**

**Buy Trusses Now on Credit**

Rupture victims who need Trusses and are short of cash will be pleased to learn they can buy the needed appliance on the Budget Plan of a small down payment and the balance in small payments over a certain period of time.

We are the only concern, as far as we know, in this town selling Trusses on the Budget Plan, but the big thing about our Trusses is that you are correctly fitted by experts with Trusses scientifically made by a firm of nearly one hundred years' experience.

Being fitted by a man or woman expert is your guarantee of satisfaction and eliminates the mistakes that happen when Trusses are bought by mail.

Our representatives are right here in your town for your convenience and may be consulted without obligation. Physicians know of our Trusses and have recommended them for years.

Under our Budget Plan there is no longer any reason to delay treatment, start on the road to health and happiness and pay as you can. Could anything be fairer? Come in today or phone for appointment—AD. 0875 or AD. 0114.

**Eagle Drug Co.**

Surgical Appliance Dept.
Rich and High Sts., Columbus, O.

**On Sale Today**

**BEN BREW BOCK BEER**

A-h-h! . . . Here is real Bock Beer and with what distinctive all-grain Ben Brew taste that is found in no other beer.

Ben Brew Bock Beer is on sale for a limited time only. See your Ben Brew dealer at once, or phone

ADams 4228
For Home Delivery

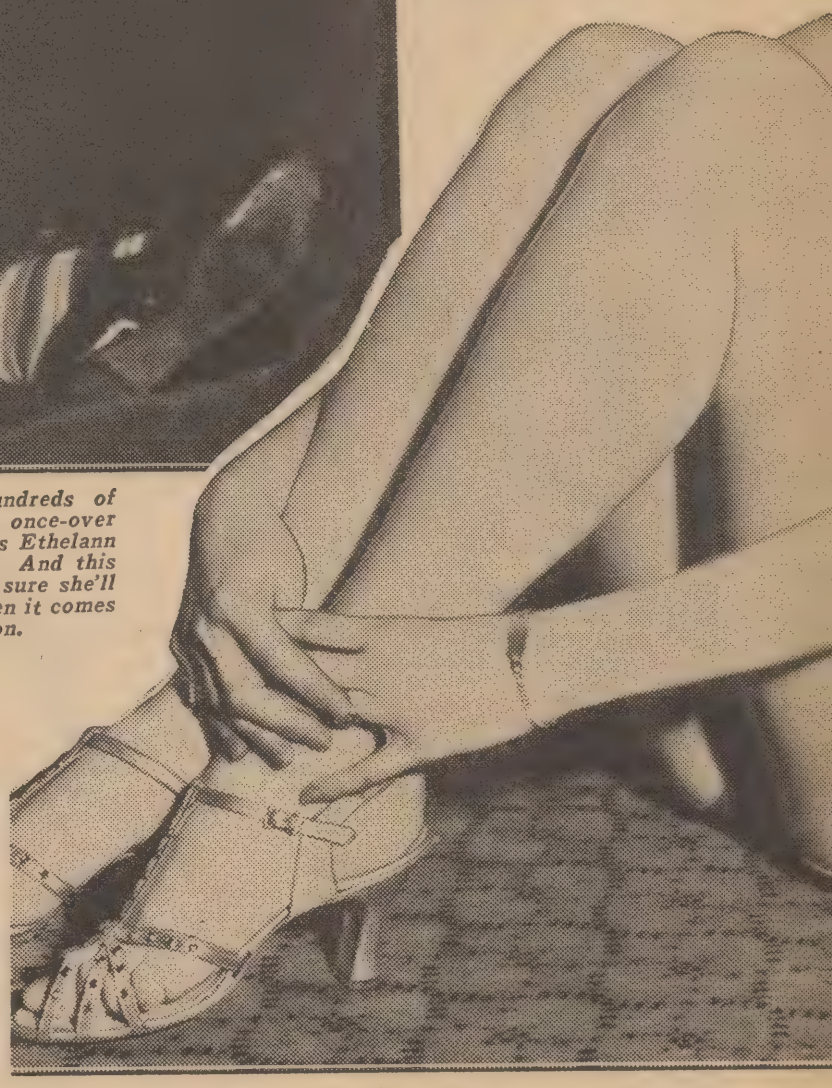
**100% GRAIN — Aged to Perfection in Columbus' Most Modern Brewery**

*The little producer has swim champ Eleanor Holmes Jarrett's aid in selecting Exposition belles (right), for the big show in Cleveland. Miss Jarrett will be featured in the Aquacade, the "super-special" water attraction.*

# LEGS A

**A girl needs mo wants to be in Bill Great Lakes Exposit She must be able to a showgirl all rolled get by the diminutiv "water show" promi gigantic productions opens May 29.**

*That smile of victory means lovely Ruth Dryer has passed the master's inspection and is now rehearsing for her part in the Exposition's shows.*



*Among the hundreds of girls awaiting the once-over by Billy Rose was Ethelann Downey (above). And this little miss makes sure she'll have no kinks when it comes her turn to audition.*

*Below, Kappa Kappa Gamma girls take their singing seriously. Here they are competing in the sorority sing in the annual Intramural Festival in Ohio State's gymnasium.*

# DARING YOUNG MEN

*They're not on a trapeze, but these four lads are like the daring young man in grace and form. They are gymnasts under the direction of Coach L. G. Staley at Ohio State University. This picture was made as they worked out on the parallel bars during the Intramural Festival last Friday. They are John Rothrock, Caton Cobb, Summers Redick and John Snook.*

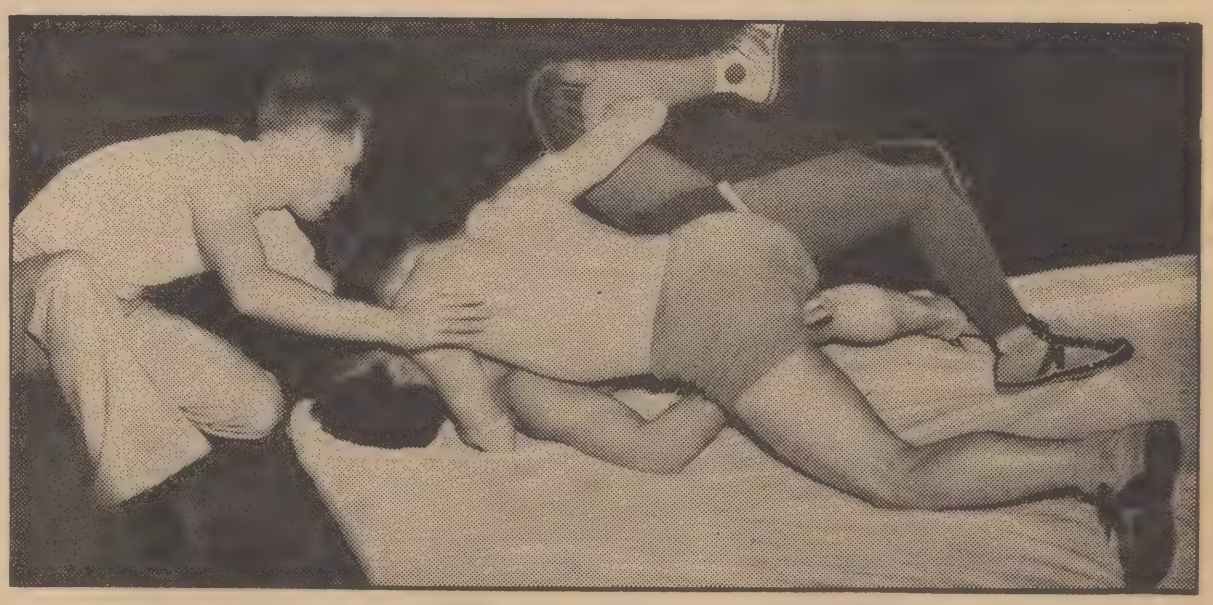
# ND BACKS

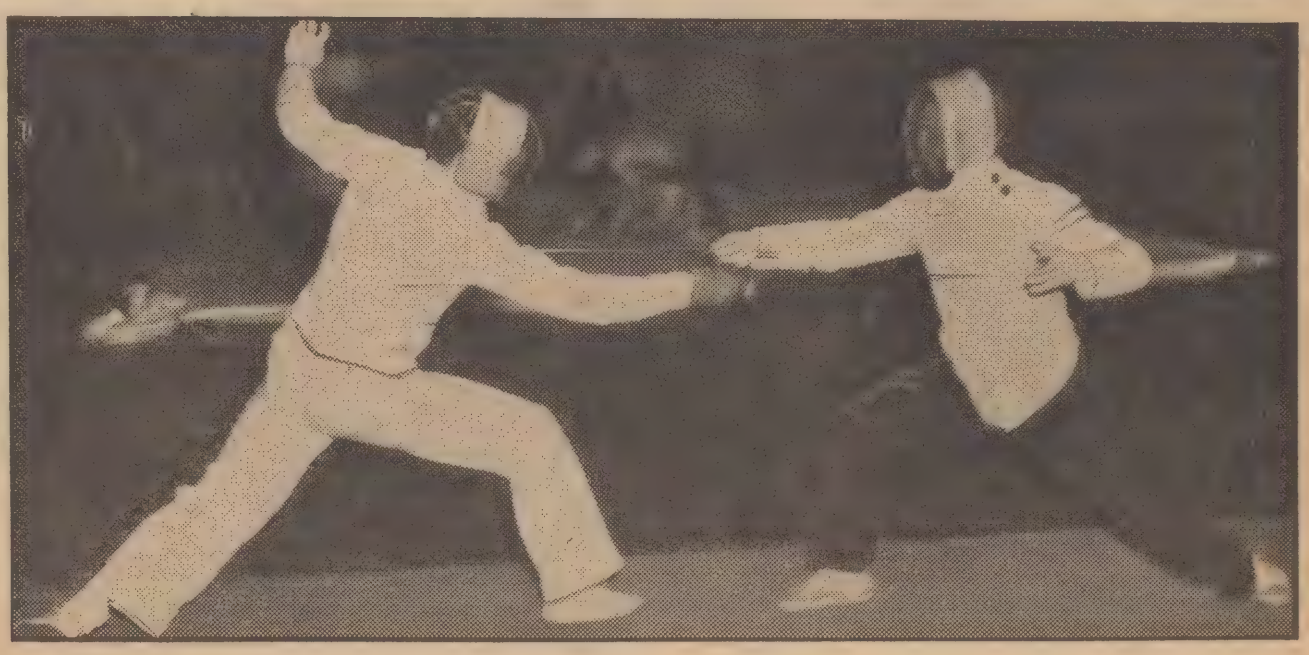
re than just charm if she
y Rose's Aquacade at the
ion in Cleveland this year.
dance, swim, dive and be
into one if she expects to
e one's eagle eye. His big
ises to be one of the most
in his career. The show

*The chassis is the thing and here Billy Rose inspects applicants for width and "as they're walking away from you" charm. Beautiful backs are at a premium. These look mighty fine.*

# FUN AT OHIO STATE

*The new welterweight wrestling champ at Ohio State shows his stuff. T. Meyer, on top, is the champion. Nick LaConti of the frosh squad is underneath.*





*An exhibition of fencing during the festival in the physical education building last Friday. John Cowan and Pierre Noble are the lads showing the technique of the foils. Dr. Frank Riebel is the fencing coach.*

# COOK-COOS

By TED COOK

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## LET'S BUTTER, FIRST, OUR OWN FAIR HAIR!

*"Our country is now overrun with ham actors from abroad. It is a real menace—a menace that must be met without delay."—Guthrie Carter Millbaugh.*

**Sound the sirens! Ring the bells!**
**Guthrie Carter Millbaugh tells**
**Us actors from across the sea**
**Have overrun our broad countree.**
**Actors ham each way you look,**
**Are lurking in the shadowed nook—**
**Waiting, ready, we suppose,**
**To leap out and strike a pose!**
**Oh, cru-el fate! Oh, bitter day!**
**From Maine to Cal-i-forn-eye-aye**
**The highways clogged, the byways packed**
**With actors who, alack! can't act!**
**But actors must, as you know,**
**Have food and drink, come weal, come woe,**
**And furthermore (Begone, Despair!)**
**Have oil from whales to gloss their hair!**
**And whales are few, and so, forsooth,**
**We must consider first our youth,**
**And give them oil before we smear**
**The hair of those less near and dear.**

## BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

**Mystery surrounds negotiations of Promoter B. Barnaby Doakes to present an international contest which is expected to dwarf, in public interest, all the combined encounters of the century. Indeed, the proposed match is so colossal that the promoter can only stammer, beat his breasts and swoon when he hints details to sports writers. In brief, the proposal is to bring Leon Trotsky and J. Stalin together in a finish fight, for the benefit of humanity. Neither contestant will be permitted to wear boxing gloves. Instead, each will be equipped with brass knuckles and permitted to carry an Australian whip and an atomizer filled with mustard gas. If agreeable to contestants, the historic encounter will take place in neutral territory—preferably a barge anchored in mid-Pacific.**

**DELAY NEVER BOTHERS ME!**

KNOW GLORIOUS RELIEF. Even on overdue cases often started in 3 days. Mrs. S. C., Feb. 24, 1937: "Received trial package O. K. They gave me relief 3rd day, after 4 weeks' delay." Mrs. G. H.: "The best I ever tried." Mrs. C. H.: "Send another treatment." Mrs. W. S.: "Have had the best results." Longest overdue, discouraging, unnatural, suppressed periods are needless. Follow advice of these delighted women who depend on **ANTISEPTO ALLEVIAL COMP.** (Regulators) because of splendid results, often when delay was stubborn, long past due, often when **ALL** else **FAILED.** Regular, $2.00—3 boxes $5.00. Super Strength, $3.50—3 boxes $8.50. Send money, saving C. O. D. charges. Money back guarantee sent with order. "Important Information for Modern Women" sent FREE. Orders sent same day in plain package. DON'T DELAY. Mail order TODAY. ANTISEPTO PRODUCTS, Dept. ST-13, Transportation Bldg., Chicago, Ill.


As Pa strode in to take his bath,
Willie smote him with a lath.
"Brave boy, Bill," his Mother said,
"Catch him bare and spank him red."

* * *

## Q. and A. DEPARTMENT

*Dear Auntie B.:*

*In the course of your most eventful life, have you ever met the only boy you could be happy with?*

**Ans.—Sure thing. Lots of 'em. —Aunt ("Pick 'em over") Bella.**

* * *

Win a movieland tour by sending coupon.

* * *

* * *

Simile—

**Handicapped as a harmonica player in the U. S. army band.**

* * *

**FAMOUS LAST WORDS**
**You may have pretty hair, Sylvester, but it's nothing like Armand's.**

It is estimated that Niagara Falls, now 160 feet high, once was nearly 300 feet in height. Gradual erosion and occasional rock slides have worn away the top ledge.


**Any Photo Enlarged**

Same Price for Full Lengths or Bust form, Group, Pets or other Subjects, from any Photo, Snapshot or Negative. Safe return of Original Guaranteed. ONLY **25c**

**FREE** BOOK MOUNT

Just mail Photo or Negative (any size) and within a week you will receive your Beautiful LIFE-LIKE 5x7 ENLARGEMENT FRAMED in a 7x11 inch BOOK MOUNT.

Send 25c in coin, stamps or money order plus 3c stamp, or pay postman 28c plus C. O. D. fee. Take advantage of this amazing offer.

PARIS PHOTO SERVICE
121 West 42nd St., Dept. CS-3-21, N.Y.C.


# Our Inquiring Reporter

**EACH WEEK he asks four persons for their opinions on some perfectly ridiculous question of little or no general interest.**

**THE QUESTION:**
**How do you react to earthquakes?**
**THE PLACE:**
**Shaker Heights.**
**THE ANSWERS:**

DULCE DULLARD, weevil catcher—I didn't have time to do any reacting. I just jumped out of bed and ran like hell. Anybody who is so particular that they stop and react when an earthquake starts to swing must be nuts. I got out in the middle of the street before I felt a draught. And boy, can the middle of a street be draughty when you are standing there in your nighty!

Dulce Dullard.

* * *

CASPER SULP, phone booth decorator — Earthquakes don't mean a thing when you live in a house like mine. My wife is studying voice, my mother-in-law listens to personal problem programs on the radio, my daughter is studying tap dancing and the boy plays a saxophone. In an establishment like that a little simple uproar like an earthquake doesn't stand a chance. Honestly, I believe I like earthquakes.

Casper Sulp.

* * *

MELANCHOLIA KNODLEBY, flute tuner — I ought to be ashamed to say it but I missed both of those earthquakes. I don't know how I did it unless it was because of the income tax. I was trying to figure out those forms for two weeks before the first quake and they had me so nuts I had a case of the walking jerks. I shook and trembled from nervous exhaustion that I didn't even know the quake was quaking.

M. Knodleby.

* * *

OLEANDER BRIE, waffle sugarer—I'm all burned up over those darned earthquakes. I was half frightened out of my wits by that one at night like everyone else along my street. So I ran out of the house. After awhile a bunch of us poor scared girls decided to call up a newspaper and see if everything was over. So we said to the man, "Is it safe to go back to bed?" And that fresh punk said, "Lady, that all depends on who you go back to bed with." Am I mad?

Oleander Brie.

## Knife in Stomach Is Big Surprise to Bob

Rudely awakened from a sound sleep, Robert Wolford, 35, 464 S. Twenty-second St., discovered a paring knife nestling in his stomach with the handle protruding, cops said.

Robert claimed his wife Bessie, from whom he is separated, performed the bedroom surgery with the kitchen knife. Bessie lives at 1286 McAllister Ave., said Wolford.

Robert said he would file an affidavit against the butchering Bessie.

# Funny Fables --- By PAUL FUNG.

IT'S A TAXI-METER. I'M JUST TRYIN' TO SEE HOW MUCH IT WOULD COST US IF WE HAD T' HIRE A TAXI CAB ALL DAY!
P. D.
POLICE PATROL
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.

# GEN. JITTERS' QUESTION BOX

Dear General:

The other night a bunch of us luggs was talking about the crookedest guy in the world. We sure found a lotta candidates for that post. What would your nomination be? PINKIE PEABODY.

**Dear Pinkie:**

**When you start to talk about the world's number one crook, you've got to take in consideration an uncle of mine named "Snitch" Inntime. The people of his hill country used to swear that he was so crooked that the wool he pulled over your eyes was half cotton.**

**Gen. (Thief of Badgags) Jitters.**

Dear General:

A friend of mine is interested in the insurance business. He tells me the larger companies are planning a new feature. Every week a special policy will be offered at reduced premiums. Something like a soda fountain bargain. Have you heard anything about this?

PHAILING PHILLIP.

**Dear Phillip:**

**Yes, I recently heard of the new movement. The first week they'll offer reduced prices on fire insurance policies for all steel beams 10 inches or more under water. The second week the Arabs of the Sahara Desert will be offered flood insurance at a 50 per cent discount. We suppose they'll solicit the Ohio Valley trying to peddle dust storm protection.**

**Gen. (Lloyds of Linden) Jitters.**

Dear General:

I have often heard that many of the radio comics are very wealthy. In what do they invest their dough?

WEE WON'T CANTER.

**Dear W. W. Canter:**

**The most fitting investment I can think of for the whole lot of radio comedians would be U. S. steal.**

**Gen. (Champ. Dial Twirler) Jitters.**

Dear General:

The other day I was loafing through one of the largest department stores when I chanced upon a rug display. The feature of the whole show was hooked rugs. What do you think?

WORRIED WILLIE.

**Dear Willie:**

**I dunno. I seriously doubt if they were hooked. Chances are they were legitimately purchased.**

**Gen. (Eyebrow Lifter) Jitters.**

Dear General :

My next-door neighbor is very familiar. I detest people who take such liberties as to call you by the first name after knowing you only a week. Don't you think that is gross breach of eitquet?

SIMPLE SADIE.

**Dear Sadie:**

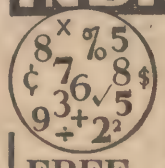
**That's nothing. At the federal penitentiary one of the fellows was so familiar with the rest of the inmates that he called them all by their first number.**

**Gen. (Social Security No.) Jitters.**


**LONESOME?**

Enjoy lively interesting correspondence thru America's most aggressive Social Friendship Enterprise. Ladies and gentlemen of highest character, everywhere, seek friendship and marriage. (Some wealthy.) Remarkably efficient plan. "Personal Connection Service." Copyrighted information, specimen descriptions (sealed). Write today without delay.
Fidelity Club, P. O. Box 128, Tiffin, Ohio.

**Big Hit NUMBER INDICATOR**



Winning Sure Hits Daily

for new friends and players. Stop wasting time and money on guesses and hunches—follow secret playing instructions given to each purchaser and be the first in your crowd to make a BIG HIT!

**FREE**

**Confidential Forecast**

for any day you wish included if you send your order at once and enclose $1.00—Cash or Money Order—or send name and address only and pay postman upon delivery, plus a few cents postage. YOU CAN'T LOSE—money back instantly if the BIG HIT NUMBER INDICATOR fails to MAKE A HIT with you. Rush order to

M. GLASS
240 B'way, Dept. T, New York, N. Y.

**LUCKY NUMBER SELECTOR**

WINNING DAILY

and making BIG HITS with every player. SURE WIN playing instructions included with every order.

**Free Secret Confidential Forecast**

for any day you wish if you send your full name and address and enclose $1.00, Cash or Money Order, or send only name and address and pay postman, plus a few cents postage, upon delivery. Don't delay any longer. MONEY WILL COME BACK TO YOU instantly if the LUCKY NUMBER SELECTOR does not MAKE A HIT with you. Rush your order at once to Dept. T.

EDWIN I. LEWIS, SUITE 511, 321 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

COLUMBUS
SUNDAY STAR 5¢
Ohio's Picture Newspaper

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published therein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.
SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1937.

*"Here to print what it sees and hears"*

# Pantless Public Rats

DEPTH of ignomy, according to the vulgar expression, is to be caught with one's pants down. Literally so caught recently was Merle Vandenbush, Public Rat No. 1, who is shown glowering bashfully in the accompanying photograph.

MERLE VANDENBUSH.

What happened to this deflated, half-naked bad boy at the hands of some "hick" cops of North Castle, N. Y., illustrates what appears to be the fate of most of the gangsters who very recently were puffed up by being called public enemies. No more humiliating fate could befall them than to be shown to the public in a picture which hurts their self-esteem. Let them be pilloried without pants in the newspapers and they will swoon with shame. Such indignities hurt them more than a beating at the hands of a tough cop. Even the leader of a pack of rats loses his grip if he is laughed at.

We respectfully suggest to Chief Dunn of the Columbus police department that he might find a very effective bit of business in this North Castle case. He might try the idea here in his campaign against crime. Instead of taking close-up "mugs" of the bad boys wearing numbers at their necks he might let Homer Richter photograph them full length without their pants. The effect undoubtedly would be terrific. The felons would throw fits and flee the city rather than have their pictures taken.

The idea is basically sound, because criminals reason that the crimes they commit are okay if they don't get caught. Hence, when they are caught with their pants down, they ought to be shown-up in that posture.

Let the public rats of Columbus he photographed pantless and this city soon would be immaculately clean in respect to crime.

# *Sit-Downers Around the World*

BOTH the Far and the Near East have seized on the sit-down strike idea for some unusual demonstrations.

In Osaka, Japan, geisha girls struck, left tired business men without companions, retired to a temple, where they fasted, knelt on rocks, took icy baths, otherwise purified themselves. For eight days they held out. One committed suicide. Finally police and priests succeeded in settling the strike on recognition of the Geisha Guild.

Meanwhile in Egypt the Coptic monks of Deir-el-Moharrak, on the edge of the desert, sit-down-struck for more than $1.50 a month spending money. When their allowance was upped to $7.50 a month they squandered it in high living in neighboring Bedouin villages. The merry monks now are besieged in their well-stocked, fortified monastery by government police, who are determined to break the strike.

# *We, the People*
## By Jay Franklin.

### The Secession of Europe.

WASHINGTON.—As the nations of the Old World approach a show-down on economic opportunities, possessions, power, frontiers, colonies and raw materials—in other words, on life and death—the crisis finds America more completely alienated in spirit from Europe than at any time since the revolution.

JAY FRANKLIN

Unfortunately, this does not mean that we shall be able to avoid taking part in the show-down, whenever it may come. We have too great an economic and political stake outside this hemisphere to remain an indifferent spectator to events across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It does mean, however, that anybody who tries to sell us another world-saving crusade will find it hard to arouse our innocent enthusiasm.

This is because, since the last war, nation after nation has evolved along lines which we dislike intensely, until what amounts to a moral secession of Europe from civilization as we know it has taken place.

The trouble began as early as November, 1917, when the Bolsheviki seized power in Russia. We had never had much sympathy for the Russia of the tsars, but we had been hopeful that Kerensky would establish "democracy" and we shrank from the reign of terror and the civil war which followed his overthrow. For 15 years, all but a handful of American liberals regarded the Soviet Union with suspicion and distaste, and we had just got set to grit our teeth and like it when Stalin began staging his treason trials of the Trotzkyites. Since most American radicals sympathized with Trotzky, this just about made it unanimous.

Next in order came Italy and the March on Rome of 1922. Try as some did to admire Mussolini as a Strong Man, we couldn't take kindly to Fascismo, with its beatings-up, its castor oil, its secret police, its torture, exiles, Matteotti and other murders. And when the Fascists forced a war on Abyssinia, while the other European powers refused to allow Haile Selassie to import the munitions needed to defend his empire, we gave Italy up as a bad job.

France was the next to slip in our regard. The occupation of the Rhur, the colored troops in the Rhineland, the reparations and other rows of the post-war period had puzzled us. But when the French made trouble about repaying the war debt and joined in the "Uncle Shylock" campaign, our great heart broke.

Japan's fall from grace was not much of a surprise to us. "The Yellow Peril" began to worry us as early as 1905 and there was a long record of squabbling about China, Siberia, the Pacific, islands and navies. But we thought we had settled all that by the Washington Treaties of 1922 and then in 1931 they took Manchuria, following it up with widespread attacks on China and a wave of "patriotic assassinations" in Japan itself until we felt that we were watching some strange, inhuman species of life—like spiders or bacteria.

Then Germany blew up under us. We had felt so pleased about the German republic which has established after the kaiser went into exile in 1918. But Hitler came in and, despite our disapproval, proceeded to tear up the Treaty of Versailles, to persecute the Jews and, by his blood-purge of July, 1934, to show that there wasn't much difference between the Third Reich and the Third International when it came to firing squads, concentration camps and exiles.

After Germany, Spain. We had never felt much friendliness for Spain. We had a Protestant tradition of dread of the Inquisition, an Anglo-Saxon squeamishness about bull fights, and recent memories of "Butcher" Weyler and the war to free Cuba. Yet, after 1931, we had held high hopes that the new Spanish republic might work and when it collapsed in a welter of burning churches, massacred priests and nuns, Moorish atrocities and all the dreadfully familiar business of a Fascist rebellion, we cooled rapidly.

England—good, old England—was the last to go. Our post-war bickerings about trade and navies we had taken for granted and even the shock of Britain's abandonment of the gold standard had been absorbed, but here default on her war debt to this country staggered a nation which had been taught to believe in British credit and to prefer England's word to another nation's bond. Then the deposition and exile of King Edward VIII for wishing to marry an American divorcee, made us feel that England was alien, unlike ourselves, devoted to other gods than ours. Despite the assurances that the fact that Mrs. Simpson was American-born had nothing to do with it, we sensed that this was only partly true and that the British conservatives held a hearty hatred for American ideas and standards.

That seems to leave little beside Switzerland, Siam and the Scandinavian countries.

We do not hesitate to condemn in others the sins which we have freely committed ourselves.

Yet the fact remains that we are conscious of a great and widening gulf between our own professed ideals and principles and those of the Old World nations which might expect us to take a hand in the next world war. This mood seems to be our only real defense against a form of foreign entanglement which is becoming more menacing to our lives and fortunes with every day which passes.

Copyright, Register and Tribune Syndicate.

# THIS HUMAN WORLD
## By LEE J. LEVINGER
# *Protecting Our Own Lives*

THERE is a place in our society for enlightened selfishness, which it has never yet assumed.

We ought to be willing to protect ourselves from open and flagrant dangers which we know very well. We make sacrifices for flood sufferers; we contribute for Chinese famine victims; we certainly ought to be ready to protect ourselves and our children.

Lee J. Levinger.

This applies to many fields, to contagious disease, poverty and crime. Its most obvious application, and one which it takes no philosopher to discover and understand, is to the field of accident prevention.

Every person in the United States is in immediate danger of meeting a dangerous or fatal accident every time he walks out of his own door. If he takes his car and drives out in the country, the danger is increased many fold. In his own home or at work, the danger continues but in much smaller degree. Let us glance at two of the most important types of accidents, to see what we can do about it.

The first is the industrial accident, in which we are making steady progress. Not many years ago the big employers had little concern for the lives and bodies of their workers; they were easily replaced. So the men were supposed to protect themselves from dangerous and unguarded machinery. Then the various states began making laws for compensating these injured workers, the refuse of our great successful industries.

### Industrial Accidents Reduced.

The result was rapid and most encouraging. In 20 years the number of industrial accidents was reduced to less than half. Whereas in 1913 fully 35,000 workers had been killed at their work, in 1935 only 16,000 were killed. Even in these cases the bereaved families, under the new compensation laws, were not left entirely helpless but received some income from the state.

Under these new conditions the conscience of the employer was aroused because it paid to protect the workers. So the great employers of labor have followed a double line of work, putting guard rails and other types of protection on the machines themselves and educating the workers to avoid accidents. This has been carried on so effectively that the public utilities, which are very great employers, have reduced accidents by 75 per cent since 1926. The immediate incentive to this may have been the need for reduced charges, but its result is in the saving of hundrds of lives and thousands of other nonfatal injuries.

---

At the same time that industrial accidents have been steadily going down, highway accidents have been rising just as steadily. At present they amount to over 100 deaths every day, or 38,000 in the year. The dead of the recent terrible flood amounted to about four days' toll off the highways during ordinary times. The dead off the World War amounted to one year and four months' losses from automobiles in times of peace. The dead in every war the United States has ever waged, all toegther, are less than the peace-time losses on our roads during the past 15 yars.

### Major Challenge to Americans

This situation is then a major challenge to the enlightened selfishness of all Americans. We do not want to be among the victims, to see our children lying dead before us, to have our homes destroyed through somebody's guilty heedlessness. Neither does any one of us want to incur the guilt of committing accidental murder. But the worst of it is that the situation gets worse year by year, and we are doing almost nothing about it.

The record of our own state and city is particularly bad. Ohio is next to the worst among the more populated states of the country, yielding the pre-eminence for most accidents only to California. Columbus is next to the bottom among large cities for both number of accidents and number of deaths in proportion to size. Both as city and as state we have much to be ashamed of; we have also much to be afraid of. Because we are not merely careless of other people's lives, but also of our own. We have less chance of living to old age without meeting an untimely death or a serious injury than the people of any neighboring state or city.

---

The present attempt of the police to enforce the traffic laws is not an annoyance to us; it is our best defense, and we should take an active part in it ourselves if we value our lives or those of our children.

The constant menace of drunken drivers is a personal matter which every driver can prevent by never taking the wheel after he has been drinking.

The traffic regulations, which apply to pedestrians as well as drivers, must be taken to heart in order that our people may not rush to their deaths to save the 30 seconds before the lights change.

Cars must be inspected regularly to avoid faulty brakes or other mechanical difficulties.

All these measures rest on proper education of every driver, on careful application of the new drivers' license law, on a general feeling among our people that they can save human lives by ordinary precautions.

If these do not succeed, we shall simply have to limit the speed and power of cars by governors, and save people's lives against their will.

---

How often the highest talent lurks in obscurity!—Plautus.

# Chasing 'Panamas' to Their Lair

## Believe It or Not, They Are Made In Ecuador

By WILLIAM LaVARRE, F. R. G. S.

**THE streets of Panama City are lined with tourist shops, and almost every window displays "Panama Hats Here Sell Themselves Very Cheap." Like most visitors I was interested. I had always thought that someday I'd like to have a really fine "Panama" without having to pay Fifth Ave. prices for it. Here was my chance to get a "Panama" in Panama. I stacked up a handful of silver Panama dollars and asked a friend to escort me to the best place.**

"Don't be silly!" my friend said. "You don't want to buy a 'Panama' in Panama. You're going to Ecuador, aren't you? That's where the real 'Panamas' come from. These things you see here are made in Colombia and Japan—mostly Japan. The first good rain will make them look like a wet rag on your head. Wait. If you get a chance to go to Monte Christi in Ecuador you can buy a 'Panama' that is a 'Panama.' Those Ecuadorean hat-makers will make you a hat you can roll up and pull through a finger ring!"

*The Monte Christi hat weavers can make a hat for any kind of person, any size head. Pilot Mulligan prefers one with a small brim—that won't blow off as he flies the Ecuadorean skies!*

And that's how it happened that my wife and I were of that rare few travelers who didn't buy a hat in Panama. We held on to our cash until the good ship Santa Lucia landed us and all our baggage on the palm-plumed quay of Guayaquil. The Ecuadorean city, far up the Guayaquil River, was a name-place that was engraved in my memory, for it was here that Hideyo Noguchi, the Japanese bacteriologist of the Rockefeller Foundation, discovered the mosquito that was the cause of yellow fever, and worked out his world-helping formula for a vaccine that could wipe this plague from the face of the earth. Modern Japan may now be flooding the world with imitations of Ecuador's most famous native product and craft, but their great scientist, Noguchi, gave Ecuador — and humanity — something far too valuable to be counted in dollars or hats.

*The Jippijappa palm of Ecuador, sprouting from seed planted and carefully tended in cans, is first grown in Monte Christi homes, then transplanted on the side of Monte Christi. The leaves are cut when they reach maturity.*

### Jippijappas Real Panamas.

But hats were much on our minds. There were many things we wanted to do, and see, in Ecuador, but we didn't want to move inland from the coast before we had satisfied our hat craving. "How do we get to Monte Christi?" I asked a man whom President Paez had delegated to see that we were well escorted and assisted. "We want to get some Panama hats!" I added.

"The senor means Jippijappas," doesn't he?" the official asked, with twinkling eyes. "Panama, the senor knows, swiped the Jippijappa from us and gave it the wrong name!" He pronounced it as though it were spelled Hippihoppa. Very well then, I suggested, it was really Hippihoppa hat-making I wanted to look into before I did anything else. Hippihoppas were made in Monte Christi, weren't they? Let us go there first!

That was something pretty difficult to do, I was advised. Monte Christi was cut off from the rest of the world—from the main roads of Ecuador, too. I might get there by going down the river in a native boat and north around the coast. There was a road but it was so full of holes an automobile might get mired in the middle of the jungle. "Caramba!" he exclaimed, snapping his fingers together with Spanish enthusiasm, "Maybe El Presidente, being your friend, would let you have an army aeroplane! There is no landing field—but Senor Mulligan could land you on the beach at low tide!" We rushed to the telegraph office. In the telegram I was very careful to refer to "Jippijappas and not "Panama Hats." Before night I had a telegram saying that both army aeroplane and Senor Mulligan were mine for a trip to Monte Christi.

### Senor Mulligan and His Plane.

Between Guayaquil and Monte Christi lay mountainous jungles, with no hope of immediate help for any air traveler who came to grief, but the minute the man named Mulligan walked into our hotel I had no qualms. That combination of a cheery Irish face and bright red hair was ample guarantee that no plane he was piloting would come to grief. "I'll go anywhere with a red-headed pilot named Mulligan!" I said as we shook hands. "When do we start?"

"The president's wire says for me to start whenever you want," he said, looking at the code telegram. "How about the morning? The tide will be low at 10. We can get there in an hour—it would take you a week by any other means."

*Worth more than its weight in gold. A shipment of fine Jippijappa hats is ready for the English market. No hat in the shipment will retail for less than $200.*

"O. K.," I said. "How does a guy named Mulligan come to be in the Ecuadorean army?" I asked out of curiosity.

"Oh, I'm not really official," he laughed as his ruddy face beamed. "I came down to help train Ecuador's new air squadron. All new Curtis training ships. I'm from Curtis, but this is something to write home about! Wait until you see these mountain boys, who never even saw an aeroplane three years ago, handle a ship! Whee! Are we going to have an air force!

And his enthusiasm kept up all during our flight the next morning over the green jungle sea. Here and there he shoved the little Curtis flight-trainer sharply over ragged mountain peaks, but at other times there was nothing below us except the shadowy mattress of the jungle and he could write me notes. The Ecuadorean government, I couldn't help thinking, was pretty lucky to have a live wire mind and a steady hand like his at the helm of President Paez's new air force.

Three times we swooped over the rattan houses which lined the long beach from which the Pacific surf had dropped. People ran out, looked up, waved. The coming of a plane, apparently, was a red-letter event in their lives. We circled the fog-swept Monte Christi five miles from the sea and looked down upon the people who had made of that damp peak the heart, the production center, of a world-wide hat trade. Then we returned to the sandy strip of coastal beach. Mulligan flew, again, over it, for a distance of two miles, looking over the cockpit for ruts, humps, wet patches. Suddenly he turned and came down. It was a landing so perfectly made that I never knew when air was left and sand contacted. He taxied back almost to the port commissario's house, then cut the switch. We climbed out. A government official, who had quite obviously quickly changed into parade uniform, came out followed by a crowd of villagers.

### A Rich Norte Americano.

Everybody was very friendly. Hands were shaken, salutations politely exchanged. The only plane that had come to Monte Christi in months, they told us, was a big one owned by a very wealthy Norte Americano. He and his wife were making an air trip through all South America. He had stopped and bought a Jippijappa hat, for five hundred dollars gold. He was a very rich Norte Americano!

"This is a Senor Norte Americano, too," Mulligan said, handing the commandante a letter from the Guayaquil authorities, "he is interested in Jippijappa hats also."

"Not for five hundred dollars!" I interrupted him in a hasty aside. "Gee whiz, I've only got about 20 dollars with me!"

"Vive el Senor Norte Americano!" the villagers began cheering.

"Five hundred dollars!" I sputtered in Mulligan't ear. "I came here to buy some hats cheap. I can buy a hat on Fifth Ave. for $50!"

"They won't charge us anything for looking!" Mulligan suggested. But as a matter of fact, so susceptible are most of the South Americans to people who smile pleasantly, they charged us nothing for a great deal of hospitality. The commandante read the governor's letter and passed it, in turn, to others. The town was ours, they told us. A luncheon would be prepared at the "hotel." Men were dispatched in various directions. Things were organized so we could see Jippijappa hat-making, in all its phases —from beginning to end.

First of all, you should know that to an Ecuadorean hat maker, craftsmanship is the supreme attainment. The art of weaving the Jippijappa straw, and the art of growing the Jippijappa palm are the two routines of daily existence. As I was to learn, a man of Monte Christi will give for very little money the hat he has just finished to a stranger who praises loudly the work, the skill, that went into its production, whereas to one who coldly buys it as merchandise it would not be handed over unless a small fortune changed hands.

The people of Monte Christi curiously are not upset at all, as most Ecuadoreans are, over the fact that today the type of hat which their ancestors introduced to the world is known as a "Panama." The commandante explained the Monte Christi philosophy very succinctly. "Straw hats," he said, "are now made by machines, out of all kinds of straw. But here in Monte Christi grows the Jippijappa palm. It grows no where else. You can take all the straws and all the palms in the world and none of them will give you a vegetable thread that will wear, that can be worked together into intricately woven patterns, like the Jippijappa! And, then, in addition senor, here are people whose ancestors lived for nothing but the making of fine hats! We have girls here who spend four months making just one hat! Where else in the world can you find that?"

*The hat weavers are both men and women, but this girl is one of the finest craftsmen. It is she who wove the hat the Ecuadorean government presented to the Prince of Wales (now the duke of Windsor) on his South American junket.*

We saw first the Jippijappa palms, from the time the seedlings are planted in tin cans and nourished into miniature palms in the window sills of every home, until, transplanted in carefully tended gardens and mountain-side terraces, they come of age for cutting and

Continued on Page 31.

WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS SONGS
For Immediate Consideration
Send Poems to
Columbian Music Publishers
Dept. 31. Toronto, Can.

HELP for many HIGH BLOOD Pressure Sufferers

Thousands of High Blood Pressure Sufferers the country over are using ALLIMIN Esence of Garlic Parsley Tablets with highly satisfactory results. The regular and continued use of ALLIMIN helps to lower the Blood Pressure, to keep it lower and to relieve associated distressing symptoms such as headaches and dizziness. ALLIMIN Tablets are tasteless—odorless—and guaranteed absolutely free from dangerous drugs. Liberal size package only 50c. Large, economy size only $1.00. At all good drug stores everywhere. Be sure to ask for them by name and insist on getting the genuine.

ALLIMIN

At Mykrantz, Herpich's, Gray's and other good drug stores.

DON'T BE RESIGNED TO Baldness SEE FROMMÉS

Why worry, when Frommes' exclusive treatments are so easily accessible? We get to the root of the trouble. Our methods are so tried and proven, we're successful in almost 100% of cases accepted. And we

GUARANTEE RESULTS or REFUND YOUR MONEY

Call or write for proof booklet: "The Answer to Baldness"

Free Examination Open Evenings

FROMMÉS
SCALP SPECIALISTS
Pronounced "Fro-May"

3660 A. I. U. Bldg. Open Evenings. AD. 8877

Paul Vertel, 60, is a typical traveling artist. Talented and capable, he has covered most of the United States for 30 years, decorating and painting. He is shown finishing a mural at Herig's Village.

## Traveled Artist

## Opposes 25 Men

Mary Dillard Perrine (below), 22, proves her perfection as a hosiery model. Now she is opposing 25 men in seeking to become a member of the Miami, Fla., city commission. She is a "mayonnaise - haired" blonde.

A "seven-stair" toe dance is nothing for shapely Georgia Hayes, above, today, in spite of doctors who once told her she'd never walk again.

## IDEAL

If you can match the loveliness and intelligence of Mildred Rehn, Viennese girl, then you are the ideal chorus girl for 1937. Dave Gould, film dance director, chose Miss Rehn as the "ideal." Taller girls of more poise and intelligence are needed. Miss Rehn is blonde and five feet six inches tall.

## Man Brands Girl

When she repulsed middle-aged Robert W. McLaughlin, river boat captain, he branded her with a heated iron, says Yvonne De Nayee (above), 28-year-old night club hostess in Portland, Ore. He went to jail. She went to the hospital with burns on her back, arm and one knee. Photo shows her and some of the burns.

# by Vera Stretz

## Continuing:

# The Real Story Of a Woman's Torment

*"I'm sorry, Hans," Eve said. "I'm going away. Then I never want to see you again."*

**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE. (EDITOR'S NOTE: Vera Stretz, central figure in a love drama in which Dr. Fritz Gebhardt was killed in New York a few months ago, and who was acquitted on a homicide charge, has written her own story of the tragedy under the title of "The Story of Eve Lindstrom." In these revelations, "Eve" is Miss Stretz; "Dr. Bailman" is Dr. Gebhardt.)**

### CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER she had sent Hans away, Eve ran into the bathroom to wash her face. He disgusts me, she thought. She lay on the bed trying to quiet herself. I wish I could leave immediately. How soon can I go? Running away—to run away as far as possible, and as quickly, became her predominant thought.

She rose and went to the closet for hat and coat.

On her way to Marie's home, Eve phoned her father who was at the uptown house, on a short visit to New York. He told Eve that he would be waiting there for her the following evening to discuss her plans.

When Marie saw Eve's tear-filled eyes, she led her directly into the privacy of the bedroom.

"Marie," Eve sobbed, "I can't bear to believe it, but . . ."

She could not go on to say: "You were right about Hans."

She wept brokenheartedly and finally Marie got the story. She tried to comfort Eve and to control her own anger and contempt for the man.

"He's not worth crying over."

"I'm not crying over him," sobbed Eve, "I'm crying because, because . . . Oh, Marie, how can I ever trust anyone or believe in anything anymore?"

"Nonsense, Eve, you haven't lost your faith in me or in your other true friends because of that man."

"But he seemed as true as you. All his actions, all his words, he couldn't have been acting all those months, and his letters . . ."

"Oh, I never doubted that he was crazy about you. Why shouldn't he be? Besides being attractive, you were mightly helpful to him. You've made him entirely welcome in your home, you've cooked for him, you shop for him, pack for him and arrange his laundry."

Eve broke in: "I did all those things because I wanted to." She was ashamed of her emotion and tried to excuse it.

"I'm tired. That's why I'm crying."

"You mean, Eve, he made you do those things. I insist he hypnotized you. No woman in her right mind would have done what you have. No wonder he doesn't believe you now when you tell him in your gentle way that you're through. He must think you will fall for his 'plans' again."

Eve wiped her eyes.

"Don't say those things, Marie. I want to keep the memory of our love beautiful. It was. I can't believe he was pretending. He wasn't.

Marie, think of the evening shortly before he sailed when he stood outside my house for hours until I went down to him."

"Eve," Marie cried sharply. "Don't begin to think romantically about him again. You'll be lost if you do. Use your common sense."

"I will. I'll be firm with him. How soon can you leave? I'll be ready as soon as I can straighten out his affairs."

"Eve Lindstrom, you're not going to see him again?"

"Don't act as though you didn't expect that. He gave me a trust. I can't walk out on him without going over all the details of his private business interests and then there are the books at the office. No one but me knows about them."

"Eve that's the trouble with you and it always has been. You always think of the other person first. Let him worry about his old books."

"Impossible, for two reasons. First, his affairs are a trust that I have been faithful to and must complete in an orderly way, and second there's my pride. I wouldn't let him think that he's important enough to make me up and run away as though it were a situation I could not face. I certainly don't want him to think I'm afraid of him."

"Oh, Eve, you're so impressionable and romantic, I'm afraid to have you see him again. You look so sweet and gentle, too, that he won't understand. He'll think he still has you where he wants you. Don't see him again. Write what there is to be said."

"That's not possible. I am firm in my own mind. Nothing he will say or do can make me give in to him."

They returned to the living room and discussed their trip with Michael.

Eve said: "My week is up at the hotel on Tuesday. Today is Friday. I can clear up the business in a few days depending on how soon they get in an accountant or another bookkeeper at the office. In any event I'll leave the hotel at the end of my week and stay uptown until we leave."

"Fine," said Marie attempting to be gay. "That makes it about Friday. I can be ready then, too, and we'll a-sailing go on a French boat."

* * *

It was about 8 o'clock the following morning when Eve returned to her hotel room. On the bureau stood the flowers Hans had sent. Tall white chrysanthemums. They fascinated Eve. Reminded her of all that was dear in Hans.

Her phone rang.

Hans' voice sounded frantic.

"Eve, where have you been? I phoned and phoned. All night I've been trying to get you."

"I stayed at Marie's."

"I called there last evening. She said you weren't there!"

"I was there."

"You were? Dearest, in five minutes I'll be with you."

"Hans, I'm going down to breakfast immediately."

"Eve . . ."

She rang off with: "Goodby."

His voice disturbed her. Is it true that he still has power over me? Do I still love him? This is no time to think about that. I have too much to do before I sail.

* * *

He joined her in the dining room. Immediately after their greeting Eve silenced the words that flowed from his lips.

"Hans, please. First listen to me."

He sat opposite and she yearned to pat his drawn face. He truly looked as though he had been up all night. Her soul shrank from him and her mind was firm in its decision never to be swayed by him again. But for one mad second her heart said:

"Give up everything for him, Eve. He's worth it."

Her mind warned: " 'What profiteth it a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul.' You'd lose your own soul, your self-respect and your peace of mind forever, if you did that. He's not worth that. That's too much to give up. Don't dare."

She said to him: "Hans, I'm going to Paris with Marie. We're sailing next Friday or Saturday. That gives me enough time to tell you what has happened to your business. We'll go through your letters today and arrange for an accountant to take over the books."

At her words his pale face had grown whiter.

"No, Eve, you can't do that. My illness seems worse although I don't want to talk about it. I am suffering badly with those old pains. Eve—" She was embarrassed that he caught her hand. "Now you make me sicker by the way you welcome me home. These past months my only thought was to see you again. I must clear up this misunderstanding that has come between us."

His eyes were the pleading, loving eyes she remembered in the Hans she had loved and she grew faint with the longing to cry. She clung desperately to her thought: "I am going away."

She said: "I am sorry, Hans, but I'm going away. Then I never want to see you again."

She threw the last sentence out distractedly. He was nonplused by it.

"Eve, there has been some mistake. I am working so hard all these months, so that I can have you with me always, so that we can be married and you greet me: 'I am going away!' "

Eve looked her astonishment.

"Are you crazy?" she wondered, "or am I?"

Aloud she said: "I am awfully sorry, Hans, but I must go. I need to go away for a while. Please. I'll help you until I leave."

They parted to meet at the office. Everyone was showing the newly returned head how busy and efficient they were.

She insisted that Hans take the time to go through the letters that had accumulated during his absence, those which for various reasons could not be forwarded to him.

In the afternoon, she tried to explain the bookkeeping.

Later Hans and Eve returned uptown in a cab. He wanted to go to the dock of the steamer on which he had arrived. It was sailing again and he had last-minute mail for it.

Eve said: "I'll drop you there, Hans."

"Come along, Eve. Some friends are sailing, too. I want you to meet them."

"No, Hans."

Another futile argument followed. She was tired of the situation.

"Hans, I'm not going anywhere with you again."

He flared into anger. Many words about his love, her love and their love, plans—for him, for her and their life together.

"Listen, Hans. You can never make good the words you spoke to me yesterday when you arrived. The fact that you had even for one moment the thought of offering me such a 'back-street' life, spoiled everything. I consider myself too good for that."

Those were her last words, although he continued talking — upbraiding her and pleading to be understood.

At the dock, he refused to leave the cab without her. They had been conversing in German, of course.

Eve said, "No, dear, I'm too tired. Go alone. I want to go home."

"May I come to see you when I return?"

She nodded, "Yes."

He stepped out and said, sternly: "Don't run away like you did last night. Are you afraid of me, little Eve?"

As she drove away his last words taunted her.

**NEXT WEEK: Hans fights to rewin Eve's love.**

## Matrimony Fails to Fix It for Leviticus

Matrimony and its holy bonds was the prescription suggested by Judge Harold L. Kime five weeks ago when Leviticus Person, 25, and Mary Brown, 24, were carted into court for a charge involving morals.

As Mr. and Mrs. Leviticus Person they appeared in police court again with testimony that the wedding was a poor dose for their ills.

Mary accused Leviticus of whacking her around "sumpin' scandalous" for a total of five times, once for every week of their wedded lives.

Judge Kime "whacked" Mr. Person with 10 days in city prison and $10 and costs.

## Man Surrenders to Clear Name

CINCINNATI. — Police released Thomas Gilliland, 39, after confirming his story that he had not been married before.

Gilliland, a stationary fireman, submitted to voluntary arrest Saturday because, he said, his wife believed "I'm a bigamist and that I'm wanted for murder."

Since he couldn't convince her to the contrary, Gilliland asked police to look him up until they could verify his story.

The unusual situation arose from a story in a detective magazine reviewing a strange case in which Gilliland in 1921 falsely was accused at Granite City, Ill., of the murder of "his wife."

## Girl, 12, Asks Court for Custody Change

Custody of their 12-year-old daughter, which was granted to Wilbur R. Huston, 1450 Worthington St., when he obtained an uncontested divorce from her two years ago, is asked of court of domestic relations by the former Mrs. Jane M. Huston, now Mrs. Edwin C. Wilcox, 749 E. Columbus St.

Mrs. Wilcox presented a written application from her child for change of custody.

Snakes keep their eyes open 24 hours each day.


Is your BLOOD PRESSURE like a JUMPING JACK?

50 to 75 points drop in BLOOD PRESSURE

Reported after using D. Gosewisch's Garlic Tablets.

DIZZINESS - NERVOUSNESS - SLEEPLESSNESS are often due to mineral starvation or intestinal putrefaction. D. Gosewisch's Garlic Tablets combat and relieve deficiency ailments effectively by supplying vital minerals and purifying the blood stream of toxins. Made of cultivated garlic, D. Gosewisch's Garlic Tablets are equally palatable, chewed or swallowed and give results impossible to obtain from garlic in any other form. No fear of WHIFFS or SNIFFS. Absolutely guaranteed. One month's supply $1.00. A "20% saving coupon" in each box. Sold at Herpich's, Liggett's, Gray's and Walgreen Drug Stores.

• Refuse adulterated obnoxious substitutes. •



Loans ON YOUR OWN Signature

Make application for a loan on YOUR OWN SIGNATURE today. All details may be arranged in a few brief minutes and only the borrower need know of the loan. Come in, write or telephone today.

The CITY FINANCE COMPANY

5 E. LONG ST. ROOM 204 HEYL-LONG BUILDING AD. 7751

# Pursuing "Panamas" to Their Lair

Continued from Page 28.

shredding. From the broad leaves we saw fine palm straws being combed, long as the silken tails of groomed horses. The damp air of Monte Christi keeps them from becoming dry, the fog from the Pacific constantly keeps the air humid while the weavers are at work. I had heard that the finest hats were made under water, but when I mentioned it the commandante said that that was just a fish story. A good hat couldn't be made under water, he said, because the wet straw would swell and no weaver could do anything but a flimsy job with it. No, the humidity of Monte Christ and the fog-swept coast was the perfect workshop.

### The Under Water Myth.

We went from house to house, saw hats in all stages. The handful of Jippijappa straw obtained by the weaver from his own palms, or advanced to him by one of the hat merchants, is carefully analyzed, measured and matched. Then the exact amount of long threads which will be necessary to complete the hat are selected, laid on a flat table so that their centers cross like the spokes of a wheel. First they are interlaced to form the hub of the hat, the small circular center of the crown. Originally buyers thought that the quality of a hat was to be judged by the fineness and the number of concentric circles of its beginning—more rings meant a better hat, less rings a cheaper one—but that is no longer true. "Our people are not fools!" the commandante proudly explained. "If the outsiders will pay more for a lot of crown rings than they will for a few, we'll oblige—our wavers will put plenty of rings in the top!"

The number of rings actually has nothing to do with the quality of the finished hat. The quality depends first upon the fineness of the straw, the close weaving and the design of the weaving. The best hat makers are able to weave so perfectly that every thread of straw becomes a line in a geometrically perfect design. "Here!" he said, stopping at a dark-eyed girl who, having woven the crown of a new hat, "Look at this hat! See the absolutely perfect design which the woven straw makes. She's been at work six weeks on crown alone. It will be another six weeks before the hat is finished. This is a perfect hat!"

"Quanta costa?" I said to the smiling senorita, as a matter of introduction. I wouldn't be able to wait six weeks for it, but, when finished, it would certainly be a work of art, fine as damask, as light as a feather. She shrugged her slender shoulders, smiled quizzically. "No sei!" she replied. "I do not sell hats. This one I make for the patrone. He knows about prices."

And that I found to be true in every weaver's house. No one would mention a price. The patrone, the major hat buyer, was the man I should talk to if I wanted to buy a hat. They were hat weavers. He looked after the business end. They'd talk weaving and stop their work to show me anything I wanted to know about the art and craftsmanship of hat making, but prices—well that was the patrone's job. So I hunted the patrone. I found him but he looked more like a surgeon, dressed in fresh white operating room coat and rubber gloves, than a business man.

"Buenas dias!" I greeted him. "Good morning, senor, I want to buy a Jippijappa hat!"

"A thousand sorrows!" he said. He was very sad, but not one hat did he have to sell. The shelves of his highly decorated office were lined with Panamas—I mean Jippijappas—but still he insisted that he didn't have a single hat to sell me.

"Sombreros, sombreros, sombreros!" I said running my eye for the fourth time over his shelves. "You have hundreds of hats here! My size is 7½."

### Wanted One for $10.

"But, a thousand sorrows," he insisted. "All these hats are for people who ordered them six months ago . . . people in your North America, people in England, people in Europe. If the senor places his order I will have a hat for him, in three months. I'll rush it through for him."

"Kind of hard to buy a hat in the country!" Mulligan whispered. He got out the governor's letter and showed it ceremoniously to the Patrone. The Patrone read it once and then again. He held a conference with another man in a back room, I could hear their voices in deep discussion. When he came out into the larger room he was beaming. Such a thing was very unusual, he said, but the letter said that I was a very unusual visitor to Ecuador. I could have any hat I wanted, and he would reduce the price to the rock bottom—I would pay practically nothing for it!

I selected a beauty.

"Just $200!" the Patrone said. "For only $200 I'll give this one to the Senor Norte Americano! A bargain!"

I put it back on the shelf in a hurry. I had thought of spending maybe $8 or $9 per hat. I scratched my head. The Patrone rolled up a hat, took off his finger ring and slid the hat through the ring dramaticilly. "Here's the hat the senor should have. A hat like this the Prince of Wales has. A hat like this Mr. Hoover has. A hat like this the Maharajah of Indore has. Four hundred and fifty dollars, specially for the senor. It will last a life time!"

"Caramba what a hat!" I explained feebly. "But haven't you got a hat for—about $10?"

He looked at me in amazement. His eyes almost wept. He had thought I was a very big, a very important man—and here I was, after all he was trying to do for me, talking about a $10 hat! "Oh," he said after wanly shaking his head, "The senor wants only a Jippijappa ordinario?"

"Ordinary or not," I mumbled, "that's all I can afford. Two hats for $20 dollars, wholesale.

"The Japanese make hats for $1.50 each!" he observed as he ordered a small boy to get from a dark shelf a big cardboard box. "Maybe the senor would like to buy a Japanese hat?"

"I want a Jippijappa or nothing!" I insisted rather loudly, and I must have looked very upset, very angry, for the commandante, entering, hastened to extend his services, hastened to ask if I was having any trouble. The commandante wanted

Continued on Page 34.


PREFERRED CLEANING FOR EASTER!

Men and women who have compared notes with their friends have come to one conclusion: There's a difference in quality in Ohio Curtis Cleaning. They feel crisp and fresh and possess that handsome "new" look.

(QUALITY WORK — NOT PRICE APPEAL.)

*"Our Trucks Cover the City Twice Daily."*

CLEANERS The Ohio Curtis Co. INC. DYERS

PLANT AND OFFICE

1186 Bonham Ave. UN. 1122.

BETTER HOMES *for* BETTER LIVING

"Come home"—to a home that's **bright, modern, artistic and in good repair!** You'll find that it will contribute much to your **enjoyment of life** and help to create **BETTER LIVING** for every member of your family. Liberal F.H.A. loan terms, including **CONVENIENT MONTHLY REPAYMENTS,** can be arranged through **ANY** office of The Ohio National Bank . . . at **only $5 discount per year per $100 borrowed.**

Such loans are made for a variety of home improvements. F.H.A. home modernization loans will expire March 31st and no indication of an extension has been given . . . so we suggest that you come in at once **and have your loan approved.** (Work can be done now or later, as you wish.) Call at any of our 12 banking offices.

HOME *Improvement* LOANS *in any of our* **12** *Banking Offices*

**LINCOLN OFFICE**
1025 Mt. Vernon Ave.
R. B. PERKINS, Manager.

**HILLTOP OFFICE**
2374 West Broad Street.
CURTIS G. WILCOX, Manager.

**WEST SIDE OFFICE**
642 West Broad Street.
R. J. EYERMAN, Manager.

**HIGH-BUTTLES OFFICE**
719 North High Street.
M. A. CORWIN, Manager.

**STEELTON OFFICE**
1873 Parsons Avenue.
GLENN E. SCHWEMLEY, Manager.

**UNIVERSITY OFFICE**
1601 North High Street.
C. C. PRUITT, Manager.

**LINDEN OFFICE**
2507 Cleveland Avenue.
WILLIAM T. DURRETT, Manager.

**CLINTONVILLE OFFICE**
3296 North High Street.
H. L. BALLINGER, Manager.

**MILLER-MAIN OFFICE**
1433 East Main Street.
FRED F. HORCH, Manager.

**GRANDVIEW OFFICE**
1255 Grandview Avenue.
WILLARD C. YOUNG, Manager.

**HIGH-TOWN OFFICE**
S. W. Cor. High and Town Sts.

**CITIZENS OFFICE**
S. W. Cor. High and Gay Sts.

The Ohio National Bank

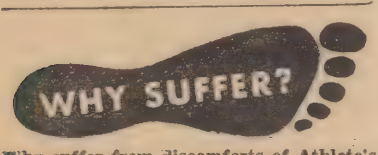
Member Federal Reserve System

AFFILIATED WITH BANCOHIO CORPORATION

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

*"Our Strength Your Protection"*






Why suffer from discomforts of Athlete's Foot, or other foot ailments such as Eczema, Odor, Burning and Itching sensation, Perspiring Feet, Bruises and Cracked Skin? Get quick relief by using EX-ITCH. Every box sold with a money-back guarantee. C. O. D. orders accepted or send name and address with $1.00 or money order today. EX-ITCH CO., P. O. Box 27, Station K, New York City, N. Y.

FELLOW Main Stemmers, shake hands wies EMERSON E. SANDUSKY, district manager of the International Accountants Society, Inc. The society is a correspondence school designed to train accountants for executive positions and to prepare them for the Certified Public Accountant examinations. Mr. Sandusky has been at the helm of the local office since the first of November. Born in Columbus, Emerson attended public schools, graduating from Central High School. Shortly after he received his diploma, he accepted a position in the city water department. It was soon thereafter that Sandusky entered the insurance field. He sold various types of insurance for the next 10 years. The multitude of friends encountered during those years and the enviable record Emerson compiled as a salesman led to his selection as the key man in the Columbus office for the accounting firm. His hob-

*EMERSON E. SANDUSKY.*
*Loves Lodge Labors.*

bies are fishing and lodge work. Whenever the Masons or the Woodmen of the World undertake a new project, they can assure its success by assigning a portion of it to E. S. Sandusky. He is a nephew of Jacob Sandusky, Franklin County sheriff. He is married and lives at 936 Miller Ave.

* * *

A TRUE knight of the main drag is JACK McCALLISTER. Of course, you know Jack, former manager of the Cleveland Indians. "It seems there were two ball players—". So starts one of his endless stories. He can tell yarns of the diamond for hours without repeating himself. He can give you the inside dope on how the Indians won that great world series, their only one, from Brooklyn back in 1920. Jack is a baseball man through and through. He's played it, watched it, managed it, coached it and now he's scouting it. His present connection is with the Boston Bees of the National League. Baseball without Jack McCallister would seem as

*JACK McCALLISTER*
*Knows and Likes Baseball.*

quaint as Jack McCallister without a tale of baseball on his lips. But Jack spends his winters here in Columbus, his home, working out at the Y and associating with cronies, old and young. Jack delves into a little handball and volley ball now and then (that waistline, you know). He isn't expert at either, but boy, what a good time he has. If you ask Jack what his hobby is he'll tell you baseball. If you ask him if he has any other he's apt to reply, "Yes—baseball." That's just like Jack, always sticking to his story.

* * *

MEET Main Stemmer ROLLIE FOSTER who is quite busy preparing his Hi-Chestnut alleys for the onslaught of the City Bowling Tournament which will start Saturday night, Mar. 13. Rollie is a genuine Main Stemmer, too. He's been in Columbus for lo, these

*ROLLIE FOSTER*
*Busy Fella.*

12 long years and he's been associated with bowling all this while. Our subject first saw the light of day (rather dimly, for it was early morning) in Delaware, O. That was some time ago, of course, but propriety doesn't permit of the revelation as to how many. He attended high school in Sunbury and while there was a right halfback on the football team. Returning to Delaware, Rollie went into the bowling business. He succeeded and was brought to Columbus. His last previous connection to his present post was with Mike Adams at the Palace. He stayed there until the smoke of the big Palace fire ran him out. Taking over the reins of the Hi-Chestnut establishment, Rollie made an instant hit and has drawn countless bowlers to his popular alleys. But don't try to stop him on the street nowadays for all you'll get for your trouble is, "See me about it later—busy—city tournament!"


**MEN! WOMEN!**
**GLANDS?**
**NEED HELP?**
**MONEY BACK STIMULATORS GIVE NEW HOPE**

Men and women who are handicapped and embarrassed by premature "old age," weak, failing sex glands need this help. Blended by science into a safe but powerful formula called Grand Mogul Pellets are special ingredients gathered from all parts of the world and best known for their sex gland stimulating effect. Often "hopeless" cases stimulated after all else failed. Offered only on guarantee that if results don't delight you, return remaining pellets within 7 days and money will be refunded. Two weeks' supply introduced at $1 (3 boxes $2.00). If C. O. D., postage extra. Write for Grand Mogul Pellets today. Prove their marvelous sex gland stimulating power yourself. You test at our risk. Address
**Prooven Remedies Co., Dept. T-8, Irving Park Station, Chicago, Ill.**



# Numbers by Evalyn

**30 Hits in February—339 in 1936. This system has been the leader for more than two years. Pythagorean system of Numerology used in all calculations. WARNING—I have no agents. Send 25c and return postage for your birthdate number and get two (one for each house) Red Specials Free. Must have full correct birthdate. Quick return service.**

**EVALYN**

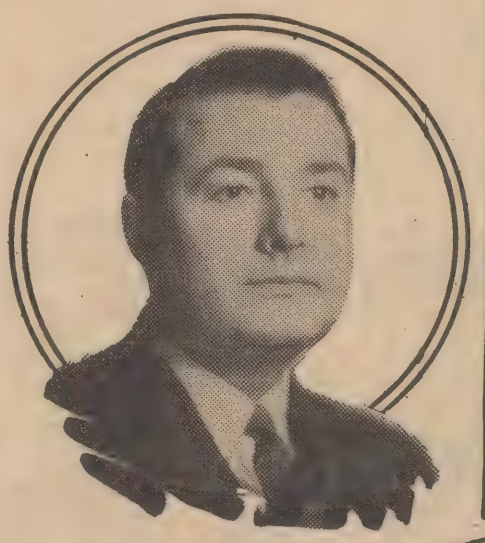
**147 W. Sixth Ave. (2½ blocks east of Neil). Columbus, Ohio.**
**Special information and phone service for all who call in person.**
**All personal calls, one dollar.**

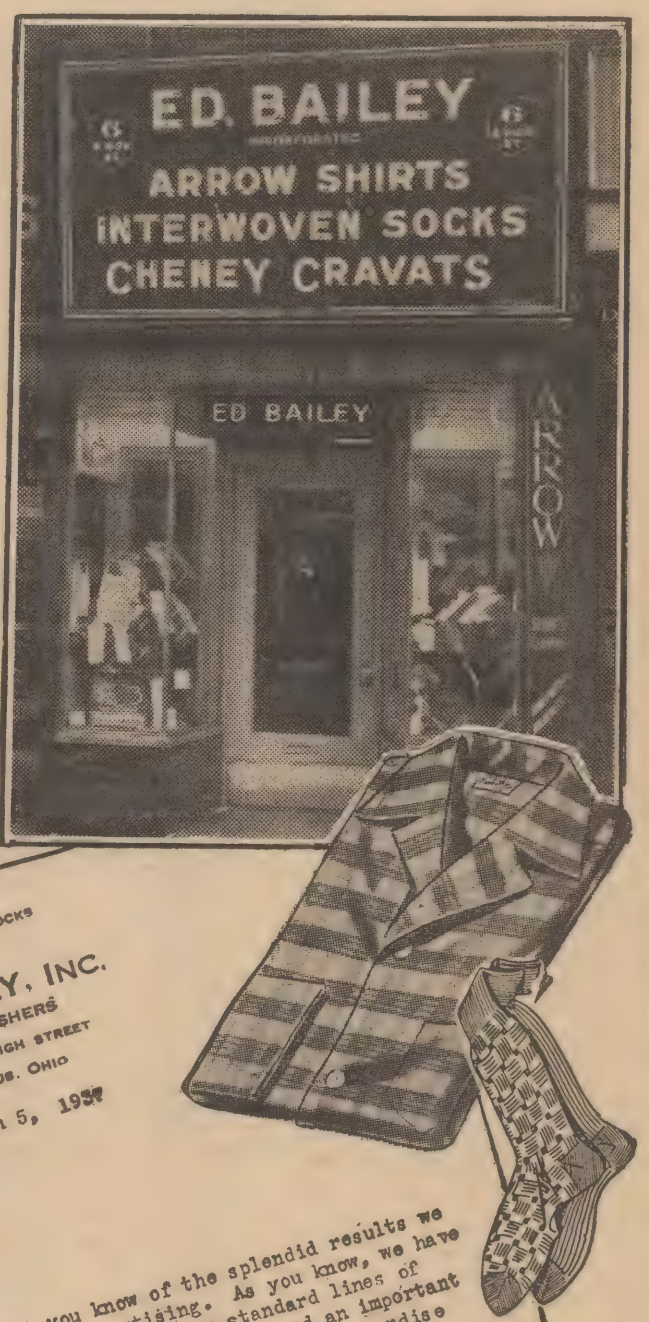


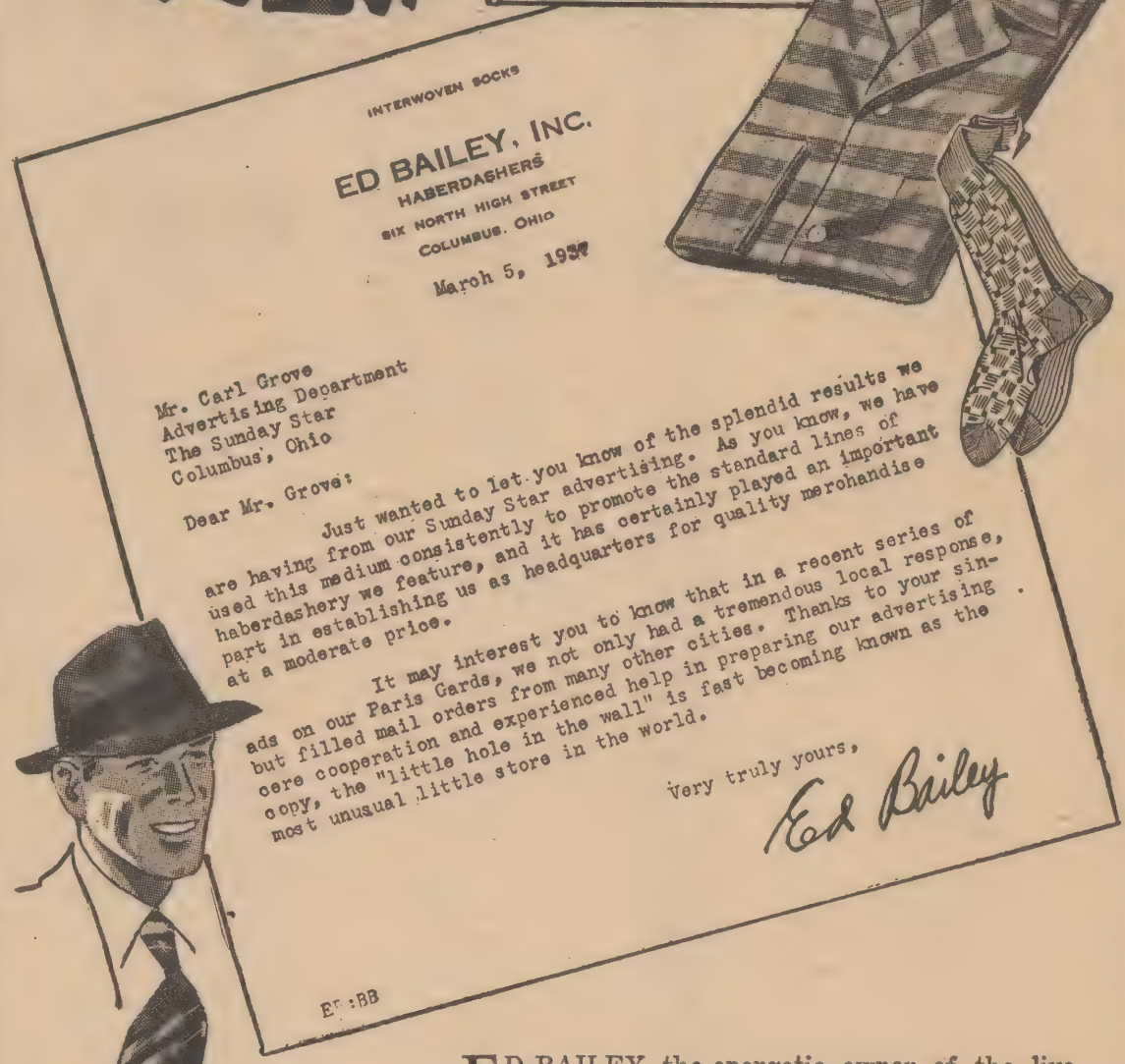
# GOING TO TOWN

*with the*

# SUNDAY STAR







INTERWOVEN SOCKS
ED BAILEY, INC.
HABERDASHERS
SIX NORTH HIGH STREET
COLUMBUS, OHIO
March 5, 1937
Mr. Carl Grove
Advertising Department
The Sunday Star
Columbus, Ohio
Dear Mr. Grove:
Just wanted to let you know of the splendid results we are having from our Sunday Star advertising. As you know, we have used this medium consistently to promote the standard lines of haberdashery we feature, and it has certainly played an important part in establishing us as headquarters for quality merchandise at a moderate price.
It may interest you to know that in a recent series of ads on our Paris Gards, we not only had a tremendous local response, but filled mail orders from many other cities. Thanks to your sincere cooperation and experienced help in preparing our advertising copy, the "little hole in the wall" is fast becoming known as the most unusual little store in the world.
Very truly yours,
Ed Bailey
ED:BB

ED BAILEY, the energetic owner of the live little store, says "his results from Star advertising were tremendous—that his business came not alone from Columbus—but from all over Central Ohio"—

**Bailey for several months has used the major portion of his advertising in The Sunday Star.**

He is one of many astute merchants who have found The Star, with its better than 100,000 circulation, can move merchandise and put dollars in the cash drawer.

THE STAR IS THE BEST ADVERTISING BUY IN COLUMBUS TODAY

COLUMBUS SUNDAY 5¢ STAR
A PICTURE NEWSPAPER

# A TOUGH GUY

## Sunday Star Short Story

By EDGAR A. CUSTER.

SHOOTER BILL had a job on his hands. Yesterday at a meeting of high railroad officials he had boasted rather indiscreetly concerning the power and efficiency of the new compound locomotive which the works had sent to the Big Six Railroad for trial and test.

Ordinarily, Bill was very conservative in his statements, but Greist, the chief road foreman of engines, had been so skeptical that Bill went up in the air and demanded a trainload far in excess of what he originally had intended.

This would not have been especially serious had it not been made in the presence of a couple of vice presidents, a general manager, several division superintendents and a number of highly trained locomotive experts. They took him up in indecent haste and now beyond any chance of retreat the locomotive was saddled with an undertaking that, in the opinion of the railroad officials, verged on the impossible.

**The Cast of Characters in "A Tough Guy."**
BILL, a trouble shooter.
GREIST, chief road foreman of engines.
JOE SUFFOLK, the works' crack engineer.

Bill was not happy when he told the news to Joe Suffolk, the works crack engineer, but Joe took it rather philosophically. "All we need is a little luck and good weather. We'll beat the stack off the old girl," he said.

But there was more than a hint of snow in the air the next morning. Heavy clouds were lowering in the west when the 800-ton compound, with the dynamometer car in tow, backed over the switches, ran down the ladder track and coupled up to the train.

The locomotive was wired and strapped and equipped with scientific instruments until she could not make an unrecorded move. Test engineers swarmed over her, pried into her innermost secrets, laid bare her most intimate parts—not a shred of maidenly modesty left.

A Big Six engineer was at the throttle, a Big Six fireman twiddled the pump and stoker valves. Once the test started the locomotive was entirely in the hands of the railroad men. Bill and Joe were relegated to the role of observers only.

* * *

The long train clattered over the switches into the flat reaches that stretched toward the western hills. The engineer was picking up speed as each mile brought them nearer the first of the heavy grades. A sweeping curve between high embankments and the grade opened out toward a gap in the mountain range.

As the train plunged into the grade, the engineer stood up and drew back the throttle. Instantly the engine leaped into frenzied effort. There was a wild confusion of sound that reverberated over the hills, gradually steadying down to a rhythmic beat and a great orchestra was playing. The roaring exhust beating the tempo—the deep diapason of groaning and straining couplings, the high-pitched piccolo shrill of flanges against rails, the sharp pizzacato of wheels on rail joints, the drum roll of treads on steel flung back from granite walls—a cacophonous symphony of triumphant labor.

Dead ahead, the lowering clouds were meeting the mountain crests and spreading a gossamer curtain of snow that silvered the slopes. Vagrant gusts snatched at the advancing storm and long white tendrils raced swiftly between the embankments. In the near distance, leafless trees swayed and were blotted out.

*Greist swiftly wheeled a baggage truck to the side of the engine and with the help of numerous volunteers, lifted the snow-covered figure from the running board. Joe's face was ghastly, his lips blue.*

Suddenly the air turned to ice, there was a breathless calm and then the storm swooped down, howling, shrieking, beating against the moving train. Snow-laden fingers clutched at the car ends, tugging and twisting, flinging masses of snow under the wheels. The terrific blasts seemed to stagger the compound, but the engineer was sanding the rails and she doggedly drove into the murk.

Back in the dynamometer car four men sat looking out into the storm, the division superintendent, the engineer of tests, Bill and Greist, the unbeliever. Bill had put on his poker face and was smoking, apparently oblivious to the storm. Joe Suffolk was riding the engine. Greist turned to Bill.

"Tough to get this storm just now. We are on one of the heaviest grades. Hard luck," he said.

Bill nodded.

"I mean it," continued Greist. "I've seen enough of this engine to revise my opinion of yesterday, but 4200 tons is a whale of a load in any weather. I hope the storm will blow out before we get to Nittany grade; it's the heaviest on the division."

"If you don't think you can make it, we can shift out eight or 10 cars before we come to Nittany," volunteered the superintendent. "No one would think any the worse considering this storm."

Bill shook his head decisively. "How's she doing?" he called to the table operator.

"Eighteen miles an hour, 350 pounds of steam," he answered.

"We have a pound or two in reserve, see? We'll make a stab at it." And Bill settled back in his chair. There was a good bit of the mule in Bill.

The compound roared steadily in the teeth of the storm, flinging aside masses of snow, shooting up a column of black smoke which the gale beat down in a welter of snow and smoke that hid the swaying cars. Not once slackening speed, the engine took the last curve, rolled over the summit and came to a panting stop at the water plug.

The indicator operators hastily dropped off the front end, half frozen and covered with snow.

"Can't do a thing out there," one of them said as they climbed into the dynamometer car. "The shelters are blocked solid with snow. No one could live in that gale."

"All right," said the chief operator. "Thaw out a bit and spell off the coal handlers on the tender." The lads grinned ruefully. The tender was no great improvement over the front end.

Bill and Greist went forward where Joe and the engineer were filling the grease cups. Bill motioned Suffolk to him. "How's that engineer?"

"He's all right, he's good," said Joe.

"Warn him about slipping when we come to the Nittany grade. If she ever lets go with this train, she'll jump over the moon."

"I filled the sand box up to the lid before we started," grinned Joe.

"Well, we came up that hill all right. She didn't even get red in the face," exulted the engineer.

Greist laughed and he and Bill went back to the dynamometer car. The fireman swung back the water pipe and clanged down the tank funnel lid. The engineer blew five long whistle blasts and waited for the starting signal. "Fifteen miles of down grade and then our work will be cut out for us good and plenty," he told Joe.

The 15 miles were passed quickly, although the snow was coming down with increasing violence. Joe was getting a bit worried. There were 12 miles of snow-laden grade just ahead, a grade complicated with heavy curves and open stretches where the wind had an unobstructed sweep. The snow was packing between the guard rail and drifting over the tracks, making a slippery rail. So long as the speed kept up there was but slight danger of slipping, but he knew the speed would drop when the hard pull came. He had warned the engineer and now stood behind him as they went into the grade.

The effect of the deeper snow was being felt. The engineer was standing up industriously sanding the rails while he kept opening the throttle and dropping down the power reverse lever. Slowly the speed dropped. Now the engineer had the throttle wide open, the power reverse in the forward corner.

"We are on the heaviest grade now," the engineer shouted back to Joe. "If we keep this up for another mile or two, we'll make it!"

* * *

The speed was down to nine miles, eight, seven and hung uncertainly there. Joe leaned out of the gangway and watched the driving wheels. They were gripping the sanded rails desperately, the huge main rod trembling and quivering with the power of over 4000 horses behind it, relentlessly driving them forward. The whole engine was shuddering with effort, each exhaust a deafening, snarling roar.

Joe stepped back and wiped the snow from his face. The test operators were jotting down data, entirely oblivious to everything but their work. The engineer leaned forward and tried the gauge cocks. He turned a smiling face to Joe and raised a hand in triumphant salute—and at that instant as if sensing the absence of a restraining hand, the engine let go!

There was a thunderous roar, the engine seemed to leap into the air as the wheels spun around at an amazing speed, the side rods a silvery blur, hundreds of tons of whirling steel, wrenching, tearing twisting!

In a flash the engineer slammed shut the throttle valve and with one hand on the lever, the other on the sander, stood tense, waiting. His time would come when the steam in the pipes was exhausted and that infinitestimal interval before a complete stop was at hand. He must catch the engine there or stall on the grade. If he missed fire the chances were remote of getting started again. It meant cutting the train in two and taking it over in sections—a complete failure.

But he caught it deftly and surely. Just as the wheels were about to stop, he threw on the sander and as the wheels bit, he opened the throttle. There came a surge, an easing of the throttle, another surge and then a long hoarse cough at the smoke stack.

Back in the dynamometer car, the effect of the slipping came with stunning suddenness. The apparatus jiggled and rattled in hopeless confusion. The table operator cut out the instruments. Bill and Greist started forward, but realizing there was nothing they could do, sank back in their chairs.

With the first steady strain Bill sighed in relief. They had weathered a terrific slip and were on the way again. With the coming of the storm he had been bitterly regretting his hasty boast of the day before. Now he was having the beginning of a feeling of elation. He was not ready to burst into loud rejoicings, for they were still on the grade. Anything might happen. Greist was hanging over the speed indicator.

"Look at it! Look at it! Climbing right up from a dead stop! Never saw anything like it!" he shouted excitedly.

Bill got Suffolk on the engine phone. "Everything all right?" he asked.

"I think so," Joe answered. "We got a pretty good shaking up, but there seems to be no damage. I'll take a look-see over the front end."

"Take care of yourself, Joe. It's nasty weather. Play safe."

"Right-o!" and Joe hung up.

* * *

Bill sat down mightily content,

Continued on Page 34.


**DREAMS**

Do your dreams puzzle you? Do you wonder what they mean? Our dreams have a deep and powerful meaning. Don't belittle or be ashamed of your dreams. Modern Analysis explains dreams truly. Send 10c for absorbingly interesting 60 page book, profusely illustrated. Enrich your own life and relations with loved ones through understanding of your secret thoughts, hopes, fears, ambitions. We guide you free.

DR. TUTT MFG. CO.,
B-73 Warren St., New York.



**Does the Truth Pay?**

**Compare These Ads**

**BUNKO**

Amazing brand NEW discovery. Has cured Billions of sufferers of EVERYTHING from falling hair, Rheumatism, high or low blood pressure, overweight, underweight to ingrown toe nails. Will make Pappy as active as the man on the flying trapeze. "BUNKO" was discovered after countless years of dangerous travel into wild jungles and hitherto unentered caverns of the earth. BUNKO is made from mysterious herbs, spouting geysers and volcanic eruptions. We don't know what is in it ourselves but we guarantee that BUNKO will dash to any ailing part of your body, and will engage in deadly combat with whatever kind of germs may be pestering you. "Forget all old established remedies, and get on the band wagon with "BUNKO."

**SISSON'S FORMULA No. 1**

is NOT a new discovery. It has been tried and proven for sixteen years.

It is recommended ONLY for Rheumatic conditions due to excess or Crystalized Uric Acid.

It is scientifically prepared by a competent Pharmacist in a real laboratory.

$1.00, $2.00 and $5.00 sizes.

SISSON'S FORMULA No. 2, a fine laxative, $1.00.

SISSON'S FORMULA No. 3, a wonderful Diuretic, $1.00.

Detailed information mailed upon request without obligation.

Sisson's Formula Home Office, 2431 N. High St. Phone LA. 3413.

**"Barnum Was No Fool, He Was a Philosopher"**

# "A Tough Guy"---Short Story

Continued From Page 33.

The train was steadily mounting the grade. A few miles and there would be a long stretch of easy running into the terminal. It would take something more than a blizzard to hold them up now. He was glad he had Joe in the cab; there was no better man on an engine than that same Joe Suffolk.

The division superintendent had been peering out into the storm. Ghostly trees took form and faded into the murk of driving snow and smoke. Telegraph poles plastered white on the storm side, the lee side a dull black, came swiftly and as swiftly disappeared. A muffled figure in the shelter of a toolhouse waved a snow-encrusted arm.

"We are over the top. Listen to her picking up," he said.

Forward in the engine cab, Joe Suffolk wrapped a woolen scarf around his neck and turned up the woolen collar of his sheep wool-lined leather coat. He drew on a pair of one-fingered mittens and climbed out on the running board. Clinging to the hand rail, he leaned over and scanned every inch of the running gear.

He was well forward peering at the valve motion when he heard a deep grunt followed by heavy moans from the cylinders. Instantly he knew that the lubricating system had failed, the cylinders and valves were running dry. The life blood of the mechanism had been cut off and the oilless pistons and valves were shrieking their protest.

There was no time to be lost if the engine was to be saved. Swiftly he flung himself over the boiler and dropped down on the left side running board. Sprawled flat on the narrow shelf he leaned over where he could see the lubricator.

One glance was enough. The terrific speed of the flying mechanism when the engine slipped had broken the operating lever. Only about four inches of the lever remained on the pump shaft.

Joe inched forward and with some stretching found he could reach the four-inch fragment. He gave it a few tentative strokes to see if it was working and then pumped frantically.

The cylinders were groaning and chattering, the speed slackening, but with the first jets of oil, the chattering died down and the tempo quickened. Joe pumped until he was sure the valves and cylinders were well lubricated and then sat up on the running board. He unwound the woolen scarf, passed it over his nose and ears, behind his head, and tucked it into the front of his jacket.

He was preparing as best he could for the work he knew was ahead of him. Even in that short interval the cylinders had again started their hideous groaning and he realized that with the short lever he could not get a full stroke. He would have to pump continuously to keep up the lubrication. Again he sprawled full length in the narrow runway, snuggled his head deeper in the fur collar and started the monotonous grind.

The country was more open now, the snow drifting into the cuts. The speeding engine drove through the drifts, the pilot sending up clouds of snow that plastered the cab front with a solid coating of white, packed against the jog where the running board rose over the Worthington pump ahead of which Joe lay.

Streamers of snow found lodgement in his clothes and soon he was covered with a white mantle. It was not uncomfortable, as when it thickened it was a protection against the wind. But the strain was stiffening his muscles and cramping pains shot through his legs and back. When he stretched for relief, the covering broke and the wind whipped the fragments away. Icy spears seared the flesh. After that he forced himself to lie quiet and ignore the cramps. He was glad when the storm flung a fresh covering over him.

Mile after mile the engine drove into the storm, the front packed solid with snow. The figure on the running board was an irregular mound out of which an arm swung back and forth, back and forth. It was hard to keep from fighting the lever, harder to resist the impulse to hurry than to do the actual work. There must be an even stroke, one stroke to each revolution of the wheels, 240 strokes to the mile.

God! There were 30 miles ahead! There was no thought of stopping, the lifeblood must be kept flowing. Once it stopped, disaster would come surely and swiftly—cylinders shattered, the running gear wrecked.

A numbing chill was creeping over his body. A feeling of complete mental and physical exhaustion pressed down like a heavy pall. It seemed to take every ounce for each stroke—a monstrous pull, an agonizing push, over and over, endless. Every nerve was twanging in exquisite agony, unbearable, and suddenly all sensation left the body—only the fighting instinct remained. The storm might rage and buffet, pile masses of snow over him but the senseless arm swung back and forth, back and forth, one stroke for each revolution, 240 strokes for each long, long mile.

Back in the dynamometer car there was much rejoicing. Bill, Greist, the super and the test engineer were talking over the marvelous run.

"If she can take 4200 tons over the division in this weather, what can she do in the summer?" the super trumpeted.

"I don't know what she can pull in summer weather, but I know what would happen to her if you transportation fellows had her," grinned Greist. "You'd be piling cars on her until we could not see the caboose and we'd be pulling out drawbars all over the road." Everyone laughed, the super as heartily as the rest.

"Now look at her," continued Greist. "Our own men running her, the first time they ever handled such an engine, and can you imagine any other engine running as sweetly and easily as she is?"

"Say, young fellow," the super speaking, "why do they call you Shooter Bill? You're not a tommy gun addict, are you?"

"No; a young cub in the works called me a trouble shooter and now I get nothing but Shooter Bill. Some of these days I'll find a job and then I'll be just plain Bill. I thought for a while I was up against it today, but the old girl did herself proud."

"Nothing to it, nothing to it," chanted the test engineer. "We are coming into the yard."

"Stop at the station," said the super. "I'm hungry and I reckon the rest of you are too."

"I'm ready to put on the nose bag," chortled Bill.

* * *

The train slackened speed as they passed long lines of freight cars on the siding. Workmen were clearing snow from the station platform when they rolled to a stop. The men piled out of the dynamometer car and hurried forward.

"Where's Suffolk?" Bill called to the engineer.

"He went forward just before we topped Nittany grade," he replied.

Greist coming up on the left side saw him first. Out of a mound of snow on the running board an arm swung back and forth in measured strokes, beating time to motionless wheels, pumping oil long after the need for oil had passed. It was an uncanny sight and the crowd that gathered at Greist's shout stared in amazement.

Greist swiftly wheeled a baggage truck to the side of the engine and with the help of numerous volunteers, lifted the snow covered figure from the running board. Joe's face was ghastly, his lips blue.

"Take him into the infirmary," the super called.

There the white coated interne swiftly stripped off the snowy coat and scarf and applied a stethoscope. Joe stirred and tried to set up. The interne shoved his stethoscope into his coat pocket.

"Sheer exhaustion; he's all in," he said. "I'll give him a little whisky and water and he'll be all right in a jiffy." Joe struggled to a sitting position, heavy eyed, a bit dazed.

"No water!" he croaked.

Greist went out to the engine and examined the broken force feed pump. It took no deep thinking to tell him what had happened and he came back to the dispensary marveling. Joe was sipping his second drink of neat whisky and was calling for a smoke.

Greist stared at him intently and turned away.

"He's certainly one tough guy!" he said.

THE END.

# Society by the Debutante

Continued From Page 19.

esses . . . Elaine Byrne. Who, may I ask, has entertained more frequently or more charmingly than Elaine during the past year? It seemed that almost every day when I glanced through the society pages she was having a party in honor of this person or that. And now that she and John are betaking themselves off to Iowa to live, their friends say they simply DON'T know how they'll ever get along without them. Professor John, I'm told, will take over some sort of a radio engineering position.

* * *

I ran smack into Ted Brindle downtown the other day and he looked fitter than any fiddle that ever was. While snowflakes melted on my tightly-buttoned coat, he regaled me with how he positively SOAKED up sunshine on his recent Florida trip. No, there just isn't ANY justice! I grind my teeth to think of it.

* * *

### Floor Show for Dance.

Not to boast . . . but I gave you the first tip on the "home talent" floor show for the St. Mary's Easter ball some time ago. Now everyone knows about it . . . and they're clamoring for MORE news. Well, did you know it was thunk up in the beginning by that same group of St. Mary's graduates who have had such clever ideas as the Apple Blossom Festivals and so forth? Remember the first festival, held at Molly Brown's (Mrs. Jack Caren, now)? It was Kathleen (Mrs. Lewis) Hausman who first suggested having the girls put on their own floor show. And put it on they will with dance numbers ranging from 1895 to 1937 . . . a dance representative of every five years. I'm particular anxious to see the chorus' interpretation of 1900's square

Continued on Next Page.

# Pursuing Genuine 'Panamas'

Continued From Page 31.

the governor to be told by me on my return to Guayaquil, he explained, that he had taken great care of the distinguished guest. If the patrone had done anything I didn't like, he'd put him in jail!

"Far from such a thing," I said; "the Patrone has just offered to let me have his very best hat for only a poor $10!" I reached over and took another beautiful example of Monte Christi's art. Sweat was pouring out from the Patrone's forehead. Mulligan had gone out to tinker with the plane but coming in suddenly he stopped in his tracks. "He looks like he's having a fit!" he whispered to me. "What's going on?"

"I am just buying a hat," I said in English holding up my selection. "I guess we had better get to the plane and get out of here as soon as possible!"

But I didn't take the hat away with me, for $10. The Patrone was a very nice man—but he loved Jippijappa hats, he wrung his hands and lectured to me about the months of time the pobre muchacha had spent toiling to make such woven perfection, about the number of years the hats would last, about the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity which faced me to have something for my head all men would admire and envy. I'm a pushover for any good salesman. I found myself getting out my checkbook and before I knew it I was writing a check for 60 hard-earned American dollars!

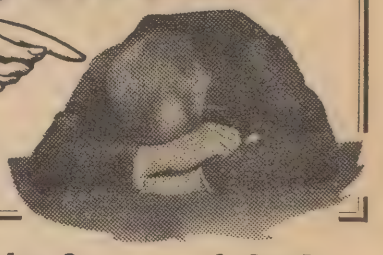
If you see me around your neighborhood this summer I hope you will appreciate the fact that I have on my head a Jippijappa hat that is worth $500! I paid only $60 for it—but then, people who go to the place where things are made get real bargains. Yes, I cut out the middleman's profit, but didn't my wife have a fit.

"You men make me sick!" was the way she worded it. "Always talking about how much women pay for their hats! Sixty dollars for a hat! You just wait until I get back to New York!"

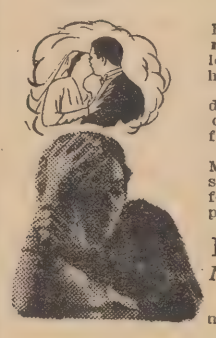
---

A professor at Melbourne, Australia, believes he has unearthed the formula for perfect poison. The potion is made from the skin of frogs.


THIS MAN BUNGLED HIS SEX LIFE



(Until He Discovered the Secrets of Sex!)



He brought misery to himself, **and sadness to his wife!** He married the "best little girl in the world." He thought he knew all there was to be known about **Sex Life in Marriage.** He just laughed at the idea of "learning" the art of love. He thought everything would "just come natural" to him.

But he was wrong. **He was clumsy.** He bungled. He didn't mean to be unkind and inconsiderate, but he was. He didn't know exactly WHAT TO DO and didn't know where to find out.

Fortunately, a good friend told him of "Sex Practice in Marriage" written by a doctor for just those cases. He sent for this great book on FREE TRIAL. He read it free for 5 days (just as you can do). After that he would not part with it.

**DOCTOR TELLS ALL IN PLAIN WORDS!**
***New 3-Way Guide: TELLS, SHOWS, REVEALS!***

**Happiness and joy** have taken the place of fear, distrust, misunderstanding and sexual maladjustment.

Both husband and wife now look upon Sex in a different way entirely! **They have learned the joy it can be.** They have tasted the fine spiritual bond-of-fellowship which is one of life's finest and most intimate experiences.

Instead of quarrels and bickerings and fault-finding, they now travel the smooth road of real companionship. **Their sex life is bringing mutual satisfaction.**

No matter how long YOU have been married, you can learn a great deal from "Sex Practice in Marriage." **Dr. Evans reveals startling truths about the sex relations of men and women.** He uses plain, everyday words. There are no confusing medical terms. To make the text absolutely clear, there are diagrams drawn by a noted specialist showing male and female sex anatomy.

**Nothing Is Omitted or Skimped!**

Dr. Evans writes in a chatty, breezy way that clears away the "mysteries" of sex. He is not long-winded. He does not "beat about the bush."

Once you start reading this fine volume you will not put it down until you have finished it. Then you will read it again and again. **Each time you will discover new facts** that you did not "see" before.

"Sex Practice in Marriage" is not mere theory. It does not lecture you. It does contain practical information **you can use at once.**

**WHAT OTHERS SAY!**

"Dr. Evans, an obstetrician of high professional standing, gives us a brief and entertainingly written guide to sex behavior, with the single aim of making the act of intercourse mentally and physically satisfactory to both persons concerned. His anatomical treatment is exceedingly short, though helped out by some characteristic drawings, contributed by Dr. R. L. Dickinson, the leading authority on sex anatomy, and his physiological and biological discussions are almost equally reduced. What he is interested in is to establish a proper appreciation of sex as an end in itself . . . and to show how this end may be successfully reached, especially in women."—New York Herald Tribune.

**PRACTICAL ADVICE**

"This book contains concentrated practical advice which would have saved many a marriage from going on the rocks . . . Plenty of men think they "know it all," and blunder into the divorce court because they blundered clumsily in marriage and then accused someone else of frigidity."—Scientific American.

"EVANS gives all the advice that anybody needs." — **Journal of the American Medical Association.**

**SEND NO MONEY!**

If you return this coupon within the next 7 days, you will receive a copy of "Sex and the Love Impulse" by J. H. Burns, B. Sc., as a "bonus" book. This will be sent to you at the same time as "Sex Practice in Marriage." **There is no extra charge for the extra book—but you must act promptly to receive it. Return coupon now!**

**FREE—AN EXTRA BOOK, WITHOUT EXTRA COST!**

Do not send any money (unless you prefer). **Just return the coupon.** After you have read "Sex Practice in Marriage" free for 5 days, we will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE a copy of "Sex and the Love Impulse" by J. H. Burns, B. Sc. But you must return the coupon now to get this free book! **So act at once and get 2 books for the price of one!**

FREE IF YOU SEND NOW

**Free Offer Return This Coupon**

READ BOTH FREE

**HEALTHCRAFT GUILD, Dept. 866-S, 247 West 19th St., New York City.**

Send me a FREE copy of SEX AND THE LOVE IMPULSE. Also send for FREE EXAMINATION a copy of SEX PRACTICE IN MARRIAGE. When both books arrive (in plain package) I will deposit with postman only $1.95 and a few cents delivery charge. **(This is the regular published price of Sex Practice in Marriage ALONE.)**

I am to have the privilege of FREE EXAMINATION, and if not ENTIRELY SATISFIED, I may return purchase within five days for FULL REFUND.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

[ ] CHECK HERE if you wish to enclose only $1.95 with this coupon, thus saving delivery charges. **(Same money-back guarantee, of course.)**



**CO-OP CLUB**
**Sensationally Effective!**
**HITS! 311—615—885—949**
**126—457—341 and 960**

Numbers in $5 and $10 Tip Sheets are TABULATED for HOTTEST numbers. We also subscribe for New York $25.00 SINGLE NUMBER SERVICE which is reputed to be on the INSIDE.

YOU get the TWO HOTTEST NUMBERS weekly at the amazingly low membership of 50c per week or 4 weeks for $1.00.

JOIN NOW!

**BOX 552, CO-OP CLUB, COLUMBUS, O.**



**$YOU CAN HAVE LUCK$**

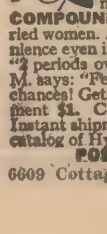
Are you unlucky in Money, Games, Love or Business? You should carry a pair of genuine Mystic "KARMA" Live Highly Magnetic Lodestones. Rare, Amazing, Compelling, Drawing, Karma live Lodestones are carried by occult oriental people as a

**POWERFUL LUCKY CHARM**

One to attract Good Luck, Love, Prosperity and Happiness and the other to prevent Bad Luck, Evil or Misfortune; SPECIAL, only $1.97 for the two with valuable instructions. FREE—Pay Postman $1.97 and 15c postage on delivery. Satisfaction or money refunded. You can be LUCKY! Order yours today. NOTICE! We absolutely guarantee these genuine "KARMA" Lodestones are alive! Just what you want, the real thing—powerful, Highly Magnetic! Get yours NOW.

THE MECCA CO. Dept. C-2
507 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.





**DELAY NEVER WORRIES ME**

Don't be alarmed over delayed, overdue, unnaturally suppressed periods. A new formula—**TRIPLE-X RELIEF COMPOUND** is the *fast-acting, safe* aid to married women. Acts without discomfort or inconvenience even in obstinate cases. Mrs. J. K. writes: "2 periods overdue; relief in one day." Mrs. O. M. says: "Few doses worked fine." Don't take chances! Get this better, quicker help. Full treatment $1. C. O. D. 18c extra. *Why pay more?* Instant shipment in plain, sealed wrapper. Free catalog of Hygiene Articles.

**POSITIVE PRODUCTS CO.**
6609 Cottage Grove, Dept. 35-C, Chicago

# Officers Solve Hamilton Gas Murders

Continued from Page 23.

bedroom outlet could not be located.

### One Revolver Missing.

King was known to possess two revolvers—one of .38 caliber and a .22. The larger pistol was found on the pile of clothing in the barber's machine. There was a partly filled bottle of moonshine whisky on the roof of the machine, too. The smaller revolver was missing.

Had the barber taken it with him to destroy himself? Wednesday night we searched sheds and barns within a radium of a mile from the King house, believing he might have gone into one of them to kill himself.

At the same time, we were not overlooking any bets. We caused five charges of murder to be filed against the missing tonsorial artist, offered a sizeable reward, and caused his picture and description to be broadcast throughout the land.

From daylight until dark Thursday, we dragged the Benninghofen pool, which lay just across the railroad tracks from the King place, and we were preparing to drain it when word came from Chief of Police Willis Kipker at Lima that King had bobbed up there, then disappeared.

King had worked in the barber shop of John Foley at Lima some 10 or 12 years previously. At noon Wednesday — four and one-half hours before the bodies were discovered—King strolled into the shop, sat down, and talked. He appeared entirely normal. The visitor informed Foley he had been working in Akron, quitting that job the day before. There were several men besides Foley in the shop who knew King. They could not be mistaken as to his identity.

We immediately contacted Foley in the hope that King had dropped some hint as to where he was going. He hadn't. Foley told us his former employe had been drinking heavily, and was in a semi-intoxicated condition.

It was now that time became the all-important element in the case. If King reached Lima at noon Wednesday, how did he get there? When did he leave Hamilton? How long would it take gas from two three-eighth inch outlets to asphixiate four children and an adult? When were the death-dealing fumes unloosed?

We set about in an endeavor to find the answers.

### When Was Gas Loosed?

We figured that King did not leave town by automobile. He probably had left his own car in his garage because license plates are so identifying, so personal. He hadn't thumbed his way, because middle-aged men have a tough time teasing a ride any time, especially at night. Then, too, his benefactor would remember.

That left the railroads. There was only one line running direct from Hamilton to Lima. That was the Baltimore & Ohio, whose tracks were so close to his own home. We already had checked the passenger stations of the bus lines and railroads. King hadn't bought a ticket.

So he must have hopped a freight. Ridden blind baggage, perhaps. We went into a huddle with J. F. Cable, B. & O. yardmaster. His last north-bound freight Tuesday night left Hamilton at 8:18. King couldn't have been aboard that, for he was seen playing with his children at 9. The next pulled out of Hamilton at 1:35 a. m. Wednesday. That would have put him in Lima before noon.

Had the gas been unloosed in the King home before 1:35? I called in Detectives Herchel Haines and Oscar Decker and told them what I wanted to know. They measured the rooms of the King home and ascertained that they embraced about 6600 cubic feet.

Our illuminating gas was composed of 67 per cent natural gas piped in from West Virginia, and 33 per cent artificial gas manufactured by the Hamilton Coke & Iron Co., according to Paul Gingerich, chief chemist of the latter concern.

How much of this gas would flow through two three-eights inch outlets in an hour?

It depended on the pressure, Joe Hart, superintendent of the municipal gas and water department,

*The King home in Hamilton was near the B. & O. Railroad tracks, which figured in the case. Neighbors living in the house beyond, and the one this side of the one with the stone-pillared porch, were important witnesses.*

stated. The normal gas pressure was four feet and four ounces which, through a No. 1 Spreng meter such as the one in the King home, would drive 540 cubic feet an hour through two three-eighth inch openings.

But there was a slight drop in the pressure in the Fairview Ave. neighborhood, the flow being about 500 cubic feet an hour. Assuming that the house was tightly closed, and that none of the deadly carbon monoxide fumes escaped, how long could human beings live in the exposure as the CO replaced 6600 cubic feet of pure air?

We obtained several estimates. One hour, said one expert. Four hours, ventured another. At least 12 hours, hazarded a third. And there we were—right back where we had started insofar as ascertaining when the fumes were cut loose.

For a solid year we searched for Charles King. The barber's union, anxious as we were to learn the truth about one of their profession, helped us, and there was probably not a union barber shop in the United States that did not receive King's picture and description.

### Cyst on Head.

We felt sure that King, if he were alive, would be earning his keep at his profession, probably in some small shop far away where he would not contact folks who knew him. He might change his name, he might alter his appearance, but there was one thing we knew he could not get rid of. That was a bump, a cyst, on the top of his head.

Fate plays some odd tricks. Sometimes it seems to possess a ghastly sense of humor. Exactly a year to a day after the King family was gassed, a man dropped into a barber shop at Fairport Harbor for a shave. I have never revealed the name of this person to anyone, and never shall.

Anyhow, while the customer thumbed through a magazine while awaiting his turn in a chair, he let his glance stray toward a certain barber. He looked familiar. And when he bent over the washstand to give his customer a shampoo, the party waiting saw a cyst on the back of his head exactly like Charley King's.

It was the stranger's luck to get into another chair when his turn came. He had no fancy to let the man with the cyst wield a sharp razor on his neck. And he smiled grimly when the latter's conversation with his customer revealed that the man he was "dolling up" was an undertaker.

The next day the man who had dodged the chair of the barber with the cyst at Fairport Harbor walked into my office at Hamilton.

"Are you still looking for Charley King, chief?" he inquired. I almost swallowed my cigar.

"And how," I retorted.

"Well," replied my visitor, "he is working in a barber shop at Fairport Harbor under the name of J. W. Thomas. You'll find him on the second chair."

I got the sheriff of Lake County on the line and told him to grab "Thomas" quick. Then I summoned Detectives Decker and Haines.

"I'm sending you after Charley King," I began.

"Are they running elevators to hades now?" quipped Decker.

Then I told them. They couldn't have been happier if the city fathers had just doubled their salary.

"There's a new cruiser out in the garage, just delivered this morning," I said. "Take that boys, and get going."

Fairport Harbor is as far north in Ohio as Hamilton is south. My men forgot they had a new car—until they burned out a bearing at Columbus and had to borrow another machine to complete the journey.

Haines and Decker found the barber with a cyst in the Lake County jail at Painesville.

### Prisoner Denies Identity.

"Well, ready to return to Hamilton, Charley?" inquired Detective Haines.

"Return is hardly the word," replied the prisoner, gravely. "One cannot return to a place he has never been."

Haines snorted.

"And I suppose you didn't have a wife and five kids?"

"I have never married," came the answer.

"Thomas" made a bad slip when he came to sign the jail register for the personal effects that had been taken from him. He started to write "Charles King." Then he changed it to J. W. Thomas.

The detectives took turns driving on the way back, with their prisoner sitting between them. They didn't even bother to handcuff him. Both were excellent revolver shots, and perhaps they were itching for a break that would give them practice.

When the prisoner reached my office, he was still calling himself Thomas. He even looked blankly into the face of his own brother, a respectable plumber living in our city, and claimed not to know him.

Even when the brother felt the barber's cyst, and told him when and how he got it, the prisoner kept staring straight ahead. Finally I got mad.

"You are a yellow cur, King," I shouted. "You didn't have the nerve to kill yourself after you murdered your wife and those innocent kids."

That broke him.

"I didn't kill them," he replied. "My wife and I were quarreling, and I decided to clear out for a spell. I took my other suit out to the car, and then discovered I only had 35 cents. That wouldn't buy much gasoline, so I hopped a freight. The folks were all alive then. My wife must have turned on the gas after I left, despondent, I suppose."

We kept at King for an hour or so. Finally we wore him out. He said he would come clean. And this was his story:

"I was worrying over financial affairs, and I believed Ethel was unfaithful. At midnight, after the family was asleep I loosened the gas connections and went out for a walk, intending to end my life. I met a stranger, who removed the intent from my mind, and we hopped a freight together. I spent the rest of the night in the Lima police station, where they gave me a bunk.

### Admits Writing Note.

"I wandered through Pennsylvania, Michigan and Indiana. I stayed several weeks at Elkhart, near Fort Wayne, where junior had gone to live with Ethel's sister. From Elkhart I went to Pittsburgh, where I got my first job as a barber, adopting the name of Thomas. Then I worked in Geneva, N. Y., and on Oct. 15 went to Fairport Harbor.

During 16 years I had cared for my wife during her almost constant illness. Once she was ill in bed on Leon's birthday. There, propped up in bed, she gave me directions while I baked an angel food birthday cake."

"How about the note on the dresser?" I asked him.

"I went back to the house after turning on the gas," replied the barber. "I had walked around a bit first. It was then I wrote the note."

"Didn't your crime bother you?" we inquired.

"Sometimes," admitted the prisoner. "Once when I started to take a girl friend to a picture show, I could see Ethel's grey eye looking at me and telling me not to go. That grey eye was constantly appearing, but only in the day time, never at night. Sometimes I would see it when I started to get drunk to drown my memories."

I pecked out King's statement on the typewriter, using the hunt and find 'em system, and he signed it.

The Butler County grand jury promptly returned five indictments for murder against King, and he went to trial before Common Pleas Judge E. J. Kautz on the charge of causing the death of his eldest son, Robert, by asphyxia.

Two honorable members of our bar, Paul Baden, our present prosecutor, and M. A. Fiehrer reluctantly undertook King's defense by appointment from the court.

King repudiated the confession he had given us, and tried to make the jury believe that his wife had turned on the gas after he left. All questions to witnesses as to whether Mrs. King used morphine, and whether or not she had threatened to commit suicide, were ruled out by the court.

"My wife was full of morphine on Oct. 21, so I didn't go to work," testified King. "Tuesday I took the kids to school in the car. At 9:30, I took some clothes to the car. Ethel was in bed then, and some of the children were still up, playing.

"I hopped a freight and went to Lima. Then I bummed south. I learned of the deaths for the first time on Sunday, when I read of them in a Nashville paper. I was afraid to return to Hamilton."

"Did you unscrew those gas pipe connections?" he was asked.

"My God, no," he replied.

King said one of the windows in the downstairs bedroom was open a couple of inches when he left.

### Defense Is Alibi.

"Robert was the only one I bade goodby," he told the jury. "He came out onto the porch with me. Ethel told me to get out. She said she didn't want me any more."

"Did you see the prayer book on the floor when you left?"

"No."

King's lawyers had served notice of an alibi defense on the state, and they based their claim on a contention that the barber was on a train, travelling to Lima, when the gas was turned on.

A wrench had been found hidden some days after the murder, and at the time of his confession King told us he had unloosed the gas with that. At his trial, he denied it.

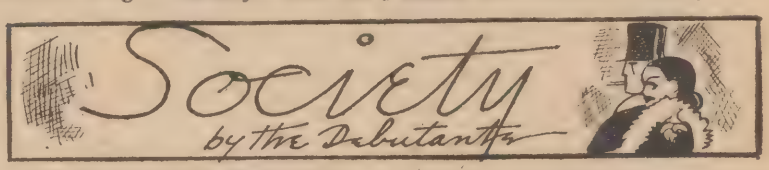
"It is obviously essential to the satisfactory proof of an alibi that it should cover the whole time of the transaction in question, or so much of it to render it impossible that the defendant could have committed the act," said Judge Kautz in his charge to the jury.

The jury wasn't out long. It's verdict on Dec. 4, 1930, spelled death in the electric chair at Columbus.

The case was fought on through the high courts, and then a last appeal was made to Governor George White. King's friends had employed W. G. Pengelly, late Columbus handwriting expert, to examine the note left behind and compare it with the same text written by King.

Pengelly told the governor the same hand did not write both notes. Dan Benze, parole and record clerk at the penitentiary, gave a report that disagreed with that of Pengelly.

George Edge and Frank H. Reighard, members of the clemency board, sat with Governor White during the last ditch fight. Finally, they turned thumbs down, and on Apr. 30, 1931, King walked through the little green door, and the hands the law decreed had turned on the gas in a Hamilton home 18 months before were stilled in death.




Continued from Preceding Page.

dance and 1925's Charleston. I've just heard the name of four more girls in the chorus . . . Grace Tyrone, Genevieve Nunan, Joan Scheel and Alice Burns. Darlene Duffey begged off and will see to the lighting effects.

* * *

Who says things aren't getting better? Why, practically everyone has a job lined up, all ready to step into, IMMEDIATELY after acquiring a diploma. Harry Murphy isn't an exception. After graduation this week he will return to Akron, his home, and go to work in the engineering department of the Goodrich company. Speaking of Akron . . . it came to my ears . . . that Jean and "Shadow" Galbreath (yes, I know John is his cousin, NOT his brother) will return from their month there this week-end.

* * *

Every time some one smothers me with exclamations of how so-and-so is as like a certain movie star as a pea out of the same pod, I wonder all over again why some talent scout . . . if such individuals ever hit this midwestern city . . . hasn't pounced upon Nancy Connor. Nancy is the spitting IMAGE of Sylvia Sydney! She always has looked like the actress, but now that Sylvia has adopted the close-cropped, English style of hairdress, which suits Nancy so well, people STOP and stare. I dare you to find a better look-alike. At the Hartman the other night when Tallulah Bankhead was there, I saw one woman pull her escort's coat sleeve and nod towards Nancy. They went on whispering something about "Sydney" . . . and looking back over their shoulders.

* *

We saw Vera Halliday Hayes Saturday night. Come to think of it . . . I've been seeing her quite a bit lately. She was in the same crowd with Kay and Steve Brown. I didn't recognize the gentleman she was with, but Vera seemed to be having a grand time . . . all smiles and such.

* * *

Alice Burns (same Alice) and Bud Fisher have been spinning around together. But we've never been able to figure out the latter's name 'til last week, when we saw them again. They were having the BEST time and made us wonder whether something would come of it. I hope so, but then I'm all for promoting romance and weddings . . . A good many eligible young men are wondering why they don't seem in the least fetching to Millie O'Brien, the good-looking brunet at Tice & Jeffers, who INSISTS on having lunch ALONE.

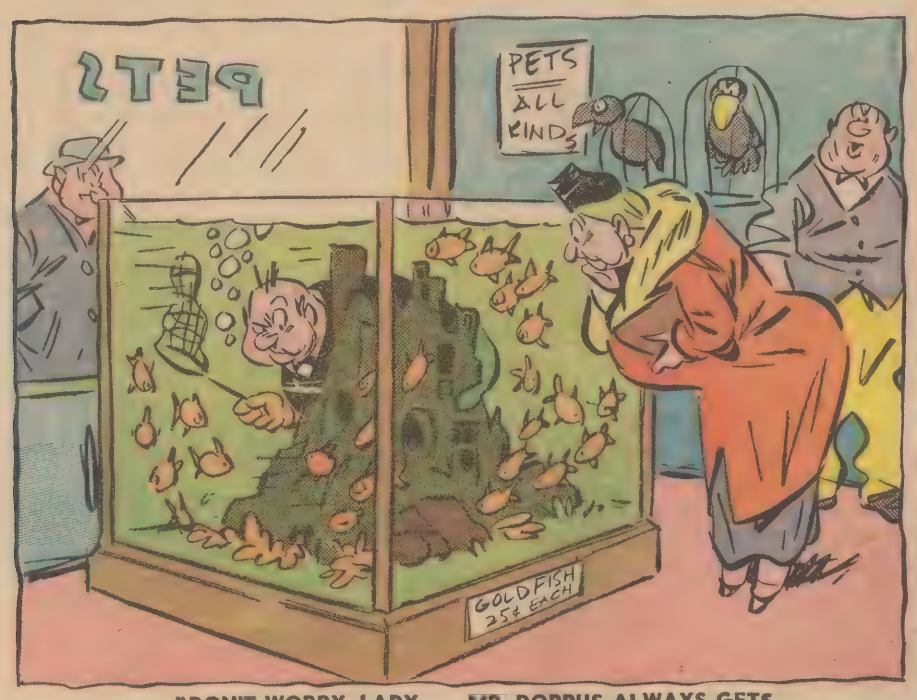
* * *

After all these years a girl finally captured the heart of well-dressed and hard to get Jim Ball . . . only to toss it back to him. D. J. Snashall is the appealing miss and the reason for Jim's looking so glum these last few months. It's only very lately that he's shown the least sign of brightening up.

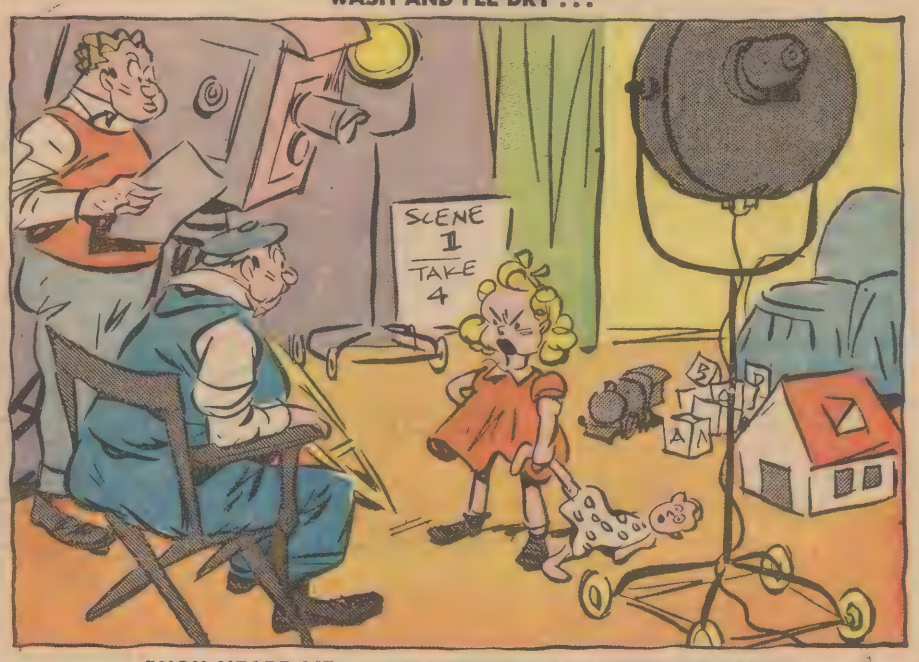
# GRIN AND BEAR IT

"PSHAW! . . . THEY'RE ONLY FLYSPECKS . . ."

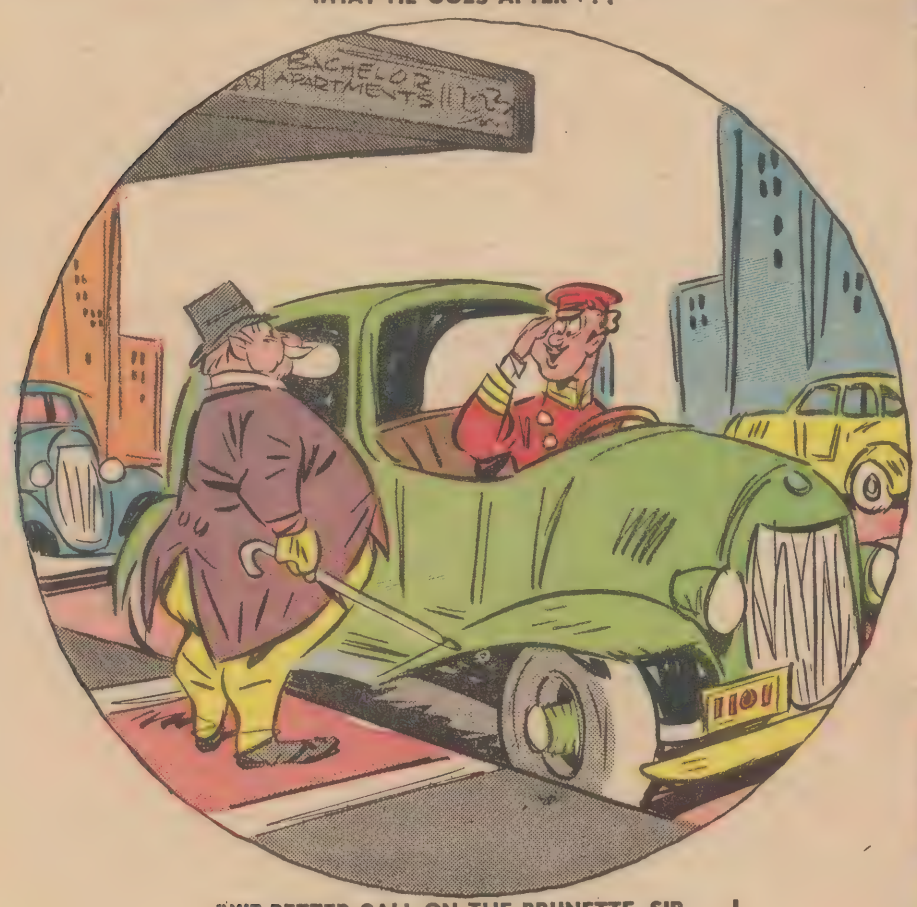
"REMEMBER NOW . . . WHEN WE'RE DONE EATIN' YOU WASH AND I'LL DRY . . ."



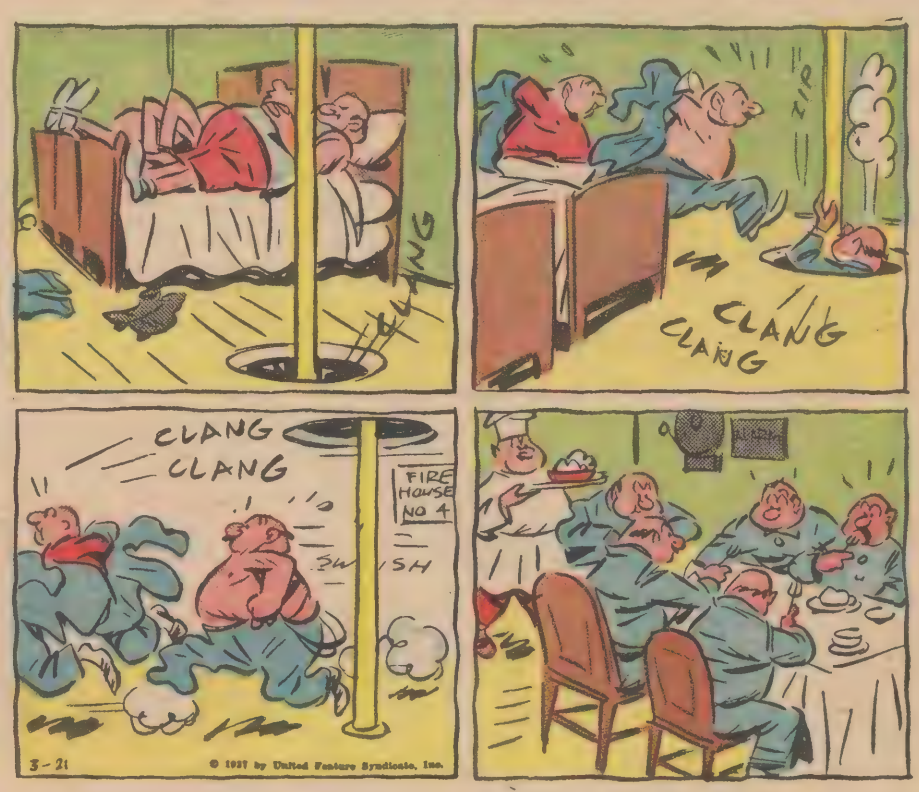

"DON'T WORRY, LADY . . . MR. DOPPUS ALWAYS GETS WHAT HE GOES AFTER . . ."




"YOU HEARD ME . . . I WANNA PLAY IN BEDROOM FARCES . . ."




"WE BETTER CALL ON THE BRUNETTE, SIR . . . I MARRIED THE BLONDE LAST WEEK . . ."




'Grin and Bear It'---Best Gags in Any Newspaper

# Jessica, Poor Little Rich Girl

*At left is Miss Dragonette's famed Alice Blue Gown. Below, she wears her special costume designed for "The Student Prince" radio production. At right, Jessica wears a dress especially designed for helping put across songs of young love and such.*

## A Fashion Story with Pathos—by Isabella Taves

HERE'S a sad story of a girl who has dozens of beautiful dresses hanging in her closets and can't wear them.

The girl? Jessica Dragonette. The clothes? The breath-takingly beautiful costumes that she designed herself for the Beauty Box Theater. And the story—well, here it is.

Jessica is a girl with her heart and soul in her career. You can tell that, can't you? When you hear her Wednesday night over CBS there is no question in your mind but that she is singing right to you and caring about what you think of the show and caring a dickens of a lot about it herself.

Jessica is two people when it comes to clothes. First, there are the clothes that she wears for her singing. They always come first with Jessica. And she thinks of them more as expressive of the music and her role than she does as a background for her own fragile beauty. That is why she did something when she had her special costumes made for the Beauty Box series that she would never have done in her own personal wardrobe—she had elaborate, heavy costumes made.

"They must express the spirit of what I am doing," she said. "My 'Rio Rita' costume must be black velvet, heavily embroidered with gold and gold balls. And the hat must be big and handsome—so!"

AND so it was. And so were many of the other costumes—that lovely taffeta hoop-skirted gown for "My Maryland," the charming (but not lightweight) Kaffia outfit for "The Student Prince."

Then came the blow. Just before her first broadcast, Jessica caught one of those bugs that were floating all over New York the first of this year and she was dreadfully sick, so sick she missed her first two broadcasts. And she was ill for a good many weeks afterwards, literally getting out of bed to go to rehearsals and broadcasts. She still isn't well. When you slip in to see her, they warn you—"Fifteen minutes only, Miss Dragonette has been a very sick girl."

And she is too weak to wear her lovely costumes. For it is hard enough work for Jessica to sing these days without those cumbersome and elaborate clothes.

The only salvation is that just before she became ill, she had some pictures taken of some of her lovely personal clothes as well as these costumes. When I talked to her the other afternoon she looked at them wistfully before handing them over.

"Clothes mean so much to me that it nearly breaks my heart not to wear them. Perhaps next week—"

## Fashions from New York

The second woman, Jessica Dragonette at home, is very definitely interested in clothes that dramatize her tiny blondness. She adores lounging pajamas and house coats. Her favorite is one modeled after the robe worn by Prince Albert in Helen Hayes' "Victoria Regina." It is of gold cloth, trimmed with very pale green, very full, caught in at the waist with a sash—very dramatic.

The afternoon I talked with her, she was wearing one of those exquisite Fortuny pleated robes. It was of thin white silk, completely pleated from neck to hem and caught around her waist and breast with hand-painted Grecian bandeaux. Over it she wore a pale green Venetian velvet coat hand-tooled with gold.

"Dresses like this are ageless," she said. "I can wear it today and 10 years from now. As a matter of fact, I don't like clothes that are too much 'in fashion.' I like lovely clothes that I can live with and enjoy more than a few months."

Hattie Carnegie and Mary Wallis are favorite designers of hers. (They are my favorites, too, only I can't afford 'em.) In New York, they work closely with her and when they go abroad they are always watching for unusual things that might please Jessica. You can see where they would enjoy dressing her. She has a figure, she has looks, and she has taste.

One of Jessica's favorite costumes for appearances at teas is of black twill. The dress is black twill, to the floor slimly, with a very high neck and long sleeves made entirely of gold braid. Over it she wears a voluminous Francois Villon cape, also to the floor, or black twill lined with scarlet satin. Dress designed by Hattie Carnegie, cape by James of London. Effect, something beautiful beyond your wildest dreams.

Another Hattie Carnegie dress that Jessica loves is of scarlet velvet, with a gored-to-the-floor skirt and huge puffed sleeves trimmed with white silk poppies set with tiny pearls.

"Sometimes," she said, whimsically, "I go out of my way to be unusual and I find fashion catching up with me. This butterfly business that Schiaparelli did so much about at the recent openings, for instance. I have been wearing a spangled butterfly in my hair for years on festive evenings. You can imagine my surprise when I look around me now and see half the women in my audiences wearing butterflies. It doesn't seem fair."

But she dimples a little bit over the idea, and so do I. And, although I see her dragon of a maid lowering in the door ready to shove me out, I sit tight and ask her what her newest fashion idea is.

SHE thinks a minute. Her hair? Well, she likes it very smooth and gleaming on top, like polished gold, and very light and soft around her face. Her evening dresses? Well, she was wearing romantic tulles when even the debutantes wouldn't think of it. Her hats?

"I know," she says promptly, "make-up. I don't believe in covering the texture of the skin. I use very little on my skin but soap and water, and I like it shining clean. I use eye makeup (mascara) and smooth lip-rouge, but I don't like powder or dry rouge even for my stage radio appearances."

She thinks that the reflection of lights on the natural skin gives a lovely effect, an effect that is often spoiled when the natural skin is diffused or obscured by heavy makeup.

"The exact effect which results from this reflection of light back from the skin differs with various skins. It also differs with various lightings. But half of the interesting effect is due to this. I like to watch what different lights do to me and to other skins and I think it is ever so much more attractive, much more dynamic, than the somewhat stiff look a too-made-up face presents."

THE dragon cleared her throat. I opened my mouth but the dragon was upon me helping me with my coat and before I realized it I was outside. Outside and striding down the avenue and surreptitiously scrubbing the makeup off my face so the passerby would be fascinated with the effect of neon lights on my natural skin.

# Gates Paces Dutch Revue

Living up to its policy of "bigger and better" floor shows, the Dutch Cafe Night Club is presenting to its patrons the acme in entertainment.

This week that cute acrobatic dancer, Evelyn McDonald, displays her talents and the headliner, Bob Gates, needs no introduction.

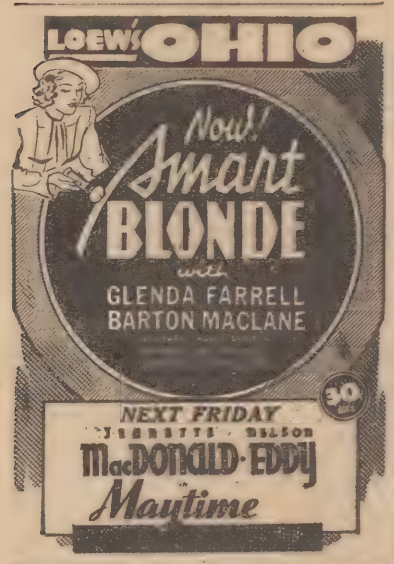
Bob is also handling the M. C. job, and doing very nice work.

Here's good news for all.

Next Monday, Mar. 22, Snowball and his All-Star Colored Revue (brought back by popular request) will open a week's engagement at this spot.

---

Glass can be spun into thread so fine that one pound of it will stretch 25,000 miles. The thickness of such a thread is about one-twentieth that of a human hair.

## Swamp Fire

*With her public increasing each week the charming, talented and artistic Chicquetta is proving to Columbus nite owls the reason for her popularity at Stop 18 Inn, N. High St.*

*Having given graceful exhibitions in the past week of the Hawaiian, Sleeve, Champagne Waltz and numerous other dances, Chicquetta now presents her Swamp Fire Dance in which she carries on in a display of eloquent acrobatic and rhythmic manners, a dance originated in the delta and swamplands of Louisiana.*

# Jai-Lai Cafe Redecorates

With an eye to pleasing the masculine taste, J. E. "Jap" Wottring, proprietor of the Jai-Lai Cafe, 593 N. High St., is collecting a group of splendidly mounted deer heads and other hunt trophies to decorate the barroom of the city's most metropolitan drinking and eating place.

The big game specimens are being hung on the walls of the barroom proper. This room, which adheres to the old-fashioned tradition of barroom, is highly popular with men. It maintains the rugged yet luxurious atmosphere which was noted in all the famous bars of the old days.

Comfortable booths, upholstered in deep red leather, the barmen in spotless white uniforms, the highest grade liquor in town, all contrive to make the place popular with men who know when things are done properly.

Although the barroom is essentially masculine, many women find a charm about it. They are welcome there, as they are in the other parts of this definitely big-time eating and drinking place.

The clientele of the Jai-Lai represent a cross section of Columbus. People from all parts of town are learning that it is the one place that combines luxury and low price in a satisfactory manner.

## Barn Dance Held

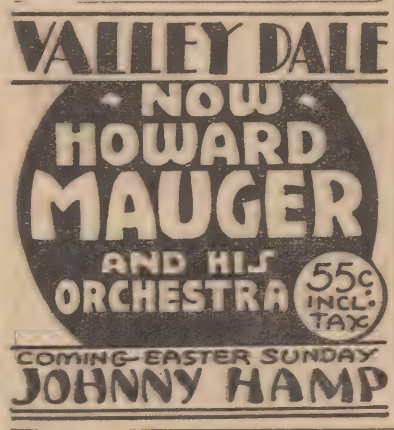
An honest, authentic olde tyme barn dance is held each Saturday night at the Eagles Home, 771 N. High St., with the "welcome sign" always out to the general public. Music appropriate to such events is stressed.

# Funsters Abound

Beginning Sunday, the Bexley Theater at 2484 E. Main St., will show "College Holiday" for three days.

This is a howling comedy and Parmount has shot the cast full of first string codemians. Jack Benny (above) heads the list.

Then there are Mary Boland, Ben Blue and Martha Raye (who has just been starred in "Hideaway Girl"), and last that diizzy pair, Burns and Allen. On the bill also is a Mickey Mouse, an exciting skiing picture and the news.



# Stocked Bar Aragon Draw

Boasting one of the most completely and thoroughly stocked bars in the city, the Aragon Grill, 1186 N. High St., is one place where mixed drinks are fashioned from recipes concocted by the best bartenders of pre-prohibition days.

Capable men behind the bar to follow those old-time guides still frames another Aragon feature.

Winnie and Ethel entertain with songs and rippling piano moods almost constantly in the Staragon Room. It is worthy of wonder, the ability of these two entertainers to continue to offer sparkling numbers hour upon hour. Neither of the girls seems ever to tire.

A modern "spic-and-span" kitchen serves both the Grill and the Staragon. Spaghetti and special meat dinners are always on order. Completely coursed dinners constantly win compliments from customers.

Another feature of the Aragon is the catering to private parties.

BEXLEY

FRI. and SAT. — ALICE FAYE and ADOLPH MENJOU in
"SING, BABY, SING"
Shown at 7:00 and 10:00
and MAURICE CHEVALIER in "BELOVED VAGABOND"
(Shown at 8:40 Only) DUAL PROJECTION

BEXLEY

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY
Jack Benny, Burns & Allen, Mary Boland, Martha Raye in
"COLLEGE HOLIDAY"
MICKEY MOUSE
Marvelous Over LINDENBERG SOUND SYSTEM

BEXLEY

# THOSE WILD CLOWNS HEADING TO PALACE

Those two mad men from the radio, stage and screen, Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson, are coming to Columbus and the RKO Palace next Friday in their latest "laff parade" origination, entitled "Fun Marches On."

And with them are 50 other crazy people, the Olechicks and Hollywood Coeds.

This revue on stage is bracketed with one of the screen's anticipated products for 1937—Katharine Hepburn's new RKO-Radio vehicle, "Quality Street," in which she is cast opposite Franchot Tone.

It is from the Sir James S. Barrie classic.

This box-office setup thus heralds the first showing of the Messrs. Olsen and Johnson in about four years . . . and the first cinema appearance of Hepburn since "A Woman Rebels."

Other featured items in the stage revusical, "Fun Marches On," are done by Hector and His Pals, Ardis May, Roy Cummings, the Peters Sisters, Ole Olesen, jr., Ruth Faber, Jack Cavanaugh, Nolan Willis and Al Dowling, all working out in the 26 scenes backgrounded with 11 "pop" tunes.

DARK AND BALMY OLE OLSEN.

BLOND CHIC JOHNSON.

## Buddy Clark Leading His Band of Smiles

Bud's Tap Room, popular W. Broad St. dine and dance spot, announces the continuance of Buddy Clark and his "Band of Smiles" in the shell.

Clark's outfit swings the latest tunes in a manner increasingly popular at C. E. Freck's spacious taproom.

# Globe Sends Bowes Folk Upon Stage; Movie Added

The international flavor extends both to the stage show and the screen feature at Loew's Broad this week where Major Bowes' International Revue and "Espionage," with Edmund Lowe and Madge Evans, are to be seen through Thursday.

Edmund Lowe.

Amateurs from two hemispheres were gathered together by the radioman for this new traveling unit.

List of the 12 acts includes Liang Huey Kong, Chinese singer; Eve King Moore, blues chanteuse; the Three Flat Tires, dusky swingsters from Virginia; William McCullough, Swiss bell ringer; Lester and Dick, Danny Drayson, trick dancer; Tony Russo, novelty instrumentalist; the Rigoletto Four, operatic singers; The Canadian Caperettes, the Russian Four, Jonny and Julius, Joan Zappa, Hungarian dancer, and others.

International spies, munitions makers and foreign newshawks make up the cast of "Espionage."

Miss Evans is a reporter assigned to find Paul Lukas, missing munitions king, and Lowe also is a news reporter, though neither knows the other's profession. Ketti Gallian and Skeets Gallagher are in the cast.

# Three Bands Given Dates by Ballroom

Greystone Ballroom's three-band bookings to include the next three dance nights scheduled include Frank Ferneau and his "Swingsters," with Vocalist Benny Bee, who will appear in the shell Friday night, Mar. 19, as the bargain event attraction of the week.

On Saturday night, Mar. 20, the management returns the Shively-Yates orchestra of 11 members with the charming Miss Jerry Baker as featured vocalist and co-director.

The unit appeared here in its initial engagement a month ago and this is the first opportunity of returning the band with its versatile members.

Bob Angel and Johnny Stone also carry the vocal strains.

On Tuesday night, Mar. 23, Jimmy Raschel and his 13 sepia artists from Detroit will make a request appearance.

MISS JERRY BAKER.

## Business Healthy

Ackerman's, the Original Tap Room, is enjoying the largest business in its history. The private dining rooms are completely air-conditioned and available for parties large or small.

Ackerman's will serve any foods or dinners desired by reserved parties.


ARAGON
Bar & Grille
1186 N. High St.
ENTERTAINMENT.
SPECIAL CHATEAU RHEIMS CHAMPAGNE, $1.00 PER BOTTLE
We Specialize in Italian Spaghetti, Steaks and Chops.
ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY.
Meet your friends in the Staragon Room.
We Cater to Private Parties

HERIG'S VILLAGE
3100 E. Main St. Phone FA. 0530.
2 Shows Nightly, 10:30—1 A. M.
CLOSING SUNDAY NITE
THE TOAST OF CHICAGO
BILLIE ROGERS
Also
SALLY JOYCE
PEARL MAGLEY GIRLS
CARLOS AND DELORES
ARNOLD O'CONNOR, M. C.

Ben's Grill
OPEN ALL DAY SUNDAY
6% on Draft
Hudepohl—Budweiser—Gambrinus
18th and Oak
FA. 0244

Greystone
BALLROOM—622 OAK ST.
FRIDAY, MAR. 19
FRANK FERNEAU
And "Swingsters" With BENNY BEE
Admission, 30c. Tax Inc.
Saturday, Mar. 20
SHIVELY YATES
And Their Orchestra With Charming JERRY BAKER
Admission, 40c. Tax Inc.
Tues., Mar. 23, Jimmy Raschel

Where've You been?
I've Missed You . . . Still serving the same good spaghetti, fish and steak dinners. Wines, Liquors, 6% Beer.
Pink Elephant Cafe
3167 E. Main.

FOR WOMEN ONLY
YOU CAN win a lovely Gruen Curvex Wrist Watch! Five 17-jewel Duchess Model with 14-karat gold filled case curved to fit your wrist —given away every week.
LISTEN TO
LINDA'S FIRST LOVE
The vital, valiant story of a young girl's stirring struggle for love and happiness.
MONDAY THRU FRIDAY
WBNS—1:15 P. M.
WLW—10 A. M.
WTAM—12:30 P. M.
KROGER HOT-DATED COFFEES

THE NEW
Peacock Nite Club
250 S. High
PRESENTS
Two Complete Floor Shows
11:30 p. m.
1:30 a. m.
Free Dancing from 9 'til closing.
Music by
"Peacock Rhythm Boys"
VERNE DeWIEGHT M. C.
Good Liquor, Wine and Beer. Excellent Bar Service.
Open Until 2:30 a. m.

Lake Breeze Nite Club
BUCKEYE LAKE, OHIO
Now Open, Season 1937
The Finest Spot in Central Ohio
FREE DANCING AND ENTERTAINMENT
No Cover Charge
New Heating Plant
LIQUORS — BEER — MIXED DRINKS
LUNCH OR DINNERS
Open Till 2:30 A. M.
FREE PARKING

Walnut Cafe
365 W. State St.
CORNER STARLING
"Noted for Its Friendly and Inviting Atmosphere"
Serving the Finest
6% Beer, Ale, Wine and Mixed Drinks
Noonday Lunches 25c
On Tap — SCHLITZ, BURGER, WOODEN SHOE and GENNESSEE ALE.
Private Dining Rooms
Reservations made for special parties. Call AD. 0710.
DAVE TREADWAY, Prop.

JAI-LAI CAFE
589 N. HIGH ST.
Ideal eating place for connoisseurs of good food—where service is excellent — amid pleasant surroundings.
WHISKIES — WINES
COCKTAILS — LUNCHEONS
DINNERS
Bob Rhodes at the Organ
Open until 2:30 A. M.

ALPHA RESTAURANT
2614 CLEVELAND AVE.
WELCOMES YOU
and offers the most delicious
Steak Dinners .....65c
Frog Leg Dinners....75c
Fine Liquors, Cocktails, Wines and 6% Beer at Moderate Prices.
Open Every Nite Until 1 a. m.
Mrs. Alpha Hennis, Prop.

3rd Week in the IONIAN ROOM
Billy Baer
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
A MUSICAL SENSATION
ADELE HAEHLEN
featured vocalist
NO COVER
NO MINIMUM
DESHLER-WALLICK
"HEART OF THE TOWN"

# Sea Locale Of Thriller

Two stirring action dramas packed with thrills, romance and adventure are paired on the opening double bill of the pre-Easter week at the Uptown.

The titles sound in themselves like opposing sides of a religious controversy, "Devil's Playground" and "God's Country and the Woman."

The former is a dynamic comedy drama based on the exploits of the brave lads in the U. S. submarine fleet. The story revolves about the unusual triangle of two navy officers once inseparable, who part over the friendship of a voluptuous siren who had no interest in either of them.

Richard Dix, Dolores Del Rio and Chester Morris are the players.

The companion film is based on the James Oliver Curwood story of the north woods and presents Beverly Roberts and George Brent as romantic leads.


**PUGH'S GRILL**
346 S. HIGH
"Famous For Its Fine Foods"
SPECIAL STEAK DINNERS.
Private Dining Room For Parties.
Unexcelled Service.
BEER, WINE AND LIQUOR.
CARL W. PUGH, Prop.

**FIRPO'S CAFE**
855-857 Cleveland Ave.
BEST SPOT FOR A GOOD TIME
Liquors, Beer and Wine.
Mixed drinks served by experts.
All Kinds of Delicious Sandwiches and Soups.
Open Sundays. Week days from 5:30 A. M. 'til 1 A. M.
MIKE CATALOGNA, Prop.

**HOTEL CHITTENDEN**
SPRING & HIGH
OASIS COCKTAIL LOUNGE
Gold-Mer Trio
4:30 p.m. to 6 p.m.
9 p.m. to 1 a.m.
Elizabeth Love, Harpist
MAIN DINING ROOM
5:30 p.m. to 8 p.m. daily, and Sunday 12 noon to 2:30 p. m.
SHOWBOAT
George Riddle, Accordionist
9 p.m. to 1 a.m.
Del Courtney, Mgr.

"Quick, Buddy, The Pretzel Vine, 1455 Harrisburg Pike, Grand Opening's This Saturday Night. Don't Miss It!"
Yes, Sir . . . My Favorite Spot, Too, for a Swell Time . . . The Pretzel Vine.
Wines — Highballs
6% Beer
Dancing Nightly
Except Sunday

# Society Dancers

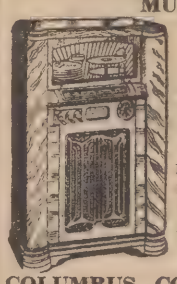
Pictured above are the society dancers, Marque and Irene, appearing this week at Castle Terrace Nite Club, 2570 S. High St.

Mr. Marque is a former Columbus instructor, having conducted a dancing school here for several years. On the same bill are Lillian Chaplin, singer and novelty dancer, and Gertrude Kaye, torch singer.

Miss Kaye comes from Los Angeles.

Gale Stevenson's vocalizing continues as a popular nightly feature at Castle Terrace Nite Club.


**STOP 18 INN**
PRESENTS
CHICQUITA
Sensational Dancer
5562 N. HIGH ST.

DANCE TO THE BEST IN MUSIC

Wurlitzer Phonographs, coin operated, multi-selector instruments installed on percentage basis, in beer parlors—Rental for private parties. Music by the leading bands. Models on display.
COLUMBUS COIN MACHINE COMPANY
Distributors
1195 West Broad St. RA. 7626

MAKE THAT DATE NOW . . .
FOR TONIGHT!

Chicken Dinners.
Steaks - Chops
Serving Liquors Till 2:30 A. M.
Entertainment — Lynn Light's Orchestra nitely except Sunday.
Frank Tartal, Mgr.
**TIVOLI**
Nite Club
614 Parsons Ave.


# Leo Roaring In Southern At Weekend

Old Leo, the familiar roaring lion of Metro, enters the Southern this Sunday, Monday and Tuesday with somewhat of a problem in "Libeled Lady."

When Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy all are in a picture it is a question of whose in love with whom.

Well, it takes quite a bit of pleasant film footage to figure that out, but Tracy is a newspaper editor being sued for libel and enlists the services of Powell who has had such experiences with women.

Miss Harlow and Miss Loy then complicate things by dual divorces and marriages.

"Libeled Lady" has these four stars in a story that should meet your complete satisfaction.

Wednesday and Thursday a generous double feature program with the Technicolor production, "Garden of Allah," taken from the famous stage success and admirably enacted by Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer.

On the same program there is the thrilling romance of the sky lanes, "Flying Hostess," with William Gargan, Judith Barrett, William Hall, Astrid Allwyn and Andy Devine in the cast.

Friday and Saturday have the speed flyer and winner of aviation's highest awards of the year, Howard Hughes, and his million dollar air spectacle, "Hell's Angel," in which Jean Harlow, Ben Lyon and James Hall have leading roles.

# Weiler Rides Dance Tunes

"Buck Weiler rides again!"

That is the clarion cry issued forth by the members of Maestro Ernie McKay's musical outfit at the State Restaurant as "Buck Weiler," violinist, takes off on "Stardust," one of the prize requested numbers at the E. State St. dine-dance spot, McKay says.

And when Weiler "rides," he is given the capable assistance of Bob "Red Haw" Green, the dexterous McKay drummer; Songster Paul Teal and Joe "Poppa" Weisberg, pianist.


**CAVALIER ROOM**
Dine and Dance with
Billy Grantham
and his
Virginia Cavaliers
Dinner dancing 7 to 8
Supper dancing 9 to 1
Hotel Virginia

**GRAND OPENING**
Ambrose Tavern
Cor. Summit & E. 5th Ave.
Announcing to our hundreds of patrons that our Grand Opening will be the night of
March 24th, 1937
We invite both our old friends and the new to visit. We assure you a good time.
FREE FAVORS for those attending.
WHISKY — 6% BEER — WINE CORDIAL.
Entirely remodeled—Open Sundays.
The Ambrose Tavern, where the boss calls you by your first name!


# Comical Wizard

Mr. Niki Nash comes to Ballyhoo Club directly from the Barbizon Plaza Theater, New York, City, after his third successful season as a feature of its show. His work is very unusual. Conceded to be the best and smartest comedian in his business. He has worked the best clubs and theaters in Miami, New York City, Chicago, Cleveland and Hollywood.

Nash opened here Wednesday, for a run of indefinite duration.


**DOERSAM'S**
Three Handy Locations:
13 W. BROAD ST.
279 S. HIGH ST.
161 N. HIGH ST.
Fine Food, Beer, Liquors

**BALLYHOO**
"THE TALK OF THE TOWN"
PRESENTS IN PERSON
NIKI NASH
THAT GRAND COMEDIAN
from
BARBIZON PLAZA
Theatre, New York City, with the New
"PLAY BOYS"


# Band Placed Trio Nights

Howard Mauger and His Orchestra, one of the city's better dance band ensembles (11 pieces and featuring three trombones a la Will Osborne), will play a full weekend's stand at Valley Dale, starting Friday night.

Johnny Hamp.

The Mauger band through fine play has been chosen as the "house" band at the Sunbury Rd. ballroom.

Using all special arrangements (the unique instrumentation class for "specials" on all numbers), the Maugermen present a smooth-swing style of play which has won hearts and fancies of Dalers.

Johnny Hamp and his International Favorites (as their billing reads) comes to the Dale to play Easter Sunday, Mar. 28.

For a Rendezvous That Pleases, Try
**Chris' Place**
2498 Summit St.
"Famous for Its Friendliness"
All Legal Beverages
Our 6% Beer Is "The Tops."
"Where Mixed Drinks Is an Art"
Chris Fahrbach, Prop. LA. 0725.

**SPECIAL LENTEN DINNERS**
LOBSTER ..... $1
STEAK ..... $1
We serve all Sea Foods in season, excelled by none!
AT OUR NEW BAR
Choice Liquors, Mixed Drinks, Wines and Cocktails Are Served.
Wooden Shoe Beer
Now being served direct from
Kooler Keg
LATEST MODERN SYSTEM.
The Beer retains its fine flavor and even coolness.
Private Dining Rooms.
LUCILLE DINE, Mgr.
Tom Johnson
SUBURBAN GRILL
1079 College Ave.
For Reservations phone FA. 0562

Planning an Easter Party?
--Here's the Spot for It
CASTLE TERRACE 2570 SOUTH HIGH NITE CLUB

DANCING EVERY SUN. EVE. 9 TIL 2:30 A.M. — BAR OPEN TIL ~ 2:30 A.M.
CONTINUOUS DANCING TO CHARLES CESNER AND HIS TERRACE CLUB ORCHESTRA!
FLOOR SHOWS NITELY INCLUDING SUNDAY.
FREE PARKING
PARTY CATERING A SPECIALTY

# "GREEN LIGHT" HAS HOLDOVER

Miss Lindsay. Miss Louise.

"Green Light," that stirring story of heroism, sacrifice and love which had hundreds of thousands of readers in its book from a couple of years ago, has made a more than successful release for the screen under the same title.

It is currently on the RKO Grand's screen in a hold-over engagement after a week's run at the Palace.

Errol Flynn, Anita Louise, Margaret Lindsay and Sir Cedric Hardwicke enact the leads in this cinemadaptation of Lloyd C. Douglas' tome.

Frank Borzage directed.

# Friendly Telegrapher Cuts Lunt's Salary; Famed Team Is Near

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, playing the leading roles in Robert E. Sherwood's Pulitzer prize play, "Idiot's Delight," which is coming to the Hartman Theater for an engagement of two days beginning Tuesday, with a Wednesday matinee, have a home in Wisconsin — a farm which Mr. Lunt owns, near the hamlet of Genesee Depot.

Alfred Lunt.

This is where his boyhood was spent and the point to which he regularly returns.

It is about 35 miles north of Milwaukee, in a pleasant valley, but until recently the place was without the type of house which he and his wife, Miss Fontanne, wanted.

So they assisted in building one, painted it themselves and now occupy it in the summer.

It is their intention to return to it each summer—they've complained that summer trips to Europe are somewhat tiring—and the station master, who has, ever since Lunt's boyhood, watched his comings and goings, will be enabled to add more intimate details to the scrapbook which he has kept for years and labeled "The Progress of Alfred Lunt in an Artistic Way."

It was this gentleman who, in attending to his telegraphic duties, was responsible for one of the most amusing incidents that ever befell an actor.

Some years ago, Lunt had signed to play with Robert McLaughlin's stock company at the Ohio Theater in Cleveland.

McLaughlin had wired, asking for his salary, and Lunt had wired back that $350 would be satisfactory. On his first pay day, his check was for $250 and he protested. McLaughlin assured him by presenting the return telegram as evidence that $250 was the sum agreed upon and Lunt, confronted by the telegram, had no alternative but to play the engagement out. When he returned home he asked his friend, the telegrapher, about it.

"Why, Alfred," he was told, "you know you shouldn't have asked the man so much money. So I just cut it a hundred."


Free Roses for the Ladies

GRAND SPRING OPENING

SATURDAY, MARCH 20th

Free Cigars for the Men

PROGRESS GRILL

AD. 0829 23-25 W. Spring St. AD. 0829

BOB MILKMAN, Prop.

MAX SULLY, Mgr.

BEN BREW BEER
on tap
KINGS HEAD ALE
in bottles

PATRICK HENRY BEER
on draft and in bottles

ENTERTAINMENT nightly. Bud Cotter at the piano. We serve the finest foods and the choicest wines, beers and liquors obtainable. Our chef features real sizzling steaks and complete dinners at moderate prices.

All Baked Goods From MART DEMING

FELSENBRAU BEER
on tap
Brucks Distributing Co.
548 N. High AD. 7016

Res. GArfield 3958 Plain City 267
Poultry House GA. 2197 or 2198
H. Beckman Produce Co.
Distributors of
POULTRY AND EGGS
783 Ann Street Columbus, Ohio

# Her Heart Torn

MISS LINDA CROCKETT.

**Daytime radio listeners are being thrilled by the new "show of the air," on 23 radio stations of the middle west.**

**The show, known as "Linda's First Love," is sponsored by the Kroger Grocery & Baking Co., and is on the air every day except Saturday and Sunday.**

**In this entertaining story, Danny Grogan is Linda's boyhood sweetheart. Into her life comes Kenneth Woodruff. The love difficulties are not only thrilling, but amusing as well.**

**"Linda's First Love" may be heard Monday through Friday, inclusive at 1:15 p. m., via WBNS, Columbus; at 10 a. m., WLW, Cincinnati, and 12:30 p. m., via WTAM, Cleveland.**

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others, and in their pleasure takes joy, even as though 'twere his own.—Goethe.


**BUD'S TAP ROOM**
2449 W. BROAD ST.
Serving Liquors, Wines and Beer at the Horseshoe Bar.
C. E. FRECH, Prop., formerly of Progress Grill, 23-25 W. Spring St. Presents
Dancing Nightly
with BUDDY CLARK
(The Merry Maestro)
and His Band of Smiles

**Cafe Bernard**
Sizzling Steaks

Reasonable Prices.
DAILY LUNCH SPECIALS
Italian Spaghetti
Liquors, Whiskies, Wines, Cocktails.
Hi-powered Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale on Draft.
Entertainment Nightly by
ADOLF EISELT and His Orchestra
CLEVELAND & LONG


# Beechwold Villa Reopening Dated During Saturday

The public is invited to the grand re-opening of the Beechwold Villa, 4800 N. High St., on Saturday, Mar. 20.

The genial proprietor, Tony Deleweese, will be on hand to welcome his old friends.

The Villa has been thoroughly remodeled and redecorated with colorful lighting effects which make this one of the most outstanding night spots in central Ohio.

For the opening they will present 10 all-star acts of vaudeville booked by the Curt Gallowy Theatrical booking offices.

The opening is a select array of talent with youth, speed and talent, composed of the following members: Mary Philmer, that charming little bit of personality featuring her novelty rope skipping tap dance; Leslie Scott, sensational novelty acrobatic wonder in feats of dexterity and novelty baton spinning; Herbert and Florence, a laugh-provoking couple from the vaudeville stage in Comedy Galore; Bobby Sullivan, that cyclonic burst of talent in impersonations of our Glorified American Girl; Blanche Stewart, the south's gift to singers of blues, and the finale by the entire company.

# "Harlem Revue" Seen in Bob's Night Club

Bob's Premier Nite Club presents a new show Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights featuring the "Harlem Revue."

A colored all-star show brings some of the best dancers and singers of the race.

Professor Marberg, the mental wizard and palmist, will give free readings to all.


**BON-TON GRILL**
2480 SUMMIT ST.
FINE HOME COOKING
ALL LEGAL BEVERAGES
Wines—Beers—Liquors

A. K. "Art" Curran.
COME OUT AND SEE "ART" At His New
TAVERN
1363 PARSONS AV.
Special — Chicken Dinner Sunday
T-Bone Steak Dinners.
WINES — LIQUORS FOOD

**STATE RESTAURANT** 63½ EAST STATE ST.

PRESENTS~
ERNIE McKAY AND HIS ORCHESTRA
3 DANCE-SESSIONS DAILY~
NO COVER CHARGE
LUNCHEONS 35c
DINNERS 50c


# Nelson Eddy Tune Feast Is En Route

Loew's Ohio will greet Eastertime with "Maytime," the third and most elaborate of the Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald musicals, opening its delayed engagement on Friday, Mar. 26.

John Barrymore.

Like its predecessors—"Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie"—it is a musical production with a romantic plot and love story.

It is based on the Sigmund Romberg operetta which was first heard on the stage in 1917, with Charles Purcell and Peggy Wood in chief roles.

In addition to the original score, which is topped by the love duet, "Sweetheart, Will You Remember?"—the stars will be heard in a variety of music from opera to popular music.

John Barrymore heads the supporting cast which includes Herman Bing and other dramatic and comedy favorites and the Don Cossack Russian chorus.

# Dancing Is Stressed

One of the most entertaining floor show acts to appear at the Little Italy Club this week is Elaine and James, novelty entertainers.

Their novelty rope spinning is combined with tap dancing at the same time.

James is playing two saxophones at the same time and Elaine is doing fast tap dance steps on roller skates for another feature.

# DeppeWill Headline

The Cotton Club, the original black and tan night spot, presents Louis Deppe, that master singer from Harlem.

Martha Galloway, a newcomer and a real "shake" dancer, also is a mean vocalist of hot tunes.

Hats and Coats, a sensational colored dance comedian, with Seymour Jeter really stops the show.

The new bill includes several other stars and Manager Jack Payne promises a continuous program of good entertainment.


**AL'S CASINO**
1268 W. BROAD
Continuance Entertainment by BIG KATE, and SNOW.
Free Dancing Every Night to the Music of Wilson Arms and Orchestra.
WINES—6% BEER—HIGHBALLS
AL DWORKIN, Mgr.

**VENETIAN GARDENS**
4977 EAST MAIN STREET
We cater to banquets. Noted for chicken, steak, ravioli and spaghetti dinners. We serve set-ups.
OPEN ALL NIGHT—NO COVER
PHONE FA. 2653

**THE COTTON CLUB**
17th and MT. VERNON
BLACK & TAN
NOW
THE SCATMAN
And His Swing Band.
Positively the Hottest Band in Town.
Continuous Entertainment.
MARTHA GALLOWAY
and
LOUIS DEPPE
Many Others.
Open Until 2:30 A. M.
Wines, Liquors, Beer


# Lake Breeze Club Opening Is Ready

Opening of the newly decorated Lake Breeze Nite Club is announced by B. C. McKinstry, secretary of the Buckeye Lake Hotel Co.

Extensive changes have been made in modernizing and beautifying the lake's only spot serving all legal liquors.

A new heating plant has been installed in addition to a beautiful modernistic color scheme worked out in orange and silver.

New lighting and the installation of a band shell augers well for a successful club season at Buckeye Lake.

# Budd Cotter At Progress

Budd Cotter, popular radio entertainer, currently featured on the "Stump Me" program over WCOL, is appearing nightly at the Progress Grill, 25 W. Spring St.

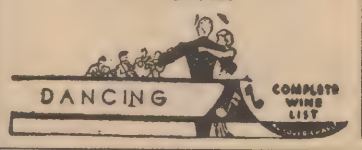
This is the first time entertainment has been offered by the Progress, and with its convenient location and moderate prices it should appeal to those who want a good time at a reasonable cost.

Max Sully, one of the city's best known impresarios of night club management, has taken over the rein at the Progress Grill, and his genial cordiality has rallied together many of his old friends and has also added many more new ones.

Lou Bloom, one of Columbus' greatest boxers, is serving drinks at the Progress Grill.

Grand opening is set for Saturday night with roses for the ladies and cigars for the men.


**Dancers Wanted**
Specialty and line; 36 weeks out-of-town engagement. Experience not essential. See Suzanne Francis, daily 1 to 3 p. m.
OSCAR CONRAD STUDIO
112½ S. High St. MA. 1869.

**BEN'S TAVERN**
1434 N. HIGH ST.
LIQUORS, WINES, 6% BEERS
LUNCHES — DINNERS
Dancing to
"LEM CAMPBELL AND HIS ROYAL TEXANS"
Nightly.
Bar Open Until 2:30 A. M.
No Cover.




# Trim Figure Village Bet On Holdover

Little, red-haired Billie Rogers, a shapely and talented star, continues as the highlight attraction in the floor show at Herig's Village.

Miss Rogers presents a series of outstanding dance specialties, turning in some artistic and neatly done toe specialties to rely as much on her dancing talents as her beautiful body in putting over her numbers.

A product of the east coast, Billie has spent the greater part of her professional career in night spots in and around New York, this being her first visit to central Ohio.

Carlos and Dolores, a pair of attractive dark-haired youngsters to claim Cincinnati as home port, are offering a classic bit of ballroom stepping as their contribution to the show's entertainment.

The Pearl Magley girls, both collectively and as individuals, unleash fast and clever bits of dancing. The entire show is rapidly paced from start to finish and is presented under guidance of Arnold O'Connor.

Abe Dworkin and his band are furnishing the music for dancers. There are two floor shows nightly, at 10:30 p. m. and 1 a. m.


**Nite Clubs—Hotels**
Singing ACTS Entertainers Dancing ACTS
NOVELTY ACTS
WRITE! — WIRE! — PHONE!
"THE OLD RELIABLE"
The GUS SUN Booking Agency
SUITE 602, Grand Theatre Bldg.
PHONE MAin 1715
NEW ACTS — NEW IDEAS
NEW FACES

**TOSHEFF'S MARION GRILL**
1943 to 1947
Parsons Ave.
"The Play Spot of the South Side"

THOMAS MARION
DANCING FRIDAY and SATURDAY
BILL JOHNSON and Orchestra
Wines—Liquor—6% Beer

**Beechwold Villa**
4784 N. HIGH ST.
Reopening Sat., Mar. 20
Serving our famous dinners—Chicken, Steak and Italian Spaghetti.
DANCING EVERY NITE
Two Floor Shows Sat.
Sunday Dinner Show 7:30

**GRAND OPENING**
FRIDAY, MARCH 19th
Stone's Grill
600 N. High

This Grill has been remodeled and redecorated. We are now ready to serve you with the finest food and drinks at lowest prices. Music and dancing every night.
Lots of Opening Day Specials
• • •
SOUVENIRS FOR ALL

NOW PLAYING
Chick Carter's Dixie Rhythm Boys
6-ACT VAUDEVILLE REVUE
The Smartest Show in Town
With
JACK GREGORY & CO. STARK & DORN
SARA & TONEY RALPH DONAHOE, M.C.
Coming March 22—FRANK FERNEAU AND ORCH.
Gloria Nite Club
No Stags Unless in Parties.
2195 RIVERSIDE DR. KI. 0293.

## Old-Line Latours Topping Peacock; Rhythm Boys Set

Topping the floor show this week at the Peacock Night Club, 250 S. High St., are Frank and Clare Latour, one of the few old-time comedy novelty and juggling acts left from the good old days of vaudeville.

This act is in a class by itself.

Appearing on the same bill is Jimmy Gallagher, handling the harmonica in good style. He has a nice line of patter and a pair of fast stepping feet.

The Peacock Rhythm Boys continue to please the crowds who find a pleasant evening at the Peacock.

CLOWN INN
NITE CLUB
DANCING TILL 2:30 A. M. EVERY NITE AND SUNDAY.
Try Our Toasted Hamburger Sandwiches.
COST OF LIQUOR REDUCED FOR DAYTIME BUSINESS.
6% Beer — Wines — Liquors
NO COVER CHARGE
1883 E. LIVINGSTON AVE.

TRY OUR DELICIOUS STEAKS AND CHOPS
LIQUORS AT LOWEST PRICES.
PRESTO LUNCH
N. HIGH AT FIFTH AVE.
WINES — LIQUORS — BEERS.

Dutch Cafe
DINE AND DANCE
High Hatters Orchestra
Time of Floor Shows:
Monday to Friday — 10:00, 12:00, 1:30.
Saturday—10:45, 1:00.
Sunday—9:30, 10:30, 11:30.
No cover charge at any time.
Fine Food — Drinks
Bar Open 'Til 2:30
High at 2d Ave.

ACKERMANS
The Most Popular Rendezvous in the North End
Air Conditioned — It's always just right at Ackerman's
The Original Taproom.
Liquors, Wines, 6% Beers.
Closed on Sundays
Rooms for Private Parties
Fourth St. at Eleventh

Delicious Sandwiches All Kinds
PHONE GA 2976
SCIOTO TRAIL BAR-B-Q
BEER
WINES
MIXED DRINKS
3296 S. HIGH ST.

W. FIFTH AVE.
FRIED CHICKEN SHOP
1803 W. FIFTH AVE.
Opp. Arlington Theater.
PHONE KI. 5112

DELL RESTAURANT 118 S. PARSONS AV.
KARL'S CARRY OUT 115 S. PARSONS AV.
UNDER SAME MANAGEMENT
6% Beer on Draft . . . Fine Food Moderately Priced.
LUNCHEONS . . . DINNERS
Open 7:30 A. M.—1:30 A. M.
Wines — Champagnes
Delicatessen for your home needs.
6% Beer Served Direct From Keg.
WE DELIVER — MA. 1647

EXPOSITION BUFFET
LIQUORS — WINES — 6% BEERS — MIXED DRINKS
Now Completely Remodeled With a New 50-Foot Bar
Specializing in Noonday Lunches. Try one of our Famous STEAK or CHOP dinners. Large size fresh pickerel cooked to order.
551 N. HIGH ST. AD 6527

# Frank Ferneau to Re-enter Gloria; DeMar and D'Andre in Neil House

By BEN B. BARNES, The Star's Mazdas Accountant.

There's a couple of new novelty numbers in Billy Grantham's repertoire to make the dancers swing up to the front of the band, and listen.

"Sweet Sue" turns into just what you're looking for when these lads do it, while the old "Mr. and Mrs. Is the Name" takes on new color

DE MAR AND D'ANDRE, Neil House Headline Dancers.

with the marriage of the bass fiddle to Irv. Bursky's fiddle. And wait 'til you see the result. Linda Lynn's vocals continue to hold attention in the rapt manner.

Frank Ferneau takes an encore in the Gloria's shell, beginning Monday night. His one-week stand a few week's ago in this spot made him a lot of new admirers. He has one of the best "draws" about town. Don't miss the Gregory and Co. act back in this club for a third time.

Last Wednesday night was the spring opening for the Ballyhoo Club, carrying on with the best female impersonator shows in the state. Paul Russell is back with new and raveworthy marionettes while Niki Nash lives up to the ballyhoo which preceeded him into the Club Ballyhoo . . . Ben Delewese is on his mark and getting set for the season which should bring his Dublin back to normal after a winter of running on skeleton schedule . . . The Roma Palace is offering music nightly . . . A good way to spend an inexpensive evening as well as an enjoyable one is to make it an Aragon party. This spot is RIGHT.

The return of the dance team DeMar and D'Andre should fill the Neil House main dining room more so than ever for the next few weeks. This team is really worthy of attention. Ruby and His Music, featuring the vocals of Ruby and Paul Neighbors, appears set indefinitely in the dining room where the music and songs are being received with the usual plaudits due Ruby's organization.

A BIG BIG bouquet is due the line of ladies in Herig's Village this week. It is safe to say a more talented group of girls has never hit town. Don't miss the last show in this spot. The new dance team rates a goodly share of compliments too.

Harry Kennedy and his band still holds the center of the floor in the Sapphire Room of the Deshler Wallick Hotel on week-ends. The steady and repeat crowds prove this set-up's popularity . . . Billy Baer and his band goes serenely on building a reputation in the Ionian Room which will always make him truly welcome in these parts . . . Ernie McKay and his band is another group to hold old friends and go right on building new followers in the State Restaurant. Known as the "sweet-swing" band, the outfit lives up to the tag.

One night in the Castle Terrace Night Club is absolutely necessary to make your week a success. With versatile and capable entertainment, this spot offers the outstanding acts of this district . . . Joe Alexander is proving nightly his ability to give the people what they want all the time. His Little Italy Night Club rates constant crowds . . . Right around the corner you'll find Bob's Premier, another spot worthy of the crowds you'll find there. With a stage set-up for offering his entertainment, Bob steps into the emcee role and does one of the best jobs in that capacity about town . . . Ben's Tavern is swinging high, wide and handsome these nights with that good old college spirit.

Lynn Light is one of the most popular young maestros to handle the swing "wand."

Maestro Light.

You'll find him at The Tivoli Nite Club, Frank Tartal's new spot, located in Parsons Ave., just off Livingston Ave.

Featuring a complete wine, liquor and food list, The Tivoli is rapidly reaching the bracket of choice listings in night club circles.

Recommended spots for those favorite drinks are the Jai-Lai with the atmosphere and service and quality of TOPS

GLORIA'S FRANK FERNEAU.

. . . The Oasis in the Hotel Chittenden with the Goldmer Trio matching the best drinks with the best music and songs . . . The Mikado in the Fort Hayes celebrating an anniversary in smart style and sticking to the policy which made it a favorite from the beginning . . . The Stone's Grills about town . . . The King's Grills with excellent music, the drinks you want and the enjoyment you need every night.

CAROLY'NS
NITE CLUB
792 Marion Road
Home-made Italian Spaghetti. Chicken, Steak and Chop Dinners.
All Legal Beverages 'Till 2:30 Nightly
ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY
No Cover Nor Minimum
Plenty of room for your parties.
Phone GA. 0286 for reservations

LOYD SUNDERLAND
AND HIS RHYTHM BOYS
FREE DANCING EVERY NIGHT.
CARNIVAL EVERY THURSDAY.
REAL ITALIAN SPAGHETTI.
Main Street Restaurant and Grill
494-498 E. Main St.

New Location
BAMBOO
INN
1816 W. 5th Ave.
Chinese American Restaurant
WINES — HIGHBALLS
6% BEER
Open 11 A. M. to 1 A. M.
KI. 0111

KING'S GRILLS
DINE AND DANCE
The Three Musical Moods
DANCING NIGHTLY
Open 'Til 2:30 A. M.
1080 Cleveland Ave.
KING'S ROSE GARDEN
Tiny Margaret and Her Two Ruths. Dancing.
MOHAWK and BECK
THE FOUR ZEKES
String Music
1890 S. High St.

LITTLE ITALY
WE HAVE THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF LIQUORS IN THE STATE.
FREE DANCING.
3 Floor Shows Nightly.
No Cover or Minimum Charge. Real Italian Atmosphere.
347 BARTHMAN AVE.

## Texas Corps Is Glorified

The ever popular midnight preview that takes place at the Knickerbocker Theater every Saturday will bring Fred MacMurray in one of the most glorious fighting romances, "The Texas Rangers."

For this owl show, beginning at 11:20 p. m., will be presented five acts of vaudeville, in addition.

"The Texas Rangers" will also be shown on Sunday and Monday with Gloria Stuart in "Wanted: Jane Turner," as the second feature.

There is vaudeville on the stage Sunday at 3, 6 and 9 p. m.

LIEB'S
NITE CLUB
1882 E. LIVINGSTON AVE.
AT THE VIADUCT.
DINE AND DANCE
NIGHTLY
Music by SCIOTO SERENADERS
Open Till 2:30 A. M.
6% Beer, Wines and Liquors.
CARL LIEB, Mgr.

BOB'S PREMIER NITE CLUB
1921 PARSONS AVE.
The Harlem Revue Thursday, Friday and Saturday Nights.
DANCE TO HARLOW MILLER'S ORCHESTRA
10-Cent Cover.
Prof. Marbery, Palmist, Reading free.

Brysonian
SHADEVILLE, OHIO
Dancing Every Saturday & Sunday
Featuring Bill Rogers, Violinist
With Rhythm Jesters Orchestra
Roy Christman, Caller
Admission 10c. We Pay the Tax
Liquor, Wine and Beer
Chicken and Spaghetti Dinners
DEAN BRYSON, Prop.

Smoler's Cafe
190 S. Fourth
Enjoy Yourself
. . . at Smoler's, where gay crowds, friendly service, fine foods and drinks are a by-word. Our low prices make new friends every day.
SATURDAY SPECIAL
BAKED SWISS STEAK DINNER
Mashed Potatoes, Cole Slaw, Bread and Butter, Choice of Drinks..... 20c
6% Bottled Beer 10c
6 BOTTLES TO TAKE OUT . . . 49c
SANDWICHES . . . . . 5c

WHISKEY
AT LOWEST PRICES IN TOWN
DON'T FORGET OUR
BARGAIN NITE
EVERY WEDNESDAY
FISH BOWL at 5c
Wines 5c PER GLASS
CARNIVAL NITE
EVERY FRIDAY
Prizes and Souvenirs for All.
Entertainment Every Night.
Open All Day Including Sunday
From 6 A. M. to 1 A. M.

# Celtics, Rens Ready for Pro Battle at Coliseum

The New York Celtics and the New York Renaissance are ready for their important professional basket ball game at the Fair Grounds Coliseum Sunday night. This contest is one of the series being played by the two clubs to determine the world's professional championship.

Herlihy.

The lineups of both clubs abound in basket ball luminaries. With the Celtics are Henry (Dutch) Dehnert, Joe Lapchick, Nat Hickey, Pat Herlihy, Bob McDermott, Paul Birch and others.

Dehnert introduced the pivot play several years ago. Lapchick is the giant Bohemian center. Hickey has long been a mainstay of the Celtics while Herlihy, McDermott and Birch are comparative newcomers.

The New York Renaissance has held the world's colored championship as far back as one cares to remember. The redoubtable Clarence (Fat) Jenkins, guard, still captains the team. Others in the cast include "Willie" Smith, "Casey" Holt, "Rabbit" Bethards and "Tarzan" Cooper.

McDermott.

The Celtics' starting lineup probably will consist of Dehnert and Herlihy at forwards, Lapchick at center and McDermott and Birch at guards. For the Rens, Cooper and Holt more than likely will start at forwards, Smith at center and Jenkins and Bethards at guards. Bethards was unable to appear in Columbus last Sunday when his team played the Athletic Supply. He was called home due to the death of his father but he has since rejoined his mates.

Neither the Celtics nor the Rens have ever lost a game on a Columbus floor although both have played here several times within the last decade.

Hickey.

Two outstanding preliminaries have been arranged. In one, the Spring St. "Y" Big Five will face the Buckeye Clothiers of Coshocton while in the other Bobb Chevrolets will lock horns with a team of coaches playing under the banner of the Athletic Supply.

The brisk advance ticket sale for the basket ball carnival indicate the large following that the Celtics and Rens have in Columbus. Ducats are available at the Athletic Supply Co., Bobb Chevrolet Co. and the Ohio State News office.

## Johnny Owens With Louisville Colonels

ARCADIA, Fla.—Johnny (Lefty) Owens, Columbus boy and a pitching protege of Burleigh Grimes, is one of the hurlers with the Louisville Colonels in training here under the direction of Manager Bert Niehoff.

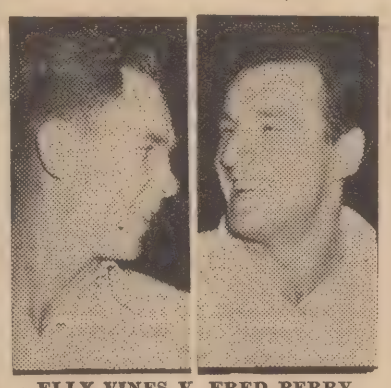
The Club Soda with the pep, the sparkle and the life. See your Schille Dealer or call AD. 2196.

ASK FOR SCHILLE


## PERRY, VINES TO PLAY HERE

Columbus tennis fans will have an opportunity to see another of the series of hotly contested matches between Ellsworth Vines and Fred Perry. These two famous stars will be accompanied to Columbus by George M. Lott, jr., and Bruce Barnes and will perform for Columbus fans at the Fair Grounds Coliseum the night of Thursday, Mar. 25.

Vines is called "the hardest hitter in tennis today," by no less an


ELLY VINES V. FRED PERRY.

authority than Big Bill Tilden.

Tilden, no mean hitter himself when he was in his prime, has this to say about Vines' speed:

**"When I finish a match with him my arm feels just like a piece of concrete, the result of stopping hundreds of those battering ram drives of his."**

"Elly," as he is called by his mates on the tennis court, has the happy faculty of being able to turn on the heat when the going gets tough without sacrificing anything in the way of speed and control.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce is handling all details incident to the match.

## "Chet" Morgan Joins Toledo at Harlingen

HARLINGEN, Tex.—"Chet" Morgan, outfielder with Milwaukee last year, has joined the Toledo Mud Hens in spring training here. Also on hand are Outfielders Charles Bates and Ben McCoy and First Baseman George Archie and a number of rookies and batterymen. Bates played with Indianapolis last year, while McCoy and Archie were with the Beaumont Texas League club.

## UNDEFEATED.

**Chalking up seven straight victories, the Davis Grill basket ball team annexed the second-season championship in the Heart of Ohio League. The Grill team is composed of Ed Davis, manager; Jack Sullivan, Ron Peters, Wayne Burkey, Paul Price and Harold Todd. Bill Davis, old-time central Ohio baseball star, backs the quintet.**

## BASEBALL LOOP MEETS MAR. 29

The roster of teams that will compete in the Heart of Ohio Baseball League this season will be revealed following the next meeting of the circuit, called for 7:30 p. m. Monday night, Mar. 29, at Spalding's store.

No less than 13 teams are seeking franchises and all of them are urged to be represented without fail.

Among the clubs that have asked franchises are Whitehall, defending champion; Pickerington Creamery, Inc., West Jefferson, Grove City, Grandview, Ideal Cleaners, Briggsdale, Amlin Red and White Stores, Pestel Milks, Dickerson Shoes, Brice Hanna Motor Sales, Fenner Furnaces and a team to be managed by Jim Kirkman.

If 16 strong teams ask franchises, it is probable that the league will be divided into two sections of eight teams each.

## Ranco Five Champ in AA Industrial

By virtue of its 30-to-12 victory over Owens-Illinois in the play-off game, Ranco was crowned champion of the class AA Industrial League. The Ranco cagers were defeated by Owens for the first-round title and then came through with the second-half pennant to gain the right for the play-off.

Pierce Snyder and Sam Busich were added to the team for the second round and the play of both aided considerably in the team's success. Ted Vollman and Jack Ross served as managers of the team.

The past season in the AA Industrial was by far the most successful since its formation eight years ago.

## Fight Date Changed

NEW YORK.—Lou Ambers will defend his lightweight boxing title against Tony Canzoneri May 7 and not on Apr. 2. Canzoneri asked more time in order to prepare for the bout.

## Dempsey Accepts

TAMPA, Fla.—Jack Dempsey has accepted an offer of $50,000 to act as referee of a series of boxing matches in five South American cities, it has been learned here.

## Tourney Deadline Is Tuesday Noon

The deadline for teams desiring to participate in the first annual Columbus independent basket ball tournament has been set for noon Tuesday. The tournament gets under way Tuesday night at the Knights of Columbus gymnasium and will be resumed on Saturday and Sunday, Mar. 27 and 28.

The tourney is open to any team and there's an entry fee of $5 with a valuable award to the champion and runner-up. The only eligibility rule is that the complete team roster must be on file with Tournament Manager Robert Brinker before the tourney opens.

So far entries have been received from 15 clubs, including five from Columbus.

All entries should be mailed to Brinker, Room 316, Huntington Bank Building, Columbus.

## Millers Look Good In Early Practice

NEW BRAUNFELS, Tex.—The Minneapolis infield has been looking good in early drills here. Harry Taylor is at first base, Andy Cohen at second, "Red" Kress and Blondy Ryan alternating at short and Roy Pfleger at third. Fresco Thompson has just reported.

Among the outfielders, Lindsay Deal, "Dusty" Cooke, Carl Reynolds and Mike Christoff have been impressive.


MEN NEEDED
to train for
AIR CONDITIONING
REFRIGERATION

Look ahead. Get out of the small salary rut. Plan to get your share in the fastest growing industries in the country. For consideration you should be mechanically inclined and have fair education. For interview write giving age, phone and present occupation.

Utilities Engineering Institute
Address Box 321, care Sunday Star


## Mutes to Box.

James Clarke, chairman of the Eagles athletic committee, and Ivan Tope, matchmaker, have made arrangements for a team of boxers from the State School for the Deaf for 30 rounds of boxing Tuesday at 8:30 p. m., Eagles' auditorium, 771 N. High St. The public is invited.

Whether you are an occasional beer drinker—or one who drinks it every day—you'll appreciate the superior quality of BURGER BEER. Finest ingredients, the best in brewing science—plus slow aging—makes BURGER BEER superior. Drink the best.

Bürger Beer
"VAS YOU EFER IN ZINZINNATI"

CAPITOL BEVERAGE DISTRIBUTING CO.
367 W. State AD. 3243



CHAMPIONSHIP BASKET BALL
STATE FAIRGROUND COLISEUM
SUNDAY NIGHT, MARCH 21st—8:15 P. M.
THE ORIGINAL CELTICS (Defending Professional Champions) VS. THE RENAISSANCE (National Negro Champions)
Two Preliminaries at 7:15 P. M. Admission Prices 40c, 75c and $1.00.

SPECIAL
Complete assortment of Dog Toys, Beds, and Carriers. Attractive Prices.
57 E. SPRING



NORMAN'S
Auto Glass Co.
INSTALLS ANY NEW AUTO DOOR GLASS FOR ..... $1.50
6th and Mound AD. 2636



MEN SPECIALIST
Practice Limited to Treatment of Men
ACUTE AND CHRONIC

Examination, consultation, information free. Private treatment, medicine furnished.

Are You NERVOUS and despondent, weak and debilitated, tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless, memory gone, easily fatigued, excitable and irritable, lack of energy and confidence? Is there failing power? Success comes only by going after the real cause.

Take advantage of my special low fees and attend to this now.

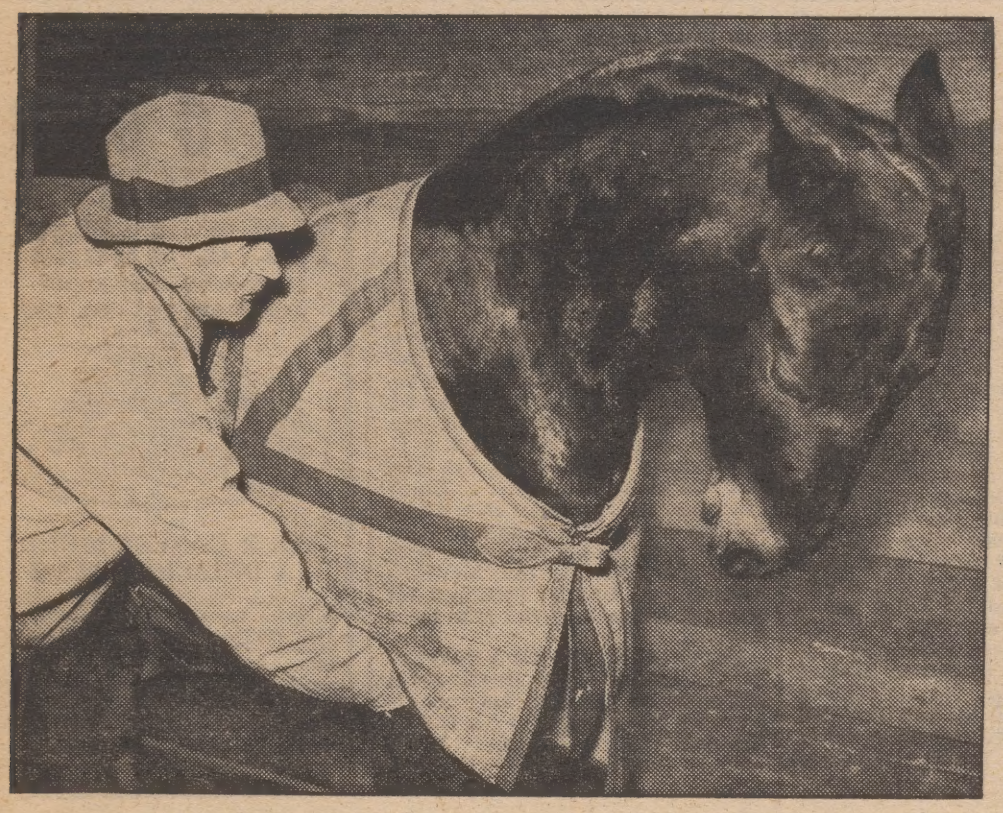
Endocrine Gland Treatment

This is the most important physical message that has come to you. Do not put it aside.

Not by operation—not by drugs—not by magic, although it seems magical. Just a wonderful natural way.

DR. E. S. FERRIS
Third Floor, 6 North High Street
Office hours—Daily 9 a. m. to 1 p. m., 2 p. m. to 5 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m.
Sundays, 9 a. m. to 12 m. only. Closed Tuesdays and Fridays.

# Get on a Horse for What Ails You



*A cranky equine objects to heavy winter stable blankets.*

*Taking the kinks out of Trafford Talmadge's new hunter, "Bulger."*

By JOHN T. BINGHAM.

TIME was, as the corn shocks rattled in the wind and the ground froze up, when Columbus horsemen sat around in their trackrooms, scratched themselves and waited for spring.

They wallowed in reminiscences about "that cock-eyed judge who gave the blue to the jar-headed mare of Herb's, and idle predictions on "next year I'll have the best walk-trot horse in this country." And in the meantime, the fat and sassy bangtails swung their tails at the puffy little sparrows in the frosty stalls and munched oats which they didn't earn.

Came a day, though, when these riders unsaddled their swivel chairs and heeded the advice that the outside of a horse was good for the inside of a man in any kind of weather, blow hot or cold.

The sound of hammers mixed with the stamping and neighing of saddle horses at the Columbus Riding Club and before very long an inside hall had mushroomed up beside the clubhouse.

Enthusiasm hit a new high and new riders packed down the 25 tons of tanbark necessary for good footing in the big hall, which measures approximately 100 by 200 feet.

## 50 Horses Winter There.

Almost 50 horses are wintering at the Riding Club this year. These include eight five-gaited saddlers, 16 jumpers or hunters, and the balance are three-gaited or "walk-trot" horses.

And these hay-burners are really earning their keep. They have no time to dillydally in a stall getting fat and "soft," for theirs is a life of club drills, instruction classes, horse shows, and evening rides in the big ring.

Mild weather, this so-called winter has helped a lot but credit must also be given the more than ever popular horse.

Nothing equals a stiff hand-gallop on a frosty day for sheer tonic, a cure-all for a large head from a big evening, or for smoothing out frazzled nerves. Aboard a sound and sensible horse, the "tired business man" can gain much more surcease from his troubles than from a prescription of blondes and beer.

Whole families turn out for a long ride, all of them wrapped in mufflers, mackinaws and nonfreeze clothing. Nothing daunted, "mom" and the girls keep up with "pop" and the boys, on these cross-country jaunts.

While the five-gaited horses flash about the ring and on the outdoor track demonstrating their walk, running walk, rack, trot and center, the three-gaits of the walk-trot-gallop horses keep pace with the distance-eating gallop of the hunters.

Rocky Fork has kept a heavy calendar and the "hounds have met" successfully several times with snow in the air. Cold and biting winds only add to the fun of riding to hounds when "full steam" is up.

## Heavy Clothing Needed.

The hills near Maj. Harry Brown's farm at Gahanna are ridden every week by those who don't mind a blue nose in exchange for the zing of going places with those grand thoroughbreds, "Rockinda", "Opera Comique," or the old soldier of them all, "Topnotch."

Heavy weather riding calls for suitable clothing, however, and people have been known to sniffle miserably for lack of warmth while sitting on a very hot horse.

Breeches should be fairly heavy and bolstered with double-barrel drawers. They should be roomy, as a tight "breek" is a thing only a little less horrible than death by strangulation.

Wool socks come next. Some old-timers in this winter riding business often suggest a pair of silk sox next the feet with the woolies pulled over.

Boots — well, boots should not pinch with emphasis on the "not!" Remember, there's not much walking to be done, or at least everyone hopes not, and since the foot merely dangles in the air, it may get mighty chilly with tight insulation.

From the waist up is usually left to the rider's wardrobe and thermostatic qualities. Some peel clear down to a light sweater and windbreaker, while others pile it on up to and including sheepskin coats.

The added zest for riding in the snow and air-ful out-of-doors has produced a bumper crop of tyros and first-timers. And as all horsemen do, they go through the four stages necessary to arrive at the always improvable height of equestrianism.

First, there's the timid stage. The horse, no matter how gentle, is a huge and fearsome beast spouting invisible smoke and fire from its nostrils and just aching to kick the daylights out of anything in sight.

While in this shaky state, the alleged rider is hoisted into the saddle which seems miles above the good earth, and after a few confused hints by the first-timer, the horse takes a few steps. It's like riding a swaying howdah on a circus elephant's back. There's an overpowering urge to grab the horse around the neck and hang on, but all these silly goings-on wear off after a while, and the second stage begins to assert itself.

## Confidence Comes Eventually.

Maybe it takes several weeks to get the rider's eyes back to normal and away from that bugging-out appearance, and maybe it won't take so long to dry up the sweat in his palms, and pump him full of confidence. But confidence will come—oh, yes!—it'll come all right.

And when it does, he has reached that chronic and malignant state which constitutes the whoopee-I'm-a-cowboy stage. This usually results in a headache for the stable manager. Afraid of nothing, the rider, in the grip of the cowboy yen, goes yipping around the country at full gallop.

The stable boys mutter into their wipe rags, as they groom the steaming horse. The rider begins to sound off about how fast that or this horse can run. His hat size inflates with what he thinks is equine knowledge. And the horse? Well, he's probably saying to himself, "What the hell goes on here, anyway?"

This boot-for-boot, and giddyap business goes on for quite a while. But like the first stage, it begins to wane.

Now comes the third step. Some call it the bull-ring stage. It gets its name from a circular track usually located near the stables. This track acts as a schooling and exercising ring for horses needing one or both. Perhaps its called a bull-ring because the cavalry have always called it that.

The rider, who by now has begun to polish up a little on his horsemanship, develops the commendable habit of riding in the bullring for the purpose of improving himself or the horse. He finds that he can learn a lot from the latter. It might be said that the rider is just beginning to get as much sense as the horse.

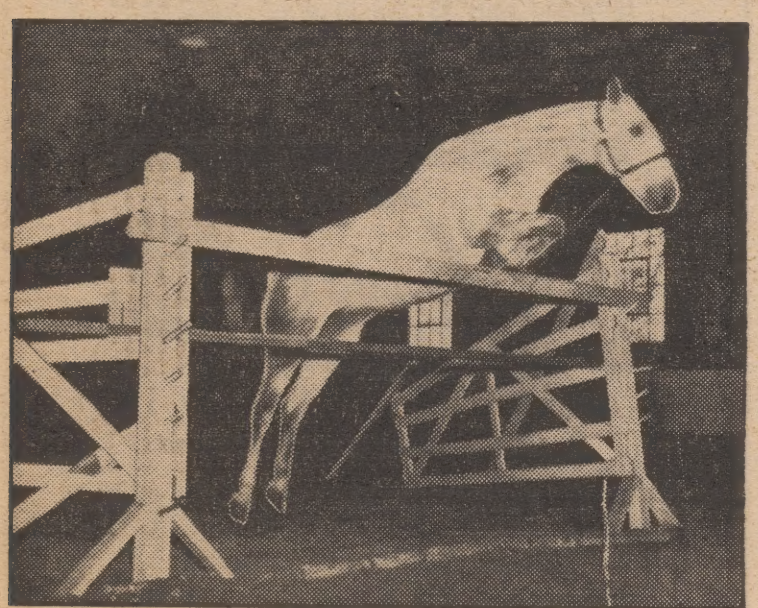
Comes now the terrific longing for a really "class" horse, suitable for competition in the show ring. Money changes hands and the proud and well-informed horseman is now seen consulting horse show schedules. He worries about proper shoeing, a "show" saddle, training and conditioning.

This advanced stage adds to his worries and happiness. More grief, more fun, more profanity, more fun are his for having stuck to horsedom.

Having gone this far in really knowing all that a good horse can give to his health and happiness, a horseman will ride in any weather, so it seems.

And after the ride, there's much stamping about, and it's hard to keep from whooping a little. No appetizer is needed for dinner, but a warming tot of something never tasted so good before.

No matter if the rider has been on a gaited picture of style and performance, no matter if he's felt the smart trot of a three-gaited horse or the swinging, sturdy gallop of a wise old hunter, he's known the fun and warmth of winter riding, and as a prescription for what ails you, he'll say, "Get a horse!"



*"School" jumping is part of the winter training program at the Riding Club.*

*Horseshoer Jake Lind tacks on a new set of "plates."*

# HOLSTEIN, KAUFMAN HIT 706 TOTALS

By RED PHILLIPS.

**In putting on the week's best alley performance the fast-traveling Goodale League was led by none other than the Ohio State all-events champion, Paul "Bud" Holstein of the Magic Chef Ranges team. Bud totaled 706 with games of 233, 226 and 247.**

Fritz Bauman helped on the Magic Chef team with 623 and they had single games of 1000 and 1041. They lost the team events to Jai Lai Cafe with a 1085 single game and Exposition Buffet totaled 3036 and included scores of 1069 and 1038.

"Red" Phillips.

Jim Ruork of Jai Lai Cafe shot a 267 as the best single game and he totaled 658 as Al Lockney counted 667 with him. Harry Wade hit a 265 on the Exposition Buffet team and totaled 655 and Earl Horcher got 658 on the same team and his brother Erny helped with 631.

-|- -|- -|-

Another 706 was posted in the Hilltop All Star League by Clayt Kaufman with games of 236, 213 and 257. Earl Bland got 637 with him and their Spears Funeral Home team won the events with 1036 and 2942. Al Kaeppner of Tom Mills totaled 610.

-|- -|- -|-

Three of the Burkholz League's honors were taken by the Ben Brew Beer team Monday night. The squad totaled 2921 as George Lewis, a member, hit 254 and totaled 670 for the individual honors. Herman Kaeppner helped him with 631 and their team hit 1009 one game. Bort Meats took the single game with 1023. King's Grill hit 1016 and Plank's Bakery got 1010.

Bruce Emery of Held Undertakers totaled 642, Robert Metzger of King's Grill got 637, Louie Plank hit 630 with Plank's Bakery and John Seeburger of Mann's Cafe totaled 627.

-|- -|- -|-

It was all Thatcher Auditors in the Commercial League as Naddy Latham hit a 276 game and totaled 651 and the squad rolled 1028 and 2784. Harry Cullman of Frank Treasurers added 622.

-|- -|- -|-

Ray Zeigler of Falter's Purity Brand totaled 664 to be the high man in the South Side Business Men's League Tuesday night and Engel of Deibel's Grill hit a 247 single game. He totaled 638. Bob Lang of Burnham Boiler Corporation hit a 246 and totaled 629. Whitie Marlow of Frank Treasurers added 616 as Harry Cullman got 615 with him and Wes Canfield put 613 with them as their team won the single game with 1057. Columbus Buggy Parts had 1020 and totaled 2973 for the latter event and Deibel's Grill rolled 1013.

-|- -|- -|-

Jack O'Brien hit 265 one game to top the Knights of Columbus White League and he totaled 613 as Ziegler added 624 and their Recorders took team honors with 1026 and 2864. Bill Behnen of the Chancellors had 640 as the high total. Ray O'Brien of the Trustees counted 634 and George Kunesch hit 628 with him. Carl Miller of the Treasurers added 611.

-|- -|- -|-

**THE SWAN, INC.**—Clyde Wells had 650 as the Swan Majors high total and Cliff Robling got 624 with him as their Kulp Brothers Building Materials won with 1046 and 2965 Wednesday night. Cliff Jones of Lattimer's hit a 245 as the best single game and his team had a 1025 score. Bushman's Five hit 1003 and Chuck Stuart, a member, totaled 629. Ray Ziegler of Modern Plumbers totaled 634 . . . William Reidelbach of Dr. Locke's Shoes hit a 237 as the best single game in the Steelton League Tuesday night and his 611 was beaten by his teammate, Elmer Stahl, with 615. Their squad was high with 2744 as The Grand team hit 958 . . . Margaret Lilley of Marie Ray Florists totaled 582 to lead the Swan Ladies' League and Daisy Linden of Smallwood Grocery hit a 232 score. Her team totaled 2522 and Cook & Sons quintet hit 888.

**GETTROST RECREATION**—The Lazarus Men's League was led by Frank Schultz with 258 and 634 and the Men's Clothing team had a 1035 score and totaled 2865 . . . Allen Hale of Beavers shot a 254 game and added 631 to beat out Fred Tannreuther of Greiner's with 252 and 616 in the Lions' League Monday . . . Tuesday in the Merchants & Jobbers loop Cliff Robling of Buckeye Beer hit a 240 game and Sam Ciminello added 613 with Greene Clothiers as his team won with 928 and 2710 . . . Benny Dempsey of the Jaycees was high with 622 in the Service Clubs League and his team had 997 and 2916 to win. Buxton of Paul's Kiwanis hit a 242 score . . . Mauger of Shell Service counted 620 and his teammate, Ashbrooke, had a 252 game as their team won with 926 and 2478 in the Gettrost Recreation League . . . "Doc" Ford shot a 253 as high in the State Office loop and Russ Harris totaled 601.

**KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS**—J. DeLuca totaled 604 with the Trinidad team to be high in the Blue League and B. Stalder of the Marco quintet rolled a 241 game . . . Quinn of Seidensticker Socks included a 238 game in his 603 total to win both events in the Scatch League. Bill Mitchell showed the way in the Ohlem-Bishop League with 225 and 592.

**DISTELHORST RECREATION**—Denny of the Chessy Cats totaled 636 to be the Seagrave's high man and Stapf of Pole Cats hit a 245 score . . . Heinie Mead led the Federal Glass with a 251 and 636 . . . In the C. & O. League Kaeppner of the Foreman shot a 255 and he had 601 for three games . . . Dorothy Carroll of Hamilton Milk was the best in the South Side Business Girls League with a 540 total . . . At 247 each Cyphers of Hunter & Sons Food Market and Steinmetz of the Powell Notary team tied for the South Side Commercial's high single game and the former won total pins with 616 as the latter's team was high with 986 and 2762 . . . Another tie, a 235, was registered in the Columbus Better Business League by Dailey of Kahn Jewelers and George Koetz of Leitwein Mutuals. The latter's team won with 970 and 2768 and Schumaker of Rains Carpet Cleaners totaled 609.

**HI-CHESTNUT** — John Geyer's 262 with Wilke Meats topped the All-Star League and he totaled 629 but lost that honor to Larry Lyons of Thomas Shirt Co. with 636. Ira Bass got 623 with him. Nick Cuccio of The Neil House and Heinie Werner of Deshler Wallick added 619 each. Marshall Elks won team total with 2925 and Wilke Meats hit 1045 one game . . . Helm Florists hit an 873 game as Katie Eaton, a member, totaled the Ladies' Forest League's high of 596. Her 227 single game was tied by Mollie Ambos of Sunday Creek Coal and the team totaled 2467 . . . In the Buckeye League Stocklin of Paul's Food Shoppe hit a 245 and totaled 650 as Tyack of Hi-Chestnut Recreation shot a 252 single game. His team had 951 and Century Chemical totaled 2794. Reimold of State Industrial Bank hit 245 and 640 and Barrows of Century Chemical got 616.

**BURKHOLZ RECREATION**—Ray Beck of Cottage Produce led the Sycamore League with a 256 game and his 636 total was beaten by Henry Keilmeyer of Ben Brew Beer with 645. Ben Brew team hit 1045 and J. & K. Foot Savers totaled 2913. Florence Furnaces hit 1004. William Reidelbach and John Heigel got 617 and 615 with J. & K. and Lennie Burkholz hit 612 with Art McCann's Insurance . . . Harry Heckman of Gambrinus Beer added 611 and Charles Groezinger of B. A. C. had a 245 as his team won with 1010 and 2705 in the Southern League . . . Charles Campbell hit 244 and 590 to lead the Ben Brew League.

**HILLTOP RECREATION**—Whitey Looker of the Eagles got a 680 with 190, 244 and 246 and his team hit 950 and 2748 in the Hilltop Business Men's League . . . The Recreation League was led by Clayt Kauffman of Millikin Hardware with 677. Gene White hit 640 with York Grill and his team won with 992 and 2876. Earl Bland of Montrose Studio hit 638 and George Port of Grandview Cleaners 624 . . . Don Shafer had 663 with Hall & Steele to lead the Suburban League


OTTO BESS
QUALITY MEATS
196 S. FOURTH
Wholesale and Retail
Phone AD. 4254—AD. 4255

YOUR EASTER MENU!
A DELICIOUS HAM
. . . from "Bess" would be a grand surprise for the whole family and very appropriate for the festive occasion. Place your order now—our Hams can't be equaled.
ONE FRIEND TELLS ANOTHER



TENNIS MATCH OF THE CENTURY!
PERRY vs. VINES
GEORGE LOTT BRUCE BARNES
COLISEUM—STATE FAIR GROUNDS
Thursday, March 25th, 8 P. M.
Tickets on Sale—Varsity Drug Store—Ben Ratner's—Spalding's—Admission 50c to $2.00

Here Are Listed Columbus' Popular Bowling Alleys!

DISTELHORST RECREATION PARLORS
10 MODERN BRUNSWICK ALLEYS.
6% Beer and Fine Wines—Noon Lunches—Best of Foods.
OPEN ALLEYS TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS.
1000 Parsons Ave.—GA. 0364. Carl Distelhorst, Prop.

HILLTOP RECREATION and TAVERNETTE
"JUST 10 MINUTES FROM BROAD AND HIGH."
2419-21 W. BROAD ST. RAY SMITH, Manager

K. of C. BOWLING ALLEYS
Open to the public. Catering to week-end bowling parties.
Phone for reservations.
COR. STATE and SIXTH STS. "SANDY" SANDERELL, Manager.

COLLEGE INN BOWLING ALLEYS & GRILL
OPEN ALLEYS AVAILABLE — FREE INSTRUCTION.
GRILL — 6% BEER — WINES — MIXED DRINKS
1547 N. HIGH ST. UN. 0427. W. K. O'BRIEN—JACK CASE

GETTROST RECREATION
28 Streamlined Alleys—FREE Instruction—Billiards—Lunches.
GAY AND FRONT STS. — FRED H. PFEIFFER, Mgr.

HI-CHESTNUT RECREATION COMPANY
Jimmy Smith's Bowling Shoes for Men and Women.
18 ALLEYS — BILLIARDS — GRILL
240 N. HIGH ST. ROLLIE FOSTER, Mgr.

BURKHOLZ BOWLING ALLEYS
Same Spot Since 1905—"Watch for the Neon Sign"
"LENNIE" BURKHOLZ, Prop. 355 SYCAMORE ST.

HI-GOODALE RECREATION
Modern Grill—Billiards—Air Cooled—19 New Streamlined Alleys.
594 N. HIGH ST.—"BOB" BELLIS, Manager. AD. 4647

THE SWAN BOWLING AND GRILL
Bowl on the Swan's 8 NEW Streamlined Alleys.
1493 Parsons Ave. (at Jenkins). JOHN ZIMPFER, Manager

A CONFESSION

¶ People write and tell us that they like SCHMIDT'S better than any other beer . . . they stop us on the street and tell us how right we were in making beer *without* sugar, *without* glucose and *without* fattening syrups added . . . dealers, too, tell us how this new type beer has increased their sales.

¶ We blush.

¶ We must confess that the idea of making Schmidt's a *natural brew* was not our idea at all but *YOUR* IDEA! Yes, we found out by asking hundreds of folks what they wanted and expected of beer. You told us you wanted a beer you could drink safely, as regularly as you wished . . . and so we gave you Schmidt's . . . *without* sugar, *without* glucose, *without* fattening syrups being added. Because you wanted a beer flavor that was not bitter and not too sweet—we use only purest, finest, *natural ingredients in a perfect blend.*

¶ The truth is now known. *We did not just trust to luck.* We *knew* you would like Schmidt's because it was brewed to the specifications YOU gave us. We made a modern brew for modern tastes. Schmidt's, today's most talked about beer, owes its great popularity to the fact that it IS different and IS the kind of beer you want. Order Schmidt's today—try it—you'll like it!

BE TEMPERATE . . . DRINK BEER

DRINK
Schmidt's
BEER
The Natural Brew

HILL DISTRIBUTING CO.
195-97 S. Grant Avenue
Columbus, Ohio—ADams 2400

THE SCHMIDT BREWING COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

# Canary Murder Case Bares Love Nest

Continued from Page 5.

breakfast en route to Cleveland. Before continuing to Cleveland, he made the telephone call ordering a new automobile for his wife.

During a long inquisition, Miss Ludwig took the detectives back to the beginning of her romance with Cable, beginning seven years before while she was still living in Canton.

### Mistress Fades Out.

Just a few weeks previously, she and Cable went to Florida together for over a week's sojourn. Later, Cable's wife joined him there for what was to be their "second honeymoon," and the mistress faded out of the picture.

On Friday, Mar. 5, Miss Ludwig said, she had attended a party with Cable and some friends in a Cleveland hotel. There were three other couples in the party, she said, the men all business associates of Cable, the other women Clevelanders. She admitted she quarreled with Cable then, but later patched it up.

Miss Ludwig spent the night and the next morning, she related, in the hotel in Cleveland, and then returned to the Akron love nest, arriving there late Saturday afternoon. Cable, she said, returned from Cleveland Saturday night, stopping off at the apartment.

The following Sunday, Cable visited the apartment and told about an automobile ride he had taken with Mrs. Cable and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Oxenrider.

Detectives inspect the bar Contractor Cable installed in his Akron love nest.

### "Future" Discussed.

Cable returned to the Akron apartment from Cleveland on Tuesday night, the woman continued, and spent the night there. At that time they discussed a subject that had arisen frequently between them. This, she said, had to do with their future.

On Wednesday morning, Miss Ludwig added, Cable left for Canton and she saw him again Thursday morning when he stopped for breakfast on the way to Cleveland. He told her, she said, that he would probably return to the apartment for dinner Friday night.

Miss Ludwig spent Thursday night alone in her apartment, she said, retiring about 9:30 p. m. About an hour before she retired she telephoned an Akron friend and to another friend in Canton with whom she had dined on Monday night. Both these telephone calls were verified by police.

On Friday morning, Miss Ludwig continued, she received a telephone call from a Steubenville friend who asked her to come there and help take care of a member of the family who was ill. Because she expected Cable for dinner that night she wrote a note, as was her custom, and placed it on the telephone stand.

Then Miss Ludwig departed for Steubenville, via Canton, she added, first placing a long distance telephone call for Cable in Cleveland. She said she learned that Cable had been called back to Canton. Then she called a close personal friend of Cable in Canton who had previously transmitted messages for her, and asked the friend to tell Cable about the Steubenville trip.

Although this was the morning after the murder, she was not told that Mrs. Cable had been killed, Miss Ludwig asserted. She left Akron at 9:30 a. m., reaching Steubenville in midafternoon.

Her first information of the slaying, Miss Ludwig said, was when she saw an afternoon newspaper in Steubenville. The news so shocked her, she said, that she began to cry and when her hostess, who knew of her acquaintance with Cable, urged her not to worry, she replied:

"Well, thank God, I'm innocent of any crime."

### Told to "Lay Low."

On Saturday morning, Miss Ludwig said, she called the Canton business man again and discussed the murder with him. She was told to lay low until the affair blew over.

In references to the Akron apartment, which she said Cable had maintained since July, 1934, at an average cost of $200 a month, Miss Ludwig stated that three or four other Akron and Canton men made use of the apartment for parties.

This information put a select group of Ohio business men on tenterhooks. Authorities deliberated on making public the names of the men who helped support the bizarre "love club."

Disclosure of the names would create a scandal such as Canton had not known for years, and might all but wreck half a dozen families. The one reassurance for the men involved was that Prosecutor Barthelmeh was averse to revealing their identities unless the "love club" could be shown to figure significantly in the shotgun killing.

The prosecutor took the position that unnecessary disclosure of the names would only bring suffering to the men's wives and children.

"A good woman has been the victim of one of the country's most vicious crimes," said Mayor Seccombe. "We have information that at least four other men besides Mrs. Cable's husband pooled expenses on the love nest over in Akron, and that they had a similar apartment in Canton, too.

"The Akron apartment cost several thousand dollars to establish and furnish and from what we know it was sort of a community gathering place. Cable's men friends brought women to the apartment for parties and weekend affairs."

Detective Clark quoted Miss Ludwig as saying she only acted as hostess for Cable's friends most of the time, and that these other men and their girls would go on cross-country jaunts. One of the men is said to be a banker, another a prominent automobile dealer.

Miss Ludwig admitted her relationship with Cable had not been as pleasant and as free from strife as she wished. When they faced each other in the police station, Cable is said to have told his mistress their affair is at an end.

Police said Cable told them he was not sure Miss Ludwig had told them all she knew.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Cable is survived by two children, Hobart, 18, a student at Riverside Academy in Gainesville, Ga., and Jane, 19, a sophomore at Heidelberg College in Tiffin. Mrs. Cable was prominent in affairs of the First Reformed Church.


OPEN MEMBERSHIP
OTTO'S CLUB
ENROLL NOW!

With your enrollment you receive sure hit numbers that will make you an active booster. Send $1.00 cash or money order, with your name and address, and get started today for regular hits. Address all mail

*OTTO'S CLUB*
Box 513, Columbus, O.

Here We Are Again???

Due to popular demand our enrollment closing is extended to March 23rd. Receive our special of 4 Fast Hitting Numbers.

It's a cinch; you cannot miss numerous hits on 035, 617, 217, 394.

POSITIVELY NO BOXING

Special enrollment fee, $2.50

New York Syndicate
Box 4573 Columbus, Ohio.

Real Real Real Hits

After two years of successful business and study in numbers, I am now able to offer you a Straight Hit System.

One Straight Play a week, and an Assurance of One Straight Hit a month.

Enrollment fee—$10.00
Address all mail to
MR. BROWNLEE—personal
71 E. State St.
Box 244 Columbus, Ohio

Mrs. Oswald followed Mr. Oswald's advice of last week . . .

MARIEE

Gave her a hit. Now look at her new Easter duds. See or write Mariee,

760 N. Park St.
Columbus, Ohio.
Personal calls, 50c, Tues., Wed., Thurs., 10 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Send self-addressed stamped envelope and 25c for three numbers of the week.

MADAM SYLVIA
Character Reader and Adviser.

I do not only read your life like a book but help you out of your troubles. Give names of friends and enemies. I advise upon affairs of life, such as: Love Affairs, Business Matters and Family Troubles. I cause speedy and happy marriages. I am the seventh daughter. I remove all Evil Influences.
Special Readings, 25c, With This Ad. 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., including Sunday.
654 S. HIGH ST.—Apt. 1

Mrs. Riley

Gifted spiritual reader and adviser. Advice on all affairs of life. Business, love, marriage, speculations of all kinds.
Special Readings, 25c.
Hours 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., Sun. Inc.
501 S. HIGH STREET

SHORT CUTS IN ARITHMETIC

This book, fully illustrated, presents in a very simple manner amazing new short cuts in multiplication, division and other arithmetic processes. Don't be slow with figures. Learn how to multiply mentally 85x65, 78x72, 104x113, 753x999, 987x996, etc. Do these and similar problems faster than you can say Jack Robinson and without a pencil.
Send 25c for this valuable book.
JAYEL PUBLISHING CO.,
Dept. 1014, 1457 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

Latest Information On the Stock and Bond Digits.
We Are Using the Tri-Number System.

Hits! Last week we gave out seven combinations and two straight. To obtain this information you purchase our little booklet on doubles, price $2.00; this will entitle you to information for 30 days. Monthly fees afterward will be $1.00. The Magic Pyramid membership is given with this offer, with the cash award of $400.00 free, when your name reaches the peak.

To members only:
Local Phone Service, $1.50 Month.
Mailing Service ..... $2.00 Month.

Send cash or money order to:

THE VALANDINGHAM BOOK SALES
Suite 405—101 N. High St. Columbus, Ohio.

LONELY! List of names and addresses of lonely ladies and gentlemen desiring companionship sent to you for 25 cents and your name listed "if desired." Write Francis Norman, P. O. Box 383, Zanesville, O.

DON'T BE LONELY. Be happy. Marry. Join confidential social club and find your sweetheart. Particulars for a stamp. Address P. O. Box 69, Marion, Ohio.

ARE YOU LONELY? If you seek real friends, companionship or maybe a life mate, write for particulars. Address P. O. Box 628, Piqua, Ohio.

MEN SAVE 80%

—Buy your Drug Sundries, Specialties, Supplies, Blades, etc., direct from manufacturer through our Mail-Order Dept. All personal items are mailed postpaid by us in plain, sealed package. We have everything. Send for Free, illustrated mail-order catalog.
THE N-R MFG. CO., Dept. K-16,
Box 353, Hamilton, Ont.

Prof. Rosendo Salgorda Walters
438 N. Champion Ave.

The man with the radio mind. Answers your most vital questions. Wins lawsuits for you. Gives lucky numbers. Brings peace. Heals the sick spiritually. For appointment, call EV. 3853.

R. WILKE

Lower Prices Than Ever!

*RARELY during our entire fifty years of serving this community with "Finer" Meats have we been able to offer such truly outstanding values. Visit one of R. Wilke's busy stores today . . . and save money!*

175 E. Rich St. 250 E. Main. 1270 W. Broad St.
606 Livingston Ave. 2516 W. Broad. 3516 N. High.

KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge Is the Foundation of Craftsmanship.

Our Bakers "know" their art . . . every loaf of Snowflake Bread is proof of it. Many of them have been with us for years . . . others have come to us after years of training and intensive study.

Yes, we insist upon a high standard . . . but it takes a real knowledge of the art of baking to produce the loaf we want . . . one that is consistently

TOPS IN ENERGY VALUE.

*Snowflake*
BREAD

The WOMANS BAKING Company

Our New Phone: MA. 5268

623 Mt. Vernon Ave., Columbus, O.

312 — 470 — 986

# 5 SLAIN BY GAS FUMES

Story on Page 22

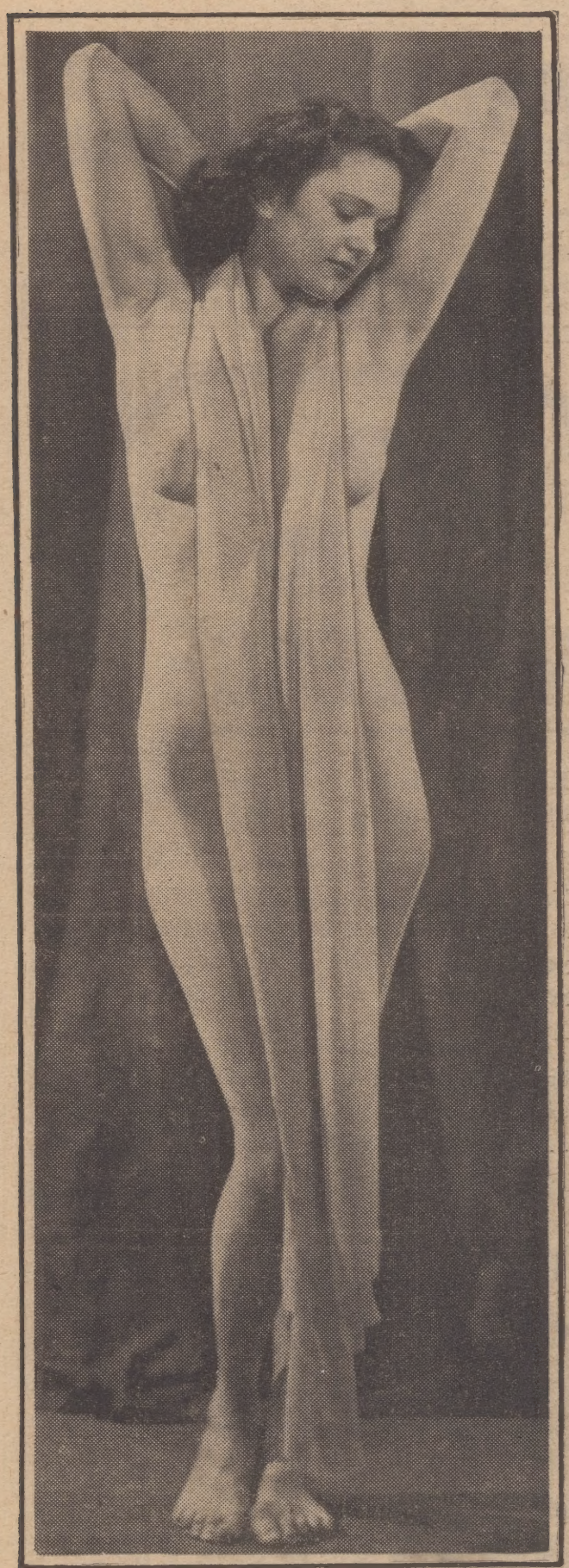
Twelve Pages Of Comics in Color

COLUMBUS SUNDAY STAR
5c
Ohio's Picture Newspaper

Sunday Star Net Paid Circulation Exceeds 100,000

Vol. 5, No. 45. COLUMBUS, OHIO. MARCH 21, 1937. 60 PAGES

## LOVELY NUDIST



Lithe and shapely Suzanne Tampa shows how to drap a lovely body to advantage. With a few yards of flimsy cloth, Nudist Suzanne displays a wealth of curves to hold the eye of everyone. She typifies the kind of gorgeous girl you see in your dreams. Suzanne is with Zorine's Nudists.

## STRIP-TEASE

Ann Pennington's new strip-tease act starts like this, above, left. Then she proceeds to the undressed stage (center), in whirls and spins. And the height of her act is shown at the right. Oh yes, there's more to the act, but not to the pictures.

## MINISTER HELD TO GRAND JURY

Chicago, Ill., officials held the Rev. Ben Yohe to the grand jury on little Joseph Short's accusation. The 6-year-old lad appeared in felony court and pointed out the minister as a perpetrator of sex crimes. The accused minister is from the Open Gate Mission in Chicago. In the picture, above, are shown, the Rev. Yohe, Police Officer John Spratt, Mrs. Eva Short, the lad's mother; Joseph Short, shown pointing, and Assistant State's Attorney John Long.